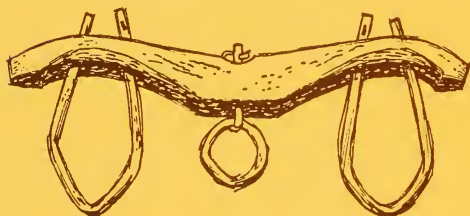


LINCOLN  
AND THE LINCOLNS

HARVEY H. SMITH


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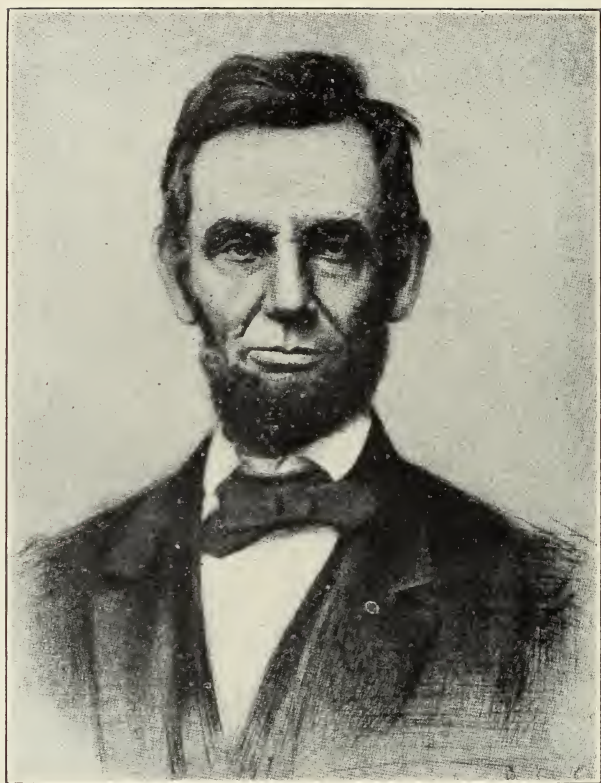




# LINCOLN AND THE LINCOLNS







President Abraham Lincoln





# LINCOLN AND THE LINCOLNS

BY

HARVEY H. SMITH

Author of

*The Confessions of an American Citizen,  
Mark Henry,  
Downfall of a Politician, etc.*

*Memorial Edition*



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## DEDICATION

*This modest volume of "Lincoln and the Lincolns" is affectionately dedicated:*

*To my mother, MARY E. SMITH, whose broad-minded view of life, whose sufferings and sacrifices contributed in no small degree to the author's ability to look dispassionately on the recurring events encountered in an active life;*

*To ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the man of human outlook on the affairs of men—the saviour of the Republic;*

*To THE LINCOLNS, valiant and sturdy pioneers of a strong civilization;*

*To the "SALT RIVER TIGERS," the most daring and brilliant pioneer soldiers of all time, and whose sons have made their stand for liberty and free government in the states of this Union.*

HARVEY H. SMITH.





## INTRODUCTION OF THE AUTHOR

We were born and reared in the same neighborhood, and attended the same school in Hardin County, Kentucky, the county in which Lincoln first saw the light of day.

The author grew to manhood, with many favored opportunities, walking daily amid the atmosphere of first-hand knowledge of Lincoln's early boyhood days. When but a boy, of studious and inquiring mind, he often sat silent by the fireside of his old Kentucky home and listened intently as the neighbors, who personally knew the Lincolns, told over and over again the many incidents and historical facts connected with this most remarkable man and his family.

Mr. Smith was among the first young men of the South to raise his voice in recognition of Lincoln's real worth as a statesman.

Far seeing and able, he solved the status of Lincoln, and did much to raise him in public estimation in Kentucky.

Considering the tragedies that were enacted in both of our families under Lincoln's admin-

istration, during the struggle between the North and the South, this unbiased and true estimate of Lincoln as one of our foremost statesmen, by this young man at so early a date after the war seemed strange at first, but forty years have only strengthened the truth and established the clearness of his vision.

Very early in his life he gathered the information and tabulated the evidence presented in this book. Though it was wanted long ago, he now considers this hour ripe and the occasion proper to send it forth with his version and message.

In 1890, just graduated from law school, he became a candidate to represent this county in the Constitutional Convention, which adopted the present Constitution of Kentucky, and won a most remarkable race against a field of very popular citizens.

In the Convention, he proved to be a very influential member in spite of his extreme youth. Since that time, on other great occasions, when called to severe contests, he has shown unusual ability and grasp of public questions and has justified his eminence as a lawyer.

His career in the legislative halls of two states has proven beyond question his steady adherence to Lincoln's principles and the value he places on them.

Born himself into the environment of tragedies which arose from the mal-administration of Stanton, that resulted in the most horrible crimes of the Civil War, he was able to see and sense the vast potential influence of Lincoln as a safeguard to liberty and the rights of the common people. In the courts, in the forum and in the legislative halls, he has evaluated Lincoln to a greater destiny each step in his life.

Wholly distinguished from the average biographer, by conviction and fame, he is the one great defender of what Lincoln stood for and what Lincoln's principles mean to us and the coming generations. The author of great measures tested and crystallized into law, his judgment today should ring sound.

This volume will testify eloquently to the soundness and value of these principles. It also furnishes abundant evidence of the power and strength of these ideas of government when handled by an advocate so able.

My grandfather's death enumerated herein—the result of the reign of terror in Kentucky, gives the writer some satisfaction in its historical exposition, and the same may well be said of these other crimes exposed in this work.

It is well also to say that the witnesses he calls from the Lincoln environs were all

known to the writer personally or so well established prior to his time in office that he can vouch for their high standing, integrity, character and family connection. They were universally esteemed in virtue of well doing, good deeds and success in this County of Hardin.

ROBERT EMMETT SETTLES,  
Ex-Clerk of the Circuit Court, of Hardin  
County, Kentucky.

Elizabethtown, Ky., May 6th, 1931



## FOREWORD

It requires but a brief word to state the purpose of this volume. I write of Abraham Lincoln as a human power, not as a saint or martyr. This is a story and not altogether a biography.

First: Who were the Lincolns? What was their background in Hardin County? Who were their neighbors and what have they said about them?

We undertake to give the first authentic answers to these questions.

Was Thomas Lincoln a wandering, poor boy of the woods and unknown, as the President says? We answer: No.

Were the Lincolns a second rate family, as the President says? We answer: No.

Were they opposed to slavery? We answer: No.

Second: Did the President make a solemn promise to the Kentuckians in 1860 that he would not interfere with slavery? We answer: Yes.

Did he make the Kentuckians a promise that he would maintain the neutrality of Kentucky if the state refused to secede? We answer: Yes. Was he justified in making these promises? We answer: Yes. Was he justified in breaking these promises? We answer: Yes.

Third: Did the making of these two promises gain him the support of the Kentuckians in a political way? We answer: No.

Was he responsible for the reign of terror in Kentucky? We answer: No.

Did he perform the part of a statesman and humanitarian in putting a stop to it? We answer: Yes.

We undertake to place the responsibility where it belongs and to appraise the Lincoln women, as they deserve, although we call this simply a story of the Lincolns.

If we have fulfilled our ambition in these respects, we are satisfied that we have contributed something to the understanding of this great man.

In determining what should be left out of the interviews with the old residents of Mill

Creek, the writer thought it best to delete the strongest language used without destroying the atmospheric quality.

Lincoln's vision grew into a larger and broader aspiration for his country than some of these country people could have ever dreamed of, consequently when these facts are considered, we will be able to understand these criticisms.

It also covers the story of Nancy Lincoln and her son-in-law, Bill Austin, in their relation to the President. The unanimous opinion was that Nancy did not die on the date shown on her tombstone, but in the year 1875, making her 95 years of age at her death.

The removal of Generals of the Federal Armies, murders, and actual happenings are described just as they took place. We have confined the story of Stanton to actual conversations with men who knew all about his actions, including General Buell's recollection, about which he was reluctant to be quoted, and many other original facts.

Most of these individuals were either relatives or neighbors of the Lincolns, from the earliest to the latest times. It seemed to be a settled fact among the old residents of Mill Creek, that the President was born on the Thomas Lincoln Farm, on Mill Creek. The author, after intensive research into all cir-

cumstances, reached the same conclusion, despite the assertions of historians. The interviews were made from 1882 to 1890, the major portion being taken in 1887-88 and 1890. The earlier ones were reduced to quotations, as a rule.

With two exceptions, none of these people had been approached by a biographer of Lincoln. Outside of this neighborhood, there was little to be known about the Lincolns of Tom Lincoln's family, as they lived a short time on Knob Creek and Nolin Creek, most assuredly after the birth of President Lincoln; and all of these witnesses passed away before there was any interest in President Lincoln.

We have given, herewith, the birth and death dates of the principal witnesses which, in some cases, varies on the tombstones from the Bible dates. This, we found very common, as in the writer's mother's case, ten years were added to her age.

We have included the first published story of Bill Austin, vouched for mainly by Captain Thomas Hines and Owen Cowley. The work also explains Austin's and Hines' relation to the Muldraugh Hills massacre of Jarrett's men, and their relation to each other and President Lincoln. It also contains the truth about the alleged organization of the Kentuckians to as-



sassinate Lincoln's cabinet, charged to Young, Hawkins and Sue Munday.

In most cases, the language used is that of the person interviewed. In others, it is very nearly exact, but the substance has not been changed. Some of the earlier conversations have been sharply deleted, and where quotations are made, the entire substance has not been changed, though some words have been transposed or eliminated—a few are literal, having been taken in short hand. All notes have been transcribed from time to time and amended slightly.

Many of these people loved Lincoln in spite of what occurred to them during the war. Many of them had the dislike that grows out of war, but they were honest men and women, and far above the average in intelligence.

The reader must bear in mind that there never was any opposition to Slavery in Hardin County, for there existed here in fact no abuse of the negro.

In the second part of this work, we have undertaken, by constructive criticism, which at times goes to the root of our trouble: to apply Lincoln's principles; in the writer's opinion, this, we justify as a departure from the biographical part of this work, because the nation is in sore distress, and aggravating and unofficial acts continue to overlook our perils.

These perils flowed over from conditions, which were bitterly assailed by the writer at the close of the world war, and for which predictions he was threatened with the strong arm of the government, but which time has proven, to a mathematical certainty, to have been correct.

Dangers of national policy as now outlined threaten the country, and further trouble is in store for the Democratic principles of Mr. Lincoln.

With this thought in mind, those who believe, with the author, will find comfort in the analysis of conditions and the application of Lincoln principles, and those who do not, may lay aside the work when they have finished "Part One," which deals with the man Lincoln and the Lincolns.

HARVEY H. SMITH.

Vine Grove, Kentucky, June 1st, 1931.



Harvey H. Smith, the author. Photograph 1884, Lebanon, Ohio, and photo of 1890, by Sarony, N. Y., the beginning and conclusion of the interviews contained in this volume.



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## ILLUSTRATIONS

President Abraham Lincoln.

Harvey H. Smith, the author. Photograph 1884, Lebanon, Ohio, and photo of 1890, by Sarony, N. Y., the beginning and conclusion of the interviews contained in this volume.

Graves of Bersheba Lincoln to right, grandmother of President Lincoln; Mary and Nancy Lincoln at the left in the order named, at the old Mill Creek Baptist Cemetery.

House where resided Bersheba Lincoln, grandmother of President Lincoln and her daughter Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, built by Thomas Lincoln in 1803 on Mill Creek.

Pen sketch of Bersheba Lincoln from an old daguerreotype, not definitely identified.

Nancy Lincoln, from a sketch made from an old tin type, not definitely identified.

The old Baptist Church of Mill Creek, third church built west of the Alleghany mountains.

Catherine Peck, who tells the story of Elinor Peck, intimate associate of Tom and Nancy Lincoln.

Cartoon based on story of John Smith of the birth of President Lincoln on Mill Creek, winter of 1809. Loaned by John H. Smith, Sterling, Kansas—credited to New York Globe and H. T. Webster.

Thomas B. Peck, near neighbor of Tom Lincoln.

Samuel Haycraft, intimate friend of Thomas Lincoln, whose Mill Creek farm house appears, one half mile from Bersheba and Nancy Lincoln home.

Bill Austin, Lincoln Spy, simulating as a country cousin of the President.

- Photo copies of tin type of four of the eight Ditto Brothers, whose father was intimately associated with Thomas Lincoln in building the present Dixie Highway in Hardin County. Births ranging from 1807 to 1818.
- Photo copies of tin type of four of the eight Ditto Brothers, whose father was intimately associated with Thomas Lincoln in building the present Dixie Highway in Hardin County. Births ranging from 1807 to 1818.
- Dr. William Smith, son of James, grandson of old John, friend of all the Lincolns.
- Judge Thomas H. Hines, Captain of Cavalry with General John Morgan.
- Bennett H. Young, leader of the twenty-seven who raided and set fire to St. Albans, Vermont, who planned to kidnap Lincoln and who refused to join Booth in his assassination scheme.
- Silas Smith, who was ordered hung by Jarrett, and whose life was saved by General Davis, who killed General Miles in a quarrel about it.
- Shooting of Vanmeter, Settles and Vertrees on the order of Captain Jarrett without trial, for alleged criticism of enlistment of slaves.
- Pen drawing of the house rebuilt by Thomas Lincoln in 1804 on Mill Creek, according to old foundation and description of neighbors; torn down in about 1860.
- House where Mary E. Smith was assaulted and where author's brother was assassinated during 1863; one mile from Thomas Lincoln farm on Mill Creek.
- Proposed Lodge of Lincoln National Institute.
- Lincoln Hotel, New York City, Eastern Headquarters of Lincoln National Institute.
- Map of district where witnesses resided and relative location of Lincoln families.

## ODE TO LINCOLN

By MARY E. DAVISON CLARKE

(1851-1928)

### I

*To thee, Defender of Man's rights,  
Strong champion of Man in chains,  
Our Country turns, with throbbing hearts,  
To chant thy praise in hallowed strains.  
The young and old  
The song unfold  
That rings through Mother Earth's domains.*

### II

*Descendant from New England line,  
In youthful days, an humble cot,—  
Thy noble life shall ever shine,  
By thy Nation ne'er be forgot!  
With courage bold  
Thou hadst foretold  
That Freedom's soil must bear no blot.*

## III

*Emancipator of our land!  
Thy fearless soul chose valiant way,  
When Duty stern called forth to thee,  
Her mandate voice thou dist obey.  
Thy magic hand  
Did wield the wand  
That gave the slave a freed man's day.*

## IV

*Thou, on the field of Gettysburg,  
Thus hallowed by our heroes' blood,  
In thrilling tones implored our Land  
To give new birth to Freedom's sod.  
The people's voice,  
The people's choice;  
The Nation rules it's trust, in God.*

## V

*When stricken by assassin's hand,  
Thy towering form, in death laid low,  
Through shuddering, suffering land,  
Was heard the moan and wail of woe.  
Then—martyred One!  
Thy blood alone  
Didst make the World its tribute show.*

## VI

*Grand Victor in the moral fight!  
Thy quickened conscience was thy guide,  
As in thy life's simplicity,*

*Ne'er false to man,—so thou hast died.  
The Lincoln name  
Through paths of pain  
Fans Freedom's fires and Nation's pride.*

## VII

*Behold, from darkness into light,  
Our favored Country has come forth,—  
The passing of one hundred years,  
To it, has shown your matchless worth!  
While bells in spires  
In songful choirs,  
All bless the day that gave thee birth.*

## VIII

*Thou, to the Ages dost belong!  
Thy noble name, uplifted high  
On Freedom's scroll, shall ever rest  
Immortalized! not born to die—  
Thy sepulchre lone,  
With shaft of stone,  
We'll trust to One All-seeing Eye.*

## IX

*May mem'ries rich of noble dead  
Pass proudly down descendants' line!  
Their vernal graves a sacred spot,  
A Mecca—yea, a Holy Shrine.  
Our blessed land  
From hill to strand,  
Sends forth its praise through Aisles of Time.*





PART I



## CHAPTER I

### EARLY IMMIGRATION TO KENTUCKY.—MOVEMENT AND ORIGIN OF THE LINCOLNS

**I**N reading all of the biographical histories of the early life of Abraham Lincoln, I have been impressed with the lack of material which the authors had at hand.

In order to determine what influenced the President in his public utterances, and the accuracy of history, as it relates to him, we must go back to the influences that were operating on the Lincoln family at the time of the birth of the President.

The writer became interested in the character of Abraham Lincoln in a personal way in the year of 1884, while attending the history class of Alfred Holbrook, President of the National Normal University of Lebanon, Ohio, and founder of that institution. Holbrook, in a number of lectures, characterized Abraham Lincoln as the great man of the Republic and assailed and criticised all of the histories that had been written up to that date.

The writer was born in the Lincoln neighborhood, near Mill Creek, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His relatives and acquaintances were friends of the Lincolns and the elders of his family, neighbors and associates of all of the early Lincolns who migrated from Virginia to this part of Kentucky.

The founder of the Lincoln family in this section

was Captain Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of President Lincoln. He, with a brother, Thomas, and two of his cousins, came to Kentucky from Virginia, with the early settlers of 1780. Captain Lincoln was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and had been associated with William Owens and Samuel Haycraft, Sr. The Captain did not settle at the point in Jefferson County where he was killed. At the time he came to Kentucky, all of the territory, afterward included in Hardin County, was then included in Nelson County. The entire state had been originally called Kentucky County and was a part of the State of Virginia, and governed under the authority of the General Assembly of Virginia.

The State of Virginia offered Treasury Script land to all soldiers of the Revolutionary War in the County of Kentucky. Captain Lincoln was among those who took advantage of this offer. He acquired land in Kenton County, Washington County, Jefferson County and Hardin County. After remaining at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, a short time, he moved over to Washington County, and remained there for a short period. He took up land in Jefferson County, at the Falls of Rough Creek, now Grayson County, and an additional plot on Mill Creek in Hardin County. He owned about 5800 acres in these places at the time of his death.

Prior to his coming to Kentucky, a man named Meyers, who had rendered considerable service to the State of Virginia in surveying Kentucky, acquired a large tract of land on Mill Creek. He sold his patents to various people, and Samuel Haycraft, Sr., purchased a large tract in 1781 from him. About that time Captain Lincoln acquired a similar tract on Mill Creek. The Haycraft tract was Warrant

No. 1098, issued by the State of Virginia, 1781. In some cases, deeds to these lands were never made by Meyers, although he made a deed to Samuel Haycraft on June 1st, 1785.

It was at this time that Captain Lincoln, William Owens, Luke Colvin and Samuel Haycraft built the Baptist Church on the banks of Mill Creek, within the Cowley area of land and adjoining the plot of Samuel Haycraft, Sr. In this neighborhood, Captain Lincoln lived a while, but at the time of his death he was engaged in planting a crop on his land located in Jefferson County, about 25 miles north and east of the Mill Creek location where he had moved his family. The Indians were raiding this part of Kentucky all of the early Spring. At this time, they wounded one of my great-grandfather's brothers, who escaped and died in a cave on Mill Creek. Captain Lincoln was shot by the Indians on his Jefferson County farm.

After the death of Captain Lincoln, his widow went to Washington County and remained for approximately twelve years. She then returned to the Mill Creek section, disposed of the Captain Lincoln land, though all of this land technically descended to Mordecai, the oldest son, under the laws of Virginia; went back to Washington County and two years later returned to Mill Creek.

Daniel Boone also came to this section shortly thereafter and located with Squire Boone on the banks of the Ohio.

It is important to keep in mind that the Indians did not cease to trouble the Whites until about 1798. John Swank and his brothers, and John McMahan, Captain Lincoln and his cousins and the Boones went from Berkes County, Pennsylvania, through

the James Smith Colony at York, and through Winchester, Va., to what is now Rockingham County, near Harrisonburg. Captain Lincoln was a single man at this time. He married Bersheba Herriot in Rockingham County, after a few years residence there. The colony then came to Kentucky and afterwards located in and around Mill Creek. This place must hereafter be considered the center of the Lincoln activities. They employed the Baptist Church as their place of meeting.

Samuel Haycraft, Sr., though born in Virginia, came directly from Fort Pitt down the Ohio River. One of his three brothers was killed on this trip by the Indians. They had known Captain Lincoln in the Revolutionary War as Lincoln of the Virginia Militia division.

Captain Lincoln had been associated with Colonel Neville, the man who was at the head of the forces of the Government in putting down the Whiskey Rebellion (1791). Neville was also one of the founders of Pittsburgh.

Samuel Haycraft and his brothers were the foster children of Colonel Neville; their father was named James Haycraft. He was an English sailor settling in the United States in 1740, and was a very close friend of Colonel Neville.

Captain Lincoln became associated with Samuel Haycraft, Sr. through the Colonel Neville connection.

The original name of Lincoln in Pennsylvania was Linkhorn and they were so known in Pennsylvania. This much the writer gathered through the families of Joseph Swank and John McMahan. The latter, as will appear later, is the great, great grandfather on the writer's maternal side.



In the immediate section where the Lincolns lived were such settlers as William Owen Sr., William Jr., and Jonathan Owens; Mahalon Hibbs, Thomas Howard, Colonel John Cowley, Jacob Pearman, Henry Ditto, Luke Colvin, Ben Crist, John Peck, Henry Peck, Solomon Irwin, John Culee, James Smith, William and John Smith, Daniel Haycraft, Samuel Haycraft, John Brumfield, Jim Davis, Henry Brownlow, William Maffitt, Silas Hobb, James Selby, William Hayes, Robert Huston, Squire Boone, William Lewis, John Henry Lewis, Charles Ray, Jacob Van Meter, Sr. and Jacob Van Meter, Jr., James Settles, Sr. and John Woodring, John Henry Shelton (relative of Patrick Henry's wife) Henry Coffman, James Crutcher, Thomas Gray, John McMahan, John Nall, Tom Melton and many other names which are not important for the purpose of this work. All of these people were patrons of the War Council which met at the old Mill Creek Church to provide defense against Indian outrages; therefore, the interest of many of these settlers was religious in this church, others were affiliated as members for war purposes.

The writer had the first opportunity to ascertain from these old families the true facts concerning the Lincolns.

In 1889, the writer was requested to establish for the purpose of publishing the truth about the Lincolns, the facts which were to be included in the Honorable Zack Smith's History of Kentucky. The facts which follow in this work are taken from conversations had from 1882 to 1891. The writer has also had access to the diaries of Dr. William Smith, son of James Smith, his great grandfather, and Samuel Haycraft, grandfather of G. E. McMurtry.

Up to this time, no person except Herndon had ever visited any of these people. Herndon came to Elizabethtown, Ky. (1865-7), consulted Samuel Haycraft, Jr., Christy Bush and Silas Smith. He then returned to Illinois and based his references of the early life of the Lincolns on what these men said.

The next visitor was Miss Ida Tarbell, and she consulted very few, if any, of the names mentioned in the preceding statement. When she arrived Samuel Haycraft was dead and his son-in-law, Stephen McMurtry, resided on the Haycraft farm adjoining the Mill Creek or Lincoln Cemetery.

It is needless to say that in pursuing this subject the writer had a frank and free discussion with the native sons and daughters of the names herein mentioned, many of whom were closely associated with Thomas Lincoln and all of whom had personal knowledge of his movements and his family.

In analyzing the character of Abraham Lincoln, it must be kept in mind that his life was lived among people of his kind, native Kentuckians. Those who were transplanted to Indiana and Illinois were composed of men and women from this immediate section. All of them, without exception, left the old country for the new, solely because of the opportunities it furnished in the way of cheap land. All of Lincoln's law partners were native born Kentuckians. Ann Rutledge, Mary Owen and Mary Todd, his sweethearts, were all Kentuckians.

There is no theme to this work. It is written mainly by one whose forebears were all Southerners and slave owners and it will bear no relation to the personal feeling of the writer or any of his ancestors, who spoke with authority about the Lincolns.

Whatever is written about Abraham Lincoln in respect to the writer's version, is written as history, and those matters that are circumstantial in their nature, on which conclusions have been based, will be swept aside in the conclusions arrived at by the writer. Neither is it proposed to spare President Lincoln's name with critical facts.

Mordecai Lincoln, the oldest son of Captain Abraham, never resided in Hardin County for any considerable length of time. Josiah Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln's brother, resided on Mill Creek about two years, and the balance of his residence in Kentucky was completed in the Squire Boone Colony, about eight miles from where his mother lived most of her life after the death of the Captain. Thomas Lincoln, during his boyhood, after the death of his father, resided with his mother until his marriage, which occurred on September 21st, 1805, according to Samuel Haycraft's diary, and this year is fixed as the date by Elinor Peck. After his marriage, he lived first, on the farm adjoining the Henry Peck farm, which he sold to Thomas Melton in 1814. He moved from this farm to Elizabethtown where he lived for a short time. From there, he continued to work the Knob Creek farm and the Nolin farm where the Lincoln Shrine is now located. Then he moved on to the Knob Creek farm, and lived there a part of the time. During the time he was at work up in the blue grass, Nancy Hanks, his wife, and Sarah, his daughter, lived in Washington County at a little settlement called Burlington, where the Berrys lived, the foster parents of Nancy Hanks, if we accept the story of M. R. Rodgers.

It has always been questionable whether Abraham Lincoln was born in Burlington or at the Nolin Farm

or on Mill Creek. As Charles Friend, a lawyer in Hodgenville, and neighbor to the Lincolns once told the writer "Abe missed being born in Burlington about twenty-four hours," according to the tradition in his family.

M. R. Rodgers of Cane Ridge, Bourbon County, Ky., told the writer in 1890 that Tom Lincoln was at work on his father's mill in Bourbon County when a letter was received from Nancy Hanks, the mother of the President, saying that she was soon to be confined and desired his presence at home, if possible. This letter was written from Burlington, in Washington County. Thomas in response to it, left in a very few days for the settlement at Burlington and as evidence shows, went to his Mill Creek farm.

Mrs. Elinor Peck, who was the close friend of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, when they lived on the Mill Creek Farm, said that Nancy had told her that Abraham was born on the Mill Creek Farm. President Lincoln himself said that he was born on Nolin Creek, but had not received this information from either mother or father.

The Mill Creek house was built by Thomas Lincoln and his neighbors, and it contained for many years a very fine stairway built by Thomas Lincoln. It was a two room log house, two stories. Elinor Peck thought that Thomas Lincoln was away from the Mill Creek Farm about four years altogether. During two of these years, William Brumfield, his brother-in-law, husband of Nancy Lincoln, and Thomas Melton took care of this farm. Nancy Melton confirmed this.

Thomas Lincoln sold this farm in October, 1814, after he had visited Hananiah Lincoln, his cousin,



in Indiana. He sold it for the express purpose of procuring money to buy land in Indiana. He did not have a good and clear title to the Knob Creek Farm, she said, and he finally lost the Knob Creek Farm in about 1825, after several years of litigation. The last year that he lived in Kentucky, he probably spent in Elizabethtown.

It becomes important to determine who Elinor Peck was. She came originally from Pennsylvania. She knew Captain Abraham Lincoln well; she was born in 1773 and died in 1853. She lived all of her life in Kentucky within a stone's throw of the Thomas Lincoln farm on Mill Creek.

She was a broad-minded woman with considerable education for that day and time; she was a friend of Nancy Hanks and did not take any stock in the whispered criticism that Nancy Hanks was not a legitimate child. This had been discussed at every fireside on Mill Creek. The facts concerning her ancestry were well known to most of the people in that section.

Colonel John Cowley, John Swank, Joseph and David Swank and Joseph's daughters and John McMahan and his daughters, Margaret Peck, Pamela Cowherd, Polly Watts, and the widow of William Maffitt, all knew the history of Nancy Hanks and her mother, Lucy Hanks. Concurrent with the information derived in this community from these old people, the writer in 1887 consulted the Hon. Phil Thompson of Harrodsburg, then about eighty years old, and a lawyer of great distinction, to verify or reject these rumored statements. Colonel Thompson told him that he had examined the records during the war, after many people had asked him to furnish them this information, and he reported it to

me as being substantially the version since published in Dr. William Barton's History.

The writer served in the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky of 1890 with Col. Thomas Hanks (a son of Thomas Hanks, who was a nephew of Lucy Hanks, the mother of Nancy Hanks Lincoln). He was then about eighty years of age, and his version of the birth of Nancy Hanks Lincoln was the same as that of Dr. Barton, with this exception. He said, that Lucy Hanks had married a married man who had been a sailor and when the facts were discovered, that the President's mother took the name of Hanks instead of the name of the man Lucy Hanks had married. This is in consonance with Nancy's story to Elinor Peck. I did not tell Col. Hanks what Col. Phil Thompson had told me. It is not necessary for me to repeat in this chapter the history of the Hanks family. Josiah Hanks, the grandfather of Nancy Hanks, married Anne Lee, a cousin of the grandfather of Robert E. Lee. Josiah, William and Joseph all lived in Hardin and Washington Counties.

No woman in Kentucky, after the marriage of Nancy Hanks to Thomas Lincoln, had more to do with her than Elinor Peck, her nearest neighbor, a most remarkable woman. She raised a large family, died at eighty-four years of age and could ride horseback when she was eighty years old.

Her son, Henry Peck, married Thomas Melton's daughter, the man to whom Thomas Lincoln sold his Mill Creek farm. There was a slight friction between Nancy Hanks and Bersheba Lincoln, the grandmother, and Mary and Nancy Lincoln, sisters of Thomas. About what this difference was, it is not necessary to discuss in this article; Nancy Hanks,



however, visited her mother-in-law and both of her sisters-in-law. Nancy Lincoln was Thomas's favorite sister.

The men most intimately associated with Thomas Lincoln were Samuel Haycraft, Sr., Samuel Haycraft, Jr., John Smith, Dr. William Smith, Thomas Melton, Isaac, Joseph and Jefferson La Follette. (Joseph La Follette was the great grandfather of Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.) Samuel Haycraft, Sr., Samuel Haycraft, Jr., Jacob Van Meter, Sr., Jacob Van Meter, Jr., Colonel Cowley. Thomas Lincoln worked for these men at various times, and before his marriage he, Thomas, spent years at the home of Jacob Van Meter, Jr., who was ten years older than he.

His employment in the militia was due to the fact that General Caldwell was the intimate friend of his father and cared for the widow of Captain Lincoln and her children, after the death of the Captain.

Colonel Cowley was the head of the militia in Hardin County for years. Samuel Haycraft, Sr., Captain Thomas Helm, Jacob Van Meter, Sr., and a man by the name of Vertrees, were the first settlers of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Samuel Haycraft, Sr., was born on September 11th, 1752, in Virginia, and died October 15th, 1823. He was Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions, which he organized on April 18th, 1803. He was one of the organizers of the County Court in 1792, and he was a Judge of the First Circuit Court organized after 1800. He was Judge of the Circuit Court when he was refused his seat in the Legislature of Kentucky by Henry Clay because he could not hold two offices at one time. He organized the first distillery and the first mill in Hardin County. He employed Ike Radley

and John Pirtle as the first and second school teachers in the county. He brought James Buchanan from Lancaster, Pa., to Elizabethtown in 1813, where he practised law with him until James Buchanan returned to Pennsylvania. He was the intimate friend of General Duff Greene of the firm of Greene and Helm, merchants. We will speak of General Duff Greene later in this article.

Samuel Haycraft, Jr., his son, was a deputy and Clerk of the Hardin County and Circuit Court from October, 1809, until 1850. He was a Senator for four years, and was the head of the Baptist Church in Hardin County after the death of Jacob Van Meter, Sr.

John Smith, Surveyor, resided for a time about five miles from Elizabethtown between Mill Creek and what is now known as the Dixie Highway. He was an older brother of Dr. William Smith. Dr. William Smith lived on Mill Creek about two miles from the Thomas Lincoln farm. Thomas Melton lived in the same neighborhood when he bought the Thomas Lincoln farm. The La Follettes lived in the Severn's Valley within about two miles of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Jacob Van Meter, Sr., lived and died in Severn's Valley within two miles of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Jacob Van Meter, after the death of his father in 1798, took up his residence at the forks of Otter Creek, where Vine Grove is now located. William P. Nall and his family lived in this neighborhood also.

Colonel John Cowley owned a large tract of land where the old Lincoln Cemetery is now located and adjoining the farm of Samuel Haycraft and Bersheba Lincoln.

In the history of the early events, the reader will

be able to determine by looking at the map, the respective locations of these important witnesses and their families and their proximity to the Lincoln families, both Bersheba and Thomas. They will then appreciate to what extent they had opportunity to know of them and their affairs.

The nearest neighbors to Thomas Lincoln were John and Elinor Peck, Thomas Williams and his son John Williams, Billy Smith, his father, James, John Moore and John Smith, John, the younger, was associated with Thomas Lincoln frequently in various deals, and they were close friends. John was an older brother of Billy Smith and in late years moved to Arkansas, and then to St. Louis and there died. He was a son of James, who lived in that community to be about eighty-four years of age. James was born in 1761, whether in Virginia or Pennsylvania is not certainly known. He was a son of Colonel John Smith, born in 1735 in Franklin or Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

John was under Washington and with Bullitt at the battle of Fort Du Quesne, where Braddock fell in a disastrous fight with the Indians, when George Washington took charge after Braddock's death. The Swank brothers, Thomas and John McMahan, were also closely associated with John Smith and originally came from the same section in Pennsylvania. This will account for just why they were so closely allied with the movements of the Lincolns.

Their church affiliations were all at the old Mill Creek Baptist Church, located within a half mile of where Bersheba Lincoln lived, and this church was approximately ten miles from the Boone colony in the northern part of Hardin County.

The travel in these days was from and to Bullitts

Lick, the great salt manufacturing place about ten miles east. This section is where the greatest number of conflicts with the Indian tribes took place.

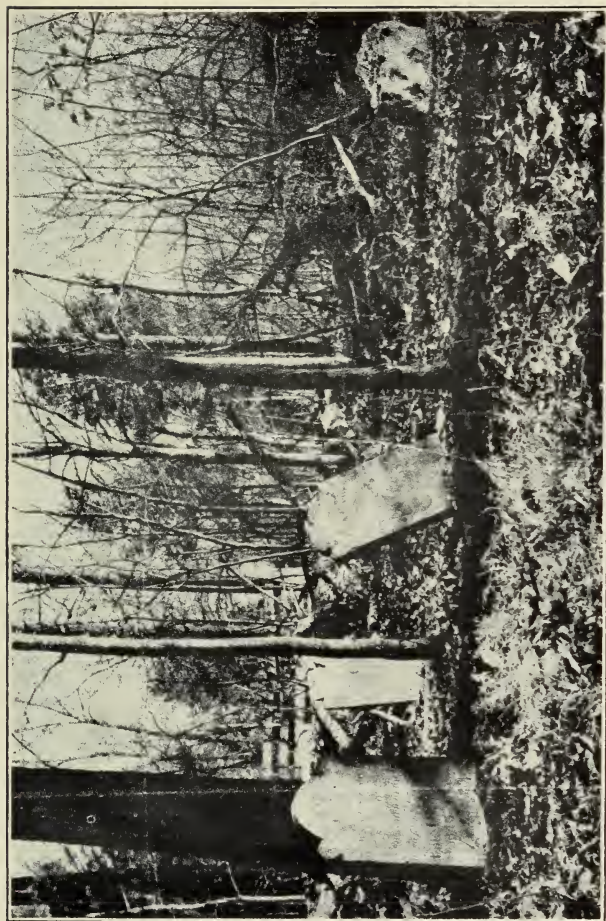
John Smith was two years older than James, and at one time in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, he was a Justice of the Peace, while James was charged by Commander Hamilton with being a villain and with the crime of leading a mob, defying constituted authority of the King of England. John was charged with failure to enforce the law.

Old John, their father, was born in Bristol, England. James was captured by the Indians and kept in captivity for seven years, being released in the sixties. He witnessed the burning at the stake of the white soldiers captured by the French and Indians at Fort Du Quesne. James was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention of 1776, called to form a Constitution for Pennsylvania. James Smith of York, who had signed the Declaration of Independence, is not to be confused with him, though he was also a member of the Pennsylvania Convention.

James was in 1796-1800 a member for two terms of the Legislature of Kentucky, elected from Bourbon County, and John was a member for two terms from Franklin County. James died in 1812 in Washington County and John died in about 1842 in Woodford County, near Frankfort, Kentucky. Both of them, however, were the ring leaders with the Boones in founding the settlement of Hardin County.

History tells the story of the two Smith families. James of York had a brother named Absalom, who settled in and about Salem, then Masons Cove, Virginia, where he had a son named John, who in turn had a son named John, who had a son named





Graves of Bersheba Lincoln to right, grandmother of President Lincoln: Mary and Nancy Lincoln at the left in the order named, at the old Mill Creek Baptist Cemetery.





Marion; John and Marion, his son, settled in this section of Hardin County. He, Marion, married the writer's mother, Mary E. in 1856. She was a daughter of Silas, he, a son of William, (he a son of James and he a son of John. So that the families starting in Pennsylvania, in 1770, met again in Hardin County). Absalom the first, however, was born in Ireland, and the other branch as we shall see, came from Bristol, England. And within this family the history of the Lincolns has been a household matter of information. They were not a second family. It was a good name, and in the earlier days, it was a good name in Germany when it came with the influx of the Von Metres, of Holland, and the good Germans who fled from persecution to England.

It was from Hingham, ten miles of Norwich, a noted old town in England, that Samuel Lincoln migrated with many of its citizens to Hingham, Massachusetts, to escape religious prescriptions then prevailing in England; and there in this Bay State Colony they established themselves with little or no plan of community government except that provided by the plan of the old Bible. It was essentially a family of church dissenters that hated the yoke of Christian domination in their affairs.

He had four sons and one daughter, whose offspring were important and more or less conspicuous in the Revolutionary War. Levi Lincoln, grandson, was a follower of Jefferson, and his Attorney General. His son Levi became a Governor of Massachusetts, and the elder Levi's other son, Enoch, became a Governor of the adjoining state of Maine about the time Andrew Jackson was a national figure. Mordecai was an industrialist and paid little or no attention to politics. He had a son, Mordecai,

who had the same inclinations and migrated at an early date to Berkes County, Pennsylvania, where he became prominent as a miller and iron master. He came direct from New Jersey with Jacob Van Meter, who migrated to Hardin County in 1779, as a settler at Elizabethtown. In Berkes County, Pennsylvania, there lived also the Boones, Swanks, McMahan and Grays. There, also these men came to know James and John Smith, brothers who had already been West, John as a surveyor with Washington, and James interpreter and treaty maker with the Indians. He had been for many years in captivity (since 1755).

John and James were interested in Western Virginia and Kentucky. John had been with Colonel Floyd and also with the Boones on expeditions for the Virginia government in surveying and in making treaties with the Indians in Kentucky. His deposition having been taken many times to determine the lines of tracts of land in Kentucky. He was also in command of a thousand men when the Choctaws were troublesome in and around the inflow of the Big Sandy near where Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky now border on the Ohio River, less than one hundred miles from the center of Indian headquarters at Chillicothe, Ohio. He was a survivor of the battle of the Lower Licks in August, 1782, surveyor of Jefferson and Hardin Counties in 1774.

This influence brought forth a large number of settlers from Pennsylvania and Rockingham County, Virginia, among them, Thomas and Abraham Lincoln, grandsons of Mordecai in Berkes County and sons of old John Lincoln, as he was known in and around what is now Harrisonburg, Virginia. In this section, also lived the Hanks family, who trav-

eled across the Cumberland mountains to Kentucky, some of them stopping in Mercer County, some in Fayette, some in Bourbon, and others in Nelson. But soon the western fever kept them moving and the Lincolns, Smiths, Grays, McMahans, Swanks, Moores, Maffits, Pecks, Hynes, Woodrings, Norrises, Dittos, Cruses, Hustons, La Follettes, Irwins, Hobbs, Davises, Cowleys, Owens, Van Meters, Thomases, Watts, Crists, Crutchers, Rays, Tarpleys, Berrys, Howards, Kings, Rawlings, Woolfolks, Craycrofts, Flahertys, Nalls, Vertrees, Howes and numerous others migrated to Hardin County.

Captain Abraham Lincoln scattered his purchases of land, and Thomas settled in Lexington, and there became prominent. He purchased real estate in Bourbon and Fayette Counties, but finally he moved into Tennessee.

These settlers who travelled across the mountains from 1779 to 1783, originated principally in Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and North Carolina. They located in central and middle west Kentucky. They undoubtedly were the most remarkable race of emigrants who had ever before or since made a single trek in America.

Before 1900, their descendants, born in Kentucky, had produced sixty-nine native Kentucky Ministers, Ambassadors and Consuls to foreign countries; twenty-two Federal, and eighteen Confederate Generals in the war of the Rebellion.

There were also eight Speakers of the Congress, nine members of the Supreme Court of the United States, seventy-one Governors of other States, two Presidents of the Senate and three Presidents of the United States and the Confederacy.

If the last thirty years were included, it would be

easy to locate a greater number of Governors of other states whose fathers were born in Kentucky. Governors of Kentucky have not been included in these lists.

Those who find ground and feel it opportune to regard the lowly birth from which Lincoln sprang, with abounding ignorance, should feel it is truly unfortunate that the nation was not afflicted at that time with more of the same misfortunes—culture rather than education.

The President thought he should be born in a very lowly cabin, and he was anxious to get his birth place out from the Mill Creek country. Thus, if we observe closely, we find his statement has influenced all of his biographers to accept his opinion without investigation, and the result has been that in the light of the facts their statements as well as his are impossible.

Carl Sandburg falls into the error, for he says in Volume One, Page Fifteen of his work:—

“In May and the blossom time of the year, 1808, Tom and Nancy with little Sarah moved out from Elizabethtown to the farm of George Brownfield, where Thomas did carpenter’s work and helped farm. The same year (1808) saw the Lincolns removed to a place on the Big South Fork of Nolin’s Creek, about two and a half miles from Hodgenville. They were trying to farm a little piece of ground and make a home.”

This tremendous effort to make a home when Thomas already had a home on Mill Creek twenty miles from this spot and two hundred and thirty acres of fine land, excites our pity. It is too bad Thomas was endowed with such a weak mind. Here, we have him on the Nolin farm before he purchased



it, and on Brownfield's farm working for wages as a hired hand while his Mill Creek farm was thrown into the discard. But he must be moved somehow onto the Nolin Creek farm in order to prepare for the great event, so that Dennis Hanks could run over from a nearby house, in which he did not live, and help name the "pulpy baby."

This would be news to old George Brownfield, as it was news to his grandsons when informed that his forebear must have known all about Abraham's birth on the 12th of February, 1809. The fact that he had lived on Brownfield's farm was news to them. George Redmond, near by, whose father and grandfather should have known these facts never heard of them. The writer had also at this time fortified himself, through Mr. Chris M. Fraize, Clerk of the Hardin Circuit Court, with the fact that Thomas Lincoln was selected on the Jury Panel in 1808 as a Mill Creek citizen. Neither Holland nor Miss Tarbell had seen any of these folks about Thomas living on Brownfield's farm. The writer was the first one to interrogate them, and probably the last.

The reader must keep in mind that the history of the United States would always yield much that is untrue to a very thorough search, as in this case.

The reader will also keep in mind the fact, in reviewing Lincoln's position, that he was first a politician, without a party, and he had prospected very carefully his success. His mistake, as we view it, was that he thought he must cultivate the aristocratic element of his world. This explains why he flouted Mary Todd at first and finally married her against his personal wish. It will also explain his statement that he sprung from a second-class family;

his indirect reflection on his father and the Lincoln family, was due to the fact that he wanted the world to understand that he rose from a lower human level by virtue of his great ability.

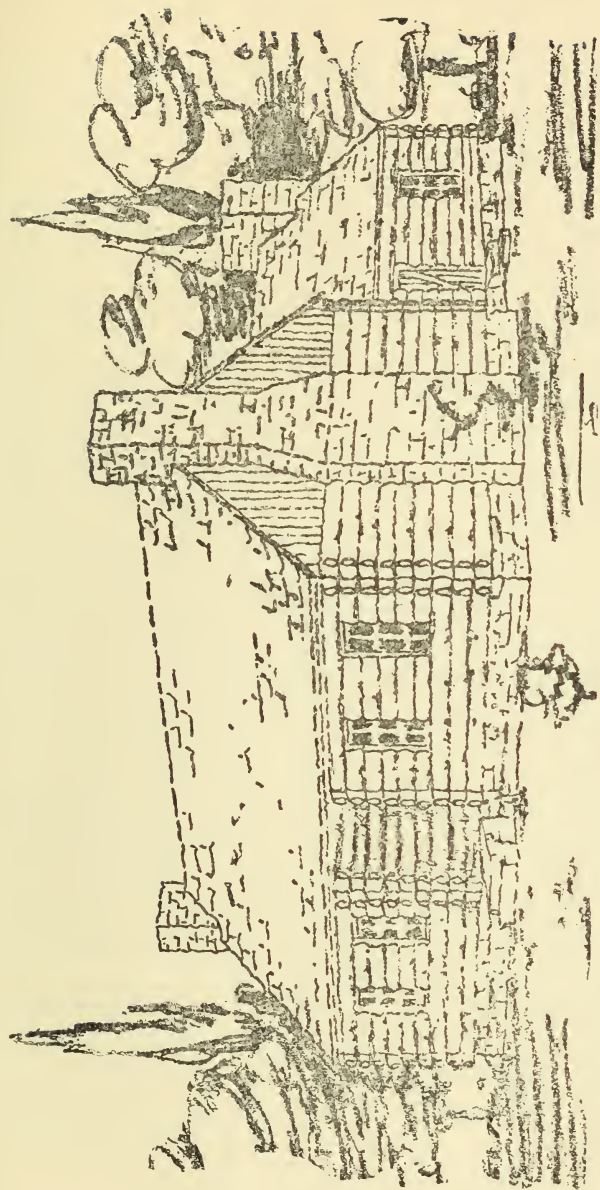
However, as a politician, he did not lose sight of the fact that he must be a commoner's man to the common people, and the log cabin birth and the very humble origin were the outcome of this state of mind. No one has been able to find a statement made by Tom Lincoln in support of the President's log cabin origin.

The President's doubtful statement about his birth is explained fully when it is realized that he wanted to protect his mother's memory, from, what he thought to be a scandal in the family closet, by reason of her illegitimacy, and the misconduct of his aunts. The Mill Creek man, who had traveled with the Lincolns and the Hanks, knew all of these circumstances, and the Nolin neighbors knew nothing of the history of either family. As a politician, he did not wish these facts to get into the campaign of 1860.

From any point of view, it must be considered Mr. Lincoln's weakness. Both his family relations and his back-up on his birth, and misstatement about it, resulted in loss of popular respect in Hardin county, for he received only six votes in this county in 1860, and eighty-two in 1864, though the Union candidates for other offices, state and county, received a very large vote, Governor Bramlette being elected Governor of Kentucky, later.

The men who are quoted in this book were neighbors of the Lincolns and might be divided into two classes: those who severely criticised him on the basis of his public acts and their antagonism to him,





House where resided Bersheba Lincoln, grandmother of President Lincoln and her daughter  
Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, built by Thomas Lincoln in 1803 on Mill Creek

the others who were friendly to him, personally, and on account of his Union views. These criticisms must be read in this light. If we were to subject them to change, then the reader would lose the atmosphere of these surroundings, and their value, as they relate to the making of Lincoln, would be lost.

We cannot agree with many of these witnesses, but when their narrowed views of national affairs and of life are taken into consideration, we can readily make allowance for their distorted view. And the book is not aimed to be a defense or an attack on Lincoln. It should present certain facts that permit the reader to judge Lincoln's character and his public acts. The work would lose its value if we undertook to please any school of Lincoln's admirers.

Colonels James and John Smith, with the Floyd Brothers, and Colonel Bullitt, founded the city of Louisville, Kentucky. Its founding has been credited to Colonel Bullitt, but this is due to the fact that the Colonel was prolific in claiming, and was not inclined to divide his pioneer honors with his more modest associates. The writer's search indicates that many of the largest surveys in Kentucky were under the supervision of the other men, whose backers furnished the financing. Colonel Bullitt was a very excellent promoter. The Sadowsky brothers, Wolf and Myers were Jews, under the control of James Smith, particularly.

## CHAPTER II

### CAPTAIN ABRAHAM LINCOLN OF THE VIRGINIA MILITIA

**I**T appears that a majority of the historians, who have written of Abraham Lincoln, found it necessary to slander his immediate family in order to properly appraise his extraordinary virtues. This is a senseless and offensive verdict and has not one single fact to sustain it.

Captain Abraham Lincoln had, approximately, \$18,000 in cash when he came to Kentucky from Virginia, according to Colonel Cowley, and yet he lived and moved as one of a thousand pioneers. He had been under the orders of Governor Patrick Henry, who directed the Virginia militia co-ordinating at the time with the army of General Washington.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a record of Captain Lincoln's achievements have not been found in the war department, but that does not indicate he was in any sense a coward and ran away from the defense of his country.

It is approximately 175 miles from the military base in Virginia to York, Pa., a position which was sustained against the British and their allies, the Indians. In other words, his military requirements moved him from about Lexington, Virginia, to York, Pennsylvania, which was the western frontier of Washington's army.

The center of all migratory movements west of Lexington, Kentucky, was in and around Bullitt's Lick, where a thousand men were employed in making salt, the largest industry, west of the Alleghanies. All roads in the Hardin County and Nelson sections led to these works.

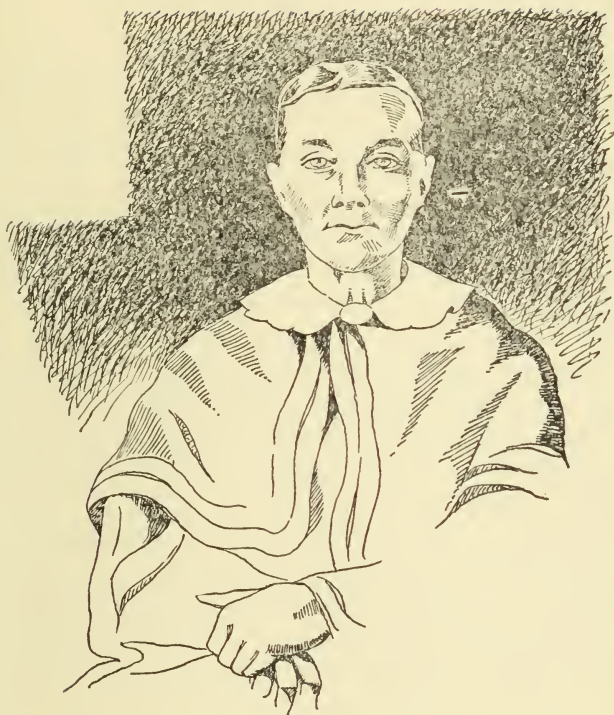
It is easy to locate the nativity of the population moving into this section by the names of the creeks. Otter Creek and Mill Creek, for instance, are the names of creeks between Harrisonburg, Virginia, and Roanoke, Virginia.

I have had occasion before to go into the pedigrees of many of the families located in this section, and in answer to their traducers I may say that they trace back to most courageous and refined people in every instance.

It is true they had no schools, except the schools provided by the Catholic persuasion. They did have subscription schools, sometimes carried on at the homes of the more opulent pioneers.

The Lincoln name was, ancestorially speaking, a good German name. It was traceable to Germany, even though the name, as now pronounced and spelled, was found in England. Lincoln was a descendant of King Charlemagne, King of the Franks, a German tribe of the Rhine, in 900. (Miss Kimball—"Genealogy of Lincoln").

The pioneers of this section had no available seaport through which they could import luxuries that could be brought from England and Germany by New England settlers. They had very few mills at this time, and consequently, very little sawed lumber; they had very few other conveniences, such as were available in later days; therefore, we find, as a rule, a uniform service in their household, a



Pen sketch of Bersheba Lincoln from an old daguerreotype,  
not definitely identified



uniform type of residence, not unlike the pioneers of later days in the west. The churches were built of logs, with very few windows, because glass was not available at this time. We cannot condemn the Lincolns because they had not mansions in which to live.

The Mill Creek house, located on the Thomas Lincoln farm, which he purchased in the Fall of 1802, was built by himself with the assistance of his neighbors in 1804 (deed in 1803). It was a two-room, two story log house, with a porch in the center. It stood there for more than forty years, and when rebuilt, the stairway, which was considered a very fine one, was transplanted to its successor on the same spot.

Tom Lincoln's prosperity cannot be judged by either the Knob Creek or Nolin one-room house. The Nolin place was never anything but his temporary residence, occupied while he farmed the land on which it was located. This was also the smallest body of land that he had and it must be remembered that at the same time, he owned a lot in Elizabethtown. (The Bersheba Lincoln house was built in 1803 by Tom Lincoln and William Brumfield.)

The house built on his Mill Creek farm was the kind of a house the very thrifty built. In a few cases, they built brick houses, like the old residence of Billy Smith on Mill Creek, but they were quite rare and, as a rule, came only after shipping was safe and transportation routes more definite.

There is absolutely no excuse for denunciation of the "hog wallow" residences and "rat houses," phrases indulged in by imaginative historians and many public critics of the Lincolns, especially from the South.



I am a southerner, born of original Virginia families, which will stand the test of a search, according to southern aristocratic standards, but I know too well, as Mr. Jefferson said in his day, the tendency of a class to decry the common man, who was without property or slaves, regardless of his culture, was all too common; placing him in a social class with the negro, under the name of "white trash," a term applied often by the slaves. From this basic source of criticism is born the accusation against Thomas Lincoln, as a lowly nondescript without education or thrift. It is but just to say that facts which are plentiful disprove this statement.

If I may be excused this digression, I will illustrate the facts further, by my own case.

My father was born in 1835, my mother in 1842, and I was born as late as 1869 in exactly just such a log home as I have described and within seven miles of the Lincoln location; yet on that date, I am safe in saying that my grandfather on my paternal side, was the largest land owner in that section and had about \$10,000 cash on hand. My maternal grandfather had more than this amount of money in cash, yet neither of them thought well of destroying the initiativeness of their sons by setting them up in business with ready-made fine houses or providing them with a gift of luxuries obtainable in that day. They regarded this as ruining their offspring. They undertook to teach their children to work, and inculcated into them the discipline of saving. I mention this personal fact to show that the efforts of the father and mother in that day were to train their children to become self-reliant and thrifty. They feared to produce the ne'er-do-wells of which there were many in the South in that day, who

boasted that their sons "never did a day's work in their lives."

I have but lately read an author's "Life of Lincoln," who makes this the basis of his complaint. Upon that issue the worst detractors of Lincoln in this section of country would take issue with him. One of the richest men in the United States, one of the greatest Industrialists, and one of the greatest bankers in the world was born in a log house in Hardin County, without servants, or rugs or carpets. This man's early training to save made him a master of himself and consequently enabled him to command subject matters and men at an early day in his life.

At the time of the birth of the President, there were no homes of squalor, there was no poverty, no immorality, or abuse of those amenities which square with virtue and its standards, the English speaking world over. The people were not rich, but they lived very plainly, they worked very hard, they wove and spun all the wares they used; they killed wild game and raised pork and mutton, very much in the manner of today. They cooked in open fireplaces and used pots and baking utensils, because they had no stoves.

The facts are so universally known in this section that they are in themselves an answer to this indictment against Thomas Lincoln. If there is one fact the writer is certain of, it is that Thomas Lincoln was never at any time called a poor man in Hardin County, and so far as any of his associates ever knew, he was never actually in need of money and without cash.

When Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809 there were some thousand slaves owned in Hardin County;

these slaves were valued at approximately one million dollars; they represented that amount of money in market cash. Land values and personal property in this county may be rated proportionately and accordingly. When Thomas Lincoln left Hardin County, in 1816, the value of slaves had increased about one-third. No one opposed slavery; no one talked about it, in spite of the fact that New England Societies were attempting to induce negroes to run away from their owners. I mean to say that slavery was a settled institution and no one in this immediate section thought seriously enough about it to debate it as an issue. It only became an issue after the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois.

According to the associates of Thomas Lincoln, he was an average citizen; he had horses, cattle, hogs, and three farms, any one of which at the then valuation would have entitled him to as much as a five hundred dollar credit at the National City Bank of New York. He paid his bills, if he incurred them. He was a good mechanic and he roved about where his services were in demand, and he received good pay in that day for such services. He was a millwright, a carpenter, a very handy man with the shovel and pick. He was more than this: he was regarded as a smooth politician.

When he held office, he was trusted by his superiors; he bought county warrants at different times at a discount. He owned a house in Elizabethtown when he owned the farms; he had the confidence of Sam Haycraft, Judge of the Circuit Court, and the confidence of his son, Sam, Jr., who was Clerk for fifty years of the District and County Courts. This period of office holding covered most of Tom Lincoln's residence in the county. When public roads

were to be laid out, and a franchise granted by the court, Thomas Lincoln was the man who had enough influence to secure confirmation of the petitions, consequently you will find his name among the first on the petitions for the opening of at least four roads in that county. If a supervisor was needed to watch the survey of the road and the building of it, either Thomas was that supervisor or some of his friends. He was relied upon by the court as a man of sound judgment, and General Caldwell, the head of the militia in that section, relied upon him as a patroller to enforce the law against negro baiting. He served on Grand and Petit juries; he was deputy jailor and appraised estates, fixing their market value.

If the writer had not heard, first-hand, from persons who knew him, just what manner of man he was, the records of the Hardin County Clerk's Office would be ample to show that he was not a "dummy."

Generally speaking, he was regarded as a strong Democrat, a partisan of Jefferson. He took "likker" very often as the average man did in that day and time, but, as described by one who knew him well, "never got down." "He was about five feet ten inches, weighed 180 pounds, with broad shoulders and strong as a bull." "He was accommodating and pleasant, ready to do one a favor and had the reputation of meeting his promises." "He could read and write his name and make estimates on buildings."

Before approaching the actual questionnaires which will follow this article, a brief résumé of the statement of Owen Cowley will be given, inasmuch as this is the personal estimate of a man universally regarded in the county of Hardin as very able and very trustworthy.



Nancy Lincoln, from a sketch made from an old tin type,  
not definitely identified.





He was about fifteen years younger than the President and the oldest son of Colonel Cowley and grandson of William Owens, the intimate associate of Captain Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Lincoln. His grandfather and mother had described Captain Abraham Lincoln to him as a man spare and rugged, about six feet and unafraid. The Captain had some education, enough to make out reports to superior officers. He had a sense of humor, but was usually serious-minded. The money he had saved while in the militia and the proceeds from the sale of his land in Virginia gave him a capital of about \$18,000. He bought land in Kentucky and took up land under the Virginian laws. He owned land in about six counties, Hardin, Nelson and Jefferson and what is now Grayson; and in Mercer and Kenton.

His wife, Bersheba, was a Virginia woman. He knew her very well and her description of her husband was about as Owens had appraised him. She was very active and alert at sixty-five years or more when he first remembers her. She got very little of what was coming to her by right; but she did well in raising her children, and was a managing, wise woman.

She did not have a great deal of "book learning," but she was shrewd, used good language in her conversation; she was friendly but quite stern and took an active part in all the neighborhood conclaves and meetings. She was an Episcopalian and her children were: Mordecai, Josiah, Mary, Thomas and Nancy, in the order named. Bersheba Lincoln was eighty-five or ninety when she died in 1833. Owen Cowley was at the funeral; she lived the last forty years on Mill Creek, most of the time with her daughter,

Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, Bill Brumfield's wife. They lived in a prominent meeting place on Mill Creek for all public purposes. They lived in a large house, and there was a blacksmith shop and a store very close to the house. The store and the house had been there "ever since I can recollect. I would be safe in saying before 1810."

Thomas Lincoln lived with his mother, when not at work, until he married. He then moved to his farm about four miles up Mill Creek, which he had owned for several years. Bersheba Lincoln or Nancy were not what you would call poor. They always had plenty on which to live. Neighbors in this section loaned each other various kinds of food products and, of course, they paid each other back. "When I was a boy, I was often in her house on these errands and I have heard her talk a number of times about old times in Virginia, about the Revolutionary War, about the Indians and about the Captain, her husband."

Captain Lincoln was a friend of Squire and Daniel Boone; they had been friends in Berkes County, Pennsylvania, and Virginia where they lived. Squire Boone, she said, was an educated man, a wise man, and advised the settlers. Young Squire was a surveyor and surveyed a great deal of the north section of Hardin County; he was the head of a colony on the Ohio River, about five miles below West Point at what is now called Rock Haven, and prior to this, in Shelby and Jefferson Counties.

William Owens had told Cowley that folks said none of Captain Lincoln's sons had the ability of the Captain. The Captain was a partisan of Thomas Jefferson, though he was a great admirer of Governor Patrick Henry; he was also a friend and asso-

ciate of Samuel Haycraft, Sr. He said he was a neighbor to Bersheba Lincoln for at least ten years. He knew Nancy Lincoln and thought she was the best-looking of the women. Mary Lincoln married a man by the name of Crume, who lived in the western part of Hardin County. He had seen her several times, but did not know much about her. His father told him Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks left for Indiana in about 1817. His father was nearly grown at this time and Abe was a very large boy. They left his mother's house and went straight west in a two-horse wagon.

Samuel Haycraft, Sr., owned the farm adjoining that where Bersheba lived and he, at various times, saw the daughter of Jacob Van Meter, later Mrs. Haycraft, at the farm and also at Mill Creek Church. Mrs. Haycraft was a great Baptist, and was quite a good friend to Bersheba Lincoln. Samuel Haycraft, Jr., inherited this farm from his father; his daughter, Maria, married Stephen McMurtry. She inherited the place from her father. Stephen McMurtry and his wife lived on it at the time of this interview in 1887. They were very good friends of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield. He thought Nancy Lincoln died in about 1875, although her headstone indicated that she died in 1845. This was a mistake in marking the tombstone.

His mother was a daughter of William Owens, consequently his name, "Owen Cowley."

This résumé of the principal witness is given in the early part of this article for the purpose of meeting the issue which is presented by these interviews with representatives of various families, who lived in this community from the day that Captain Lincoln came to Hardin County up to the Civil War.

The writer realizes that in many respects the facts developed from their conversations are entirely in consonance with established historical facts, but in the main, these conversations, producing the best evidence about the Lincolns, are in direct conflict with statements made by imaginative historians regarding the early history of Lincoln.

Up to about 1885 it would have been no trouble for these biographers of Lincoln to go into this section and obtain complete and exact information about the Lincoln family, such as might have been obtained about any ordinary family in any neighborhood in Kentucky.\*

It is a serious indictment against the idolators of President Lincoln that they have so misrepresented and fabricated the facts in respect of his early life in Hardin County, and in respect of the life of Thomas Lincoln and his immediate forebears and relatives.

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\*It may be well at this point in our narrative to say the Sadowsky Bros. and James Smith were operating in the land business around Beech Fork in Washington County, Kentucky, and there took the Lincolns, Crumes, Berrys, Brumfields and other migrating families, and it was there Mary Lincoln found her husband Ralph Crume, and also Nancy Lincoln Brumfield found her husband William Brumfield.

Likewise the Sadowsky Bros. and John Smith were surveying in Jefferson and Hardin County, and their land agent Myers was doing business in the Mill Creek Country. We thus find a good many explanations of family connections by keeping this trend of population in mind.

## CHAPTER III

### LINCOLN AND THE LINCOLN FAMILY

MR. COWLEY, it is said by President Lincoln that his father left Kentucky because of slavery and principally on account of land titles. What do you know about it?"

"There is no truth in it. President Lincoln was a politician when he said this, and he wanted to give himself some background out in Illinois. That statement was made for national consumption, for the Abolitionist to hear in New England. Tom Lincoln was a good negro catcher and he worked well at the job. He, himself, had not enough money to buy many negroes, and Tom was a wise fellow; he knew it was better to put his money in land at the price. Josiah went over into Indiana, old Billy Owens said, for the express purpose of getting a lot of rich bottom land and working it with slave labor. I do not know how many negroes Josiah had, but Squire Boone had plenty of them. Hananiah Lincoln was here a while and he put the cheap land bug in Tom's ear; then, as I have said to you, Nancy Hanks had some encumbrances that did not set well with all of the people around in this section, and she wanted to get away, and she "ruled the roost" in Tom's household, from all I heard."

"The Lincolns were all pro-slavers; Abraham was too young to know anything about it and when he



grew to manhood, out in the West, I suppose he caught the Abolitionist's fever, but he did not catch it until after he quit Congress; he did not try to do much against slavery in Congress, at least we never heard about it here."

"Did the people discuss slavery at this time in this section? I mean, did they debate the question much before the Civil War?"

"They discussed slavery, yes, but not in a negative way; there was no one opposed to it here, for there was no abuse of the negro in this section. The owners handled them like pet lambs; they were too valuable to neglect, and such a thing as an Overseer in this section was unknown. There were no debates in the churches about it. When Lincoln ran for President in 1860, he got less than ten votes in Hardin County, which indicates that the people figured out his speeches made in the Douglas debates literally. They accepted him as an eventual Abolitionist. Notwithstanding the armies were here in this county in 1864 to guarantee the free sort of a vote, he got less than ninety votes against McClellan. That simply meant that there never was any anti-slavery sentiment here in this county."

"The New Englanders used to send papers down here, and these papers excited the negroes, and some of them often tried to get away."

"Are you related to Mary Owen, one of Lincoln's sweethearts?"

"Yes, I am some relation. My mother was William Owen's sister, old William's daughter, and Mary's father was a brother to my mother. Her father lived down in the Falls of Rough Country, maybe it would be in Green County now, and he seldom came up here. We heard that Mary "sacked"

Abe (a term used in that day for rejecting a suitor), but I do not know anything about it. I don't think anyone could blame her. Women liked men who were good-looking and who knew how to use honeyed words. I guess Abe was not much on beauty and probably he was a little awkward on sparking manoeuvres."

"How old are you, Mr. Cowley?"

"I do not know exactly. I guess I was born around 1820. I have no family Bible. My mother died when I was a young man and Father married a Miss Hibbs the next time. Jim Cowley is the second woman's son; he lives on the old place."

"Did you know Mrs. Elinor Peck?"

"You mean John Henry Peck's wife? Yes, I knew her; she lived up the creek, close to the Tom Lincoln place, where Aunt Kit lives now."

"What kind of a woman was she?"

"Very smart, active woman; lived a long time, only died thirty years ago at Henry Peck's, her son."

"You knew Bersheba Lincoln?"

"Yes; she was very well known in this section to everybody; she was a fine, orderly sort of woman. She was the Captain's widow and, according to reports, the Captain was the best of the whole "kit and biling" of the Lincolns, though I am not saying the Lincolns are not good honest folks, but if the Captain had lived, with the start he had, he would have been a big man and a rich man in this country. He was about forty years old when he was killed."

"Mr. Cowley, I would like to ask you if you knew anything about President Lincoln's promise to the people of Kentucky to the effect that if they would not secede, he would guarantee Kentucky's neutrality during the war?"

"I don't know at first hand, much about it. I have no gift for reading and know little about letters. Lincoln did make such a promise to the Morehead Commission, and that Commission reported to the Legislature, and the Legislature met at Frankfort and voted by a narrow majority against secession. I heard Sam Haycraft tell about this, and at that time he was our Senator. He was opposed to secession anyway, and he was a great Union man, though he was not opposed to slavery.

"He, like many other men, did not regard the slavery question as a big question; most politicians did. But for this promise made to Kentucky by Lincoln, I am sure the state would have seceded."

"A politician is usually about the same everywhere; he fixes his sails to suit the wind, and Abe was a thorough-going politician. Lincoln and Douglas had been speech-making in Illinois and the result of these speeches was to lose Lincoln whatever following he had in Kentucky. He had no political friends after these debates in this section, but rightly, I think the people believed that he was not sincere in his slavery statement; but, as a matter of caution, they got after him about it before he was inaugurated for President. He told them he had no intention of disturbing slavery except that the people might be paid for their slaves and they could be gradually freed."

"I then thought, and my guess proved a good one, that the Abolitionists would force him to free the slaves; it was bound to come, or he would be left without a party. He would be forced to lead the followers of Henry Clay, and join them with old Garrison's Abolition crowd—that was Lincoln's national support. He would then have to do as they

said or he would be impeached as President, and it finally came to about that. The fanatics in all wars get the "murder fever," and killing is the sport they look for in order to get what they want—they never reason, they simply agitate. They are like the negro preachers who exhort. They tell the poor devil worshippers that they will burn—burn in hot water if they do not follow Christ. Well, if there is any doubt about the hot water treatment, they reason that it don't cost anything to follow Christ."

"Many men in this section talked about Lincoln, after and before he was elected President the first time, and I have no doubt they believed what he said, but I did not. I made up my mind that the "coons" had to be freed, and I suppose most politicians would have surrendered under the circumstances, just as Lincoln did, that was the logic of politics under such conditions. Law does not mean anything to fanatical people; they have less respect for the law than the criminal;—the Constitution was a good thing to talk about in 1860, but a darn poor thing to follow. Courts do not mean anything to a determined fellow with a rifle in his hand—that was the situation everywhere in 1860. The matter that was finally of great importance to Lincoln was his self-interest, and perhaps, he argued, would freeing the slaves save the Union; so that it was with him where he would land in politics, and would it be the patriotic thing to do, the Constitution be damned! Nobody wanted to destroy the Union—many men in the South thought when the English took such a sudden interest in buying Confederate bonds, that it was time to decide whether we wanted to be ruled by old England or lose the negroes. Many of our people decided the negroes were not worth



the sacrifice; to be free from England and lose the negroes was better than to subject ourselves to English influence and retain the negroes. This is what broke the back of the Confederacy, English influence. The people had enough of England; she had tried twice to destroy this country within the memory of our oldest men, and the third time was just what we could not afford to risk. It is possible this feeling is what moved Mr. Lincoln for emancipation."

"Old Billy Smith, Sam Haycraft and our best men thought about it that way. Mr. Haycraft concluded with some degree of reason that Lincoln was a foreseeing statesman."

"Mr. Cowley, I would like to ask you what you know about the parentage of Nancy Hanks?"

"In view of the fact that what I say might be published, I suggest that this is a very delicate matter. What difference does it make when the subject is President Lincoln, about her back folks? I do not think it makes any difference—all the more credit should young Abe have, if he succeeded without a pedigree on his dam's side, as we say in the breeding of horses. I never saw Nancy Hanks Lincoln and my mother only saw her a few times, but I will say on description of her, she was a likely looking woman about 5 feet 8 inches—that's a guess. She was rather inclined to be a "raw boned woman" and had a smart face, but she was not at all good looking, so far as we say when we are talking about beautiful women. She moved about spiritedly and was regarded by her neighbors as a comely sort of person. The Hanks family were few in this county—there was Joseph and Josiah, I believe, but in Virginia, they were considered average folks. I have heard



from pretty good sources that Nancy Hanks' mother was a very good looking woman and she liked the men pretty well. Is there anything wrong about that? She had a sweetheart back in Virginia somewhere when a young country girl; she was deceived by him and the result was Nancy Hanks. That is simple enough, and it is a thing that is liable to happen in the best of families; of course, all I know about it is hearsay. I expect my father knew all about it, as he knew most of the Hanks family that moved from Virginia to Kentucky. I have heard a great deal of talk about Nancy's mother and about her sister, but I do not think well enough to repeat it. Sounds too much like talking about somebody that can't defend themselves."

"Anyway, on that point, I am for Nancy; she was good enough to raise a President of the United States and that is a lot more than about 999 women of a thousand have been able to do, and I will bet if Nancy was tried for that offense, she would get a unanimous verdict from the jury, because all men know about how this sort of thing happens. You may know something about women—I don't, but women as a rule are very "catty"—I guess that's the word, about their own sex, but they will put up with anything that a man does to the womanhood of the country, and accept it without a word. The facts have been so often discussed that I feel that the talkers should be outlawed or suppressed. Nancy had a good many friends up and down the creek here, in spite of this well known fact, so her conduct must have been impressive."

"Were the people in this section, as a rule, moral or immoral at that time?"

"I would say that they were pretty straight-laced,

pretty hard on any woman that made a mistake, and generally speaking, they observed the old Virginia code of morals, which was pretty high, I would say. Their public social matters were conducted in the church, and their private social matters at their homes; they consisted of dances, quilting bees, spelling matches and such like. Of course, when they met together they talked, and generally discussed neighborhood affairs."

"Now, you asked me about the church at Mill Creek."

"At this time, this was the only church in this section and was patronized by everybody of any religious persuasion. There are buried there most of the old settlers around here who died in that time, including the three Lincoln women and some of their offspring."

"Did Abraham Lincoln look like his father, Thomas?"

"He did not in any respect, everybody said. If the Captain was the kind of a man I think he was, Abraham looked more like him. Abraham was what we call "breeding back," and since some history has been made about this subject, I will say that in my opinion, he was a Lincoln. I say this, because it has been freely told here that Thomas was not Abraham's father. How is such a fact to have solid foundation, when a man and woman live together; and who is to know outside of them? That is a sufficient answer to that criticism."

"Do you know if Nancy Hanks Lincoln communicated with her mother-in-law after she left here?"

"The old lady Nancy told me, "not," and she thought Thomas was quite neglectful of her, but in these days you will understand that letter writing

was not a practice between families, even though the distance between them was not great."

"President Lincoln says that he never saw his grandmother but once."

"To dispute him would seem like I was over-reaching myself, but I will give you facts. The President saw his grandmother before he left for Indiana, because Thomas and Sarah and Nancy and Abraham stayed over there, both father Cowley and mother Owens said; he came down to his grandmother's often and hunted coons up and down Mill Creek with young boys a little older than he was, John Cowley, William Owens, Jr., Sol Irwin, Jack Peck and John Melton. After his mother died in Indiana, he returned to Mill Creek on a visit with his father; they were there, Nancy said, for a couple of weeks. Bill Brumfield and Tom Lincoln split rails across on the Haycraft farm, by mistake, and Abe was with them at the time. They built a fence along there and Nancy Lincoln told me that the fence was off of her land. Well, I think this is the time that Tom was sparking the widow Johnson."

"Did your father, Colonel John Cowley, like the Lincolns?"

"He was a good friend to Bersheba and Nancy and on good terms with all of them. He thought a lot of "Granny," as we called Bersheba; they were our nearest neighbors until I moved over here on Cedar Creek."

"Did you know Billy Smith?"

"Yes, everybody in the county knew him; he lived up the creek, about two miles from our place in a brick house. He lived about a mile or two from the old Peck farm and the Tom Melton place, formerly the Tom Lincoln farm. He was a steam doctor and

mighty smart man, people said. He died during the Civil War, I guess. He knew the Bible from "kivver to kivver" and could down any preacher in an argument; mighty few of them tackled him. He owned some slaves and had a great deal of land—I knew all of his family. Your grandfather, Silas, and Catherine Peck were two of his children, and I will say they were pretty smart people, who said what they meant and meant what they said."

"What was his position about the Lincolns? Did you ever hear him discuss them?"

"Well, he was a very good friend of Tom Lincoln and he would back Tom on his word any time. He was a popular man and took a broad view of everything; he helped the churches but had little faith in their kind of God; he believed in God, but he said it was not a church God; his God was the universal God, Father of All Things. He said that God was right in your mind, directing you with a conscience that He gave you and you must appeal to that conscience for rectitude. He was younger than Tom Lincoln."

"He thought young men ought to go West. He was a great follower of Jefferson and Tom Paine, and claimed they had done more to establish this government than all of the balance of the friends of Liberty in America. He disliked the English; anything favorable to the English got on his nerves pretty well and set him a-going."

"Do you know whether he knew Bersheba Lincoln or not?"

"Yes, he knew everybody in this neighborhood. He was a mighty helpful man to all of us poor folks. I think he was born here, maybe up in Orange County where my father came from, though they came



first from Maryland. The Marshalls and the Smiths were intermarried in Virginia, but old Billy was no Marshall man. He was a Jeffersonite through and through, but his folks may have originated in Pennsylvania."

"Would you say he had pretty good knowledge of the Lincolns?"

"Yes, he had books, took papers and was a well read man, the best in this country. He was recognized in the State and in the County as a man of wisdom, but he would never run for office. Your grandfather, Silas, who went to California in 1848, was about such a man, and he was his favorite son, but Silas did not take to books like his father, yet he was also a very smart man. When the Yankees took Silas out to hang him, it nearly killed the old man, and when your mother was assaulted, that finished him. He was the first to see that awful crime; he cursed the Lincoln administration as long as he lived; he said that Stanton was a murderer and ought to be hung for punishing innocent people, because they talked about Lincoln's failure on his word when he went back on his promise to observe the neutrality of Kentucky. Kentucky, as you understand, was under martial law most of the time; he was old and they did not bother him, but what they did to Silas and his family was quite more than enough. He was a Union man and he thought that when Abraham, the son of his old friend, had permitted these depredations, it broke him, he failed very fast and died before the war was over. When he died, let me tell you, a very able and very good man passed away. With Kentucky under martial law and the army in conflict with civil authority; Stanton's spys everywhere, Mr. Lincoln surely had his troubles."



Under the lamp light, this old man reminisced, alternately a scowl and a smile came upon his face as he detailed the terrible tragedies that happened in that section during the war. For a minute he sat looking into the fire, then he spat tobacco juice with a crash on the coals, and continued:

"They might just as well have taken him out and shot him, for, all of his senses stopped functioning—he was going to another world—he was through with this one."

"Did you know anything about the death and shooting of James Settles, Bob Van Meter and Ver-trees, Mr. Cowley?"

"That is the sad part of it. I knew it too well. They took them over into Bullitt County and shot them without the semblance of a trial. I vowed that some day we would hunt up Capt. Jarrett and strangle him with our own hands. Lincoln was appealed to, General Palmer, in charge at Louisville, was appealed to, but I do not know what Lincoln did. Palmer permitted the soldiers to take this man out and hang him for the assault on your mother and the killing of your brother. The murders, however, went on, it was said through Jarrett's emissaries, by Stanton's orders. If any man was ever hated in this section, Stanton was that man. The people excused the President somewhat, still he lost caste. Even Nancy Lincoln, his aunt, bitterly expressed herself about Stanton. She was thoroughly stirred up against Jarrett. The tie between Nancy Lincoln and the people of this section was thus forever afterwards a very close one. Stanton said it was a war to the hilt, and one of extermination."

"How do you, my son, feel about it?" he said, putting his hand on my knee, the steel of his keen

eyes shining. I replied: "Mr. Cowley, I am a student only, and far removed from the scenes that are real to you. Of course I have listened to my mother tell the story, but I look upon the President as having had terrible responsibilities imposed upon him, and I know too, that he was bitterly opposed to such tactics. I know that he was surrounded by spies of his own cabinet. Chase and Stanton especially gave him great trouble. The duty uppermost in his mind was to save the Union and to save it at all hazards. I have solved to my satisfaction the guilt of Lincoln as a Southerner, and I appraise him as a great man. I cannot bring myself to accuse him, with all that I know, even though these very things you talk about, deeds of his emissary, touched me very closely."

"That is a credit to your mind, perhaps, but to me, an old man now, I cannot look upon Abraham Lincoln as I looked upon his father. What would old Tom have said, they used to argue. Over there in the cemetery lie three good Lincoln women of his blood; they were befriended by these folks, who were now being crucified for honest thoughts. It was not right, and as long as you live, people will not respect Abraham Lincoln, as they did his family. I would not, at my time in life, unjustly indict any man, but I do, before my God, indict Abraham Lincoln."

He got out of his chair and straightened his bent body, his gaze was lofty, and his eyes blazed like a torch.

"Can you think of your beautiful mother, twenty-one years old, broken, bleeding, bruised unto death, lying upon the grass, her nursing child's brains and dead body in front of her, the brutal deed of **the** brutal emissary of Jarrett, without damning forever

the men who permitted war upon women? God, I shall never forget that sight."

Finally we lighted our pipes, took a drink of moonshine as old as the hanging stars, and as silky and soft as the balmy air of the Cedar creek hills.

These crimes, conspiracy to murder Lincoln's Cabinet, he pointed out, were due to the flaming hatred of Lincoln's Cabinet rather than Lincoln himself. He reasoned that if Napoleon had been sitting at Washington or Grant he would have quickly disposed of Burbridge and Paine and men of their ilk.

He said; "The Lincolns are our kind of people. Abraham Lincoln once asserting his nature was a just man I think. But he was a new man in that office, he did not know the tricks of the Yankee, he looked upon them as he looked upon the Western man and the Kentuckian he knew; that was the limit of his ability to judge, to sit in judgment on men, you must understand that judging men who are to have great power is the most important responsibility any man can have."

"The Yankee has always been in favor of blue laws. He has them on his statute books, to enforce on others his narrow vision of life. He has no forgiveness. He is as drastic as his ancient forebear of the Roman days. He would like to put you in a thumb rack or lead you up to a whipping post and give you a few lashes, not to punish you, but to show the balance of the world what a d— pious good man he is, and how intolerant he is of wrong doing. And he will murder you for opinions sake. Down here where Lincoln was born there was a different race of men. We believed all laws were burdens and we wanted as few laws as we could well get along with."

Therefore our people were liberal; they had no desire to rob anybody or murder anybody for opinion's sake. The Yankee was a religious fanatic on slavery, while we looked on slavery as a question of economy, for I really think in this country the negroes were better off in slavery but the white man who owned them I am sure was worse off than the men who did not. Slave poor was much worse than being land poor."

"Our people sprung from men who fought the Kings over there because they wanted actual freedom to pursue their lives as they ordered, and the New England Yankee wanted his religion free, he did not give a d— about anything else; he wanted to make the other fellow see and act as he saw and acted."

"Such was Stanton, and as for Chase he was a lawyer, and it is an accident when a man is honest and straight if he is educated in the law. It furnishes him so many advantages over the layman he gets in the habit of taking advantage of him."

"Well, anyway, Lincoln did not understand these fellows, and he was kind and easy going, he did not want to assert himself though he was a strong man, ten times as strong as all of his Cabinet, but the damage was all done when he asserted himself."

"Yes, I know that Tom Hines knew that these boys went from Kentucky intending to kill the President and all of his Cabinet, and I did not blame them, although it was a fool thing to do. Their kin, just as dear to them as anybody's were murdered without a chance, and this was their revenge. What did they care about danger; why sir, if you arouse one of this race of people to the point where he believes he is grievously wronged he will kill you in a moment's



time; that's the temper of our people, and his temper will be aroused about his love of justice, nothing else."

"Religion here we treat as the individual's business with God, not of any concern of others, but over there in the Yankee country they want to use religion to govern the other fellow. After all, my son, that is all life is, justice to one another and a fair deal with your own God. That was the motto of the old Lincolns, that's mine, and you are in a d—bad fix if that is not your religion."

Thus did I reason that this old man was a great and sound philosopher, the close friend of all the Lincolns.

"Mr. Cowley I want to ask you if you know where Abe Lincoln was born?" "I would say that fact was not one any person could testify about, but as folks know such things, talk of neighbors, we knew it here on the creek."

"Abe and the girl were both born on the Mill Creek farm. Those who were neighbors to Tom said that. It was not discussed for forty years after I was grown up, then all the fuss about Lincoln came up and it was talked. He had a good farm up there and a good house, and he always had some work about the court house at odd times, and that place was convenient. I do not think he lived much in Etown. He would go over and farm the Larue places, and I think he lived there some. Nancy Lincoln told me once Abraham was born on Mill Creek. There was a man here after the war who was writing a book about Lincoln, but I did not see him. He talked to Silas Smith but did not get much out of him. His inquiries were principally about the



Hanks women, and I have a deep seated prejudice against discussing other men's women."

"You may know it was talked here that Thomas was not the father of the President, and the inquiries were also about that I heard. Some said that John, our old Judge, they called him, was his father, and Sam Haycraft thought an Enlow was his father, but I don't think they knew a damn thing about it. That is my opinion. Nancy Lincoln or Nancy Hanks as folks called her was not that kind of a woman in my opinion. The fact that she was an illegitimate and the Hanks women had not a good name altogether, gave rise to talk—that's what I figured."

"I think, however, in this connection it is well enough to say, that this is the real reason why President Lincoln made that indefinite statement about being born on Nolin Creek. He did not guess that any one would question it or be interested in it, and if it at any time came down to a defense of the statement, he could easily say, as he did say, his memory was bad and his father had never told him where he was born, so that the Nolin Creek birth statement was a very good guess at it."

"There were men here, had it ever got down to a political issue, who would have, and could have embarrassed him by some little family history which is commonly accepted as very irregular by mankind, but I never took any stock in it, as an important factor in Lincoln's life, though in politics it would doubtless have cut quite a figure. In 1864, when he ran for President our people said nothing, for already there had been too many deaths resulting from talk, idle and non-productive talk, but Lincoln of course got no votes here."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LINCOLN ASSOCIATES

IT must be borne in mind, the writer went to interview Col. John Cowley, but found that his eldest son had all of the knowledge of his father, about Nancy Lincoln, Bersheba Lincoln, Mary Austin and William Owens and the Owens family.

Col. Cowley died shortly after this interview.

"Mr. Cowley, did you know Nancy Lincoln's children?"

"I suppose I did. I knew Bill Austin's wife, Billy Nall's wife, but I hardly recall the first names of any of them, unless it would be Elizabeth. Nancy lived there at the old place. We do not know what became of Bill Austin. The daughter that married Billy Nall lived by your father's farm."

"What was Bill Austin's politics?"

"I guess Bill was a pretty strong Democrat. When John Young Brown was a candidate for Congress in 1856, the Know-Nothings were as thick as hops around here.

"John Brown came down to Brumfields to make a speech, and the Know-Nothings had notified Bill Austin he could not speak there, for if he did, Austin could move and they would kill Brown. Well, it was talked over by Brown with old Nancy Lincoln, and she said that if free speech was denied in this country all of the Lincolns might as well be dead.

She advised Brown to make his speech and when the time came to open services, Brown put one six shooter on the table and kept the other in his pocket as a reserve, announcing what had been told him but with the affirmation that if anybody wanted to start the shooting it would be better to start it before the speaking. "But it is my opinion that you are a lot of dirty, lying, cowardly fanatics and are not going to kill anybody."

"John Brown made his speech, was also elected to Congress, and Austin and Nancy lived at the same old cross roads farm without hindrance from the Know-Nothings. Those were pretty tough times over there, and I want to tell you, if these Yankee preachers had kept out of here, we would have never had a crusade against our good Catholics. I do believe the old Pioneers were alright on religion and such matters, but these smart fellows with monkey wrench faces from up North, they were tough, hard hearted scoundrels who had been born with hate.

"Well, John Brown, after the war, denounced old Ben Butler in Congress for stealing the good folks silver in and around New Orleans:

"He was a game devil of a young fellow, with plenty of ability, and when Congress expelled him for denouncing Butler he was unanimously reelected. Old Ben ever afterwards in this country was referred to as "Spoon Butler."

"Did you know any of Mary Lincoln's children?"

"I did not. She lived over at Howe's Valley with her husband, Crume, who was a German, I think. She died when about 55 and is buried over here in the old Lincoln place, on Mill Creek, by the side of her mother. She had a pretty good family, I understand, and I think most of them live in Howe's Val-

ley today. "I got this from Nancy Lincoln, but I remember myself when she was buried."

"Now, I will ask you about Josiah Lincoln. What became of him?"

"Well, Josiah was here when his mother was buried. He was living in Harrison County, Ind., about twenty miles from Mill Creek, where his mother lived. He went over there with Squire Boone and took up land. I never saw him when he was here, to know him, but this is what I heard. I don't think I would know him anyway unless he was identified to me, for I was small."

"Mr. Cowley, many people say Tom Lincoln lived most of his life over on Knob Creek farm. What do you know about it?"

"That is not true, for all of the people up the creek say he lived on Mill Creek and in Elizabethtown most of his time after he married, and I reckon they ought to know. I do know he came here often to see his mother, when my father was a small lad, but my mother's people knew them best. You know in these days if a dog killed a neighbor's sheep, or a neighbor went away from the country, it was news immediately throughout the neighborhood. We had no papers and that is the way news passed around, at gatherings. I always heard that Tom did not have much land over there and did not have much title to that."

"Compared with other folks, how did Thomas Lincoln stand as an owner of property?"

"Tom was a trader and he worked for wages. Neighbors said that he always had some money. He was above the average in land ownership and if I made a guess, I would say, he was comfortable all the time he was here. I heard Mr. McMurtry say that his father-in-law, Sam Haycraft, bought Abe a pair

of shoes in the winter. I guess that's true, boys generally went bare-footed half of the winter, some of them all the winter, but old Sam was well off, and he was a friend of Tom Lincoln, a very good friend, and he was a politician—he bought the kids candy too."

"Mr. Cowley, I have in mind interviewing all of the people in this neighborhood who would know anything about the Lincolns, or their children, or the children of those who would know, that are now dead. Please give me the names of the people whom you think would know about them."

"Betsy and Jane Owens on Mill Creek, both very old women, the widow Maffitt, Johnny Moore, Silas Hobb, Jonathan Owen, Jack and Reuben Peck, John and Bill Williams. John Williams married Elinor Peck's daughter; some of the old Cofers, Stephen McMurtry, John Hargan, old Ab Ray, Jack Melton's widow, Nancy, would know all about them. Then there is James Davis. John Henry Shelton, I expect, would be a good man, and his neighbor John Stator. I think John Stator's father was very well acquainted with Tom Lincoln. There is Luke Colvin, whose father knew all about the Lincolns, and Jacob and William Pearman, whose father is buried by the side of Bersheba Lincoln."

"Now, I want to call your attention to a matter that grew out of these depredations of Jarret and his men. I would like to know whether the statement that Bill Austin was back of the slaughter of Jarrett's men at Muldraughs Hill, above West Point, is true or not?"

"If I knew, I would not say anything about it. The facts are, in reference to that transaction, that seven men went into the hills at night, heavily armed with



Army rifles. They placed themselves along different sides of the gulch, I mean the main gulch, and when Jarrett's men came, in the early morning, or late at night, as was their habit, these seven men opened an unexpected fire on them. Jarrett's men were disconcerted and instead of fighting they commenced running, thinking that the hills were filled with John Morgan's men, as it had been rumored for several days that Morgan's men were expected there. In their confusion, and on account of the running and neighing of the horses, which had been turned loose, they ran up and down the main gulch in the darkness, and into the side gulches. One of these seven men cut loose all of the horses, about 500 in number, that they had tethered in a big draw like a bowl, where they kept these horses and prepared them for shipment by boat down the river to Owensboro, where they sold them to the United States Army—buyers of cavalry horses. Their plan was to go to the farmer and say to him, they wanted his horses for the government. They would give the farmer the OK, a piece of paper, which was supposed to be a receipt for the horse, entitling him to pay from the United States. They usually gathered up these horses at night, it was supposed, for fear they would run into General Palmer's men, and the duplicity of Jarrett would be exposed. Jarrett claimed to have authority from Stanton or the War Department for his spying operations, hence the murders he committed were beyond all military discipline, thinking he would be protected, and he surely was protected by somebody. The raids against human beings were reported to General Palmer, who, it was said, in turn, reported the facts to Washington, but it was plain that the facts never got before the Pres-

ident. At any rate, Washington did nothing and Jarrett kept on in his deviltry. Palmer seemed to have no authority to stop him; at any rate, he was afraid to arrest him. He was the General in command at Louisville, Kentucky, and had at his disposal probably 30,000 troopers at all times. Finally these seven men took the matter in hand and were assembled by one of Morgan's "relieved men." They organized and went into these hills at night and just as soon as Jarrett's men came in with the horses they had collected for the day, the seven men started to fight. I do not know how many of Jarrett's men were killed, but they were burying them all of the next day, and it was said that about forty of them were buried, though there might have been more wounded. The seven men escaped, and so far as I ever heard, there was one trained soldier in the crowd, and he was a Morgan man. Bill Austin was suspicioned of being there, so was I. General Palmer insisted after this trouble on Jarrett being withdrawn, and I believe he was. Jarrett was responsible for the assaults and murders, and he made them on the pretext that the men he arrested had been denouncing President Lincoln. It was one of General Palmer's aides who saved your grandfather. Jarrett, himself, rode into your grandfather's house on horseback, had five of his men to take bodily possession of Silas Smith and ordered them to take him down the pike and hang him. He ordered your grandmother to cook his breakfast. He remained in the house drinking whiskey, and your grandfather was taken away. They stopped at Cephas Smith's store, about a quarter of a mile down the pike, and demanded that he sell them some whiskey. He told them he had no whiskey, but he had a jug hid out in the

orchard for his personal use, and they ordered him to get it. He went out and notified his wife of Silas' arrest, who put a boy on horseback and sent him post haste to General Palmer's headquarters at Louisville, telling him what would happen to Silas Smith. This boy got as far as West Point and met a lieutenant with a number of soldiers on their way to Elizabethtown; they stopped him and he told them what his errand was. It is about five miles from where he met these men to where Jarrett's men proposed to hang Silas Smith. The lieutenant and his men spurred their horses and travelled very fast in order to intercept Jarrett's men. They did so, on the turnpike, about five miles north of the Silas Smith residence. There they were in the act of hanging him, were drunk and having plenty of fun, pulling him up, strangling him, and letting him down. The lieutenant immediately arrested the men and released Silas Smith. They told the lieutenant they were acting on Jarrett's orders."

"Silas Smith was taken back to his home and in the meantime Jarrett had had his breakfast and had made his graceful exit."

"It was a mystery for many years just what Jarrett's backing was. He was next heard of in the last year of the war, buying mules in southern Kentucky. In the raid of Muldraughs Hill, made by the seven men, Jarrett appears to have taken no part. He was sleeping soundly about two miles away at West Point. Jarrett was never punished for any of his crimes, and although President Lincoln has the credit of having interfered in the matter, brought about by a communication of Nancy Lincoln to him, I, myself, take no stock in this story. I think that

old Jarrett figured that in due time, Thomas Hines, or somebody else would get him."

Supplemental to Mr. Cowley's statement, I will say that I was a desk mate of Thomas H. Hines, the head of this band of Musketeers, during the session of the Constitutional Convention of 1890. He had been Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals and during the war was a captain on Morgan's staff. He planned Morgan's escape from Columbus penitentiary. He could speak French and German fluently and was a man of wonderful mathematical talent. He weighed less than 100 pounds when I knew him. He was as gentle in his manners as a sixteen-year old girl. He seldom spoke in the Constitutional Convention. I was his most intimate friend. He told me who the members of this band were, that Cowley was one of them, Bill Austin was one of them, the others were respectively named, Hawkins, Hayes, Melton and Gray. They lived in the Mill Creek section and none of them had ever had military experience.

I knew before I ever discussed the question with him who they were. The writer must say, that of all the remarkable men he has known, Hines was one of the most accomplished, and a man who looked upon death stoically. He was the D'Artagnan of the Civil War, known to nobody, and yet in the archives at Washington as one of the best known men of the South, generally feared and dreaded as the Sphinx of Morgan's army; known at Washington also as having some mysterious connection with the President, unknown to his Cabinet. Hines had said to Austin, "Go to Washington and see the President; something is going to happen; the war for the South is lost, and all of the d..... in-

cendiaries are assembling at Washington; the machine has gone to pieces, but we can save the South from the Cannibals—Go to Washington—Go to Washington; remain as you are to all of these young devils, the spy of John Morgan; you are the only man who can go everywhere and now is the time to serve Lincoln and serve the South.

But Austin never moved without invitation; he never took the initiative. Had he accepted Hines' advice, the map of the civil war in 1865 might have been greatly changed. The man who stepped into Ford's theatre would never have slipped by the searchlight eyes of Bill Austin—indeed, he never would have gone, to the theatre, and neither would have Lincoln.

The friendship of Austin and Hines teach the world of men how clever was Lincoln, how much he knew, how little he was deceived, and how broad and sweeping his knowledge of men and their necessary relations, irregular though they were under the circumstances of the situation.



## CHAPTER V

### THE OLD MILL CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH AND THE WAR COUNCIL PARLIAMENT

**L**ET us turn back to the advent of Captain Abraham Lincoln, son of John Lincoln of Rockingham County, Virginia, and see if we can, by the witnesses we introduce, unknown to history, settle some of the disputed points brought about by want of facts, quite apparent in all of the books of the Lincoln biographers. We can solve the relation, at least, of the principal Lincoln intimates.

Captain Abraham Lincoln left his brother in Bourbon County, and moved first to that part of Nelson, known as Washington County at that time. His brother was named Thomas, and the father of the President was named for this uncle. They were probably both born in Pennsylvania rather than Rockingham County, Virginia. They had lived a while in Berkes County. As a rule, settlers left Pennsylvania to go to Virginia, and rarely left Virginia to go to Pennsylvania. This happened only in rare cases like that of the Boones.

Mordecai, the father of old John was a blacksmith. He settled in Berkes County, after he had been in business in New Jersey, and with him at that time came Jacob Van Meter, who was born in New Jersey. Jacob died just out of Elizabethtown and is buried on his old farm. His death occurred in

1798. He was the father-in-law of Samuel Haycraft, the first. Samuel Haycraft was the son of James Haycraft, an English sailor who settled in Virginia in 1742. At that time, Jacob Van Meter had gone with John Smith and others to Rockingham County, Virginia. We know that Samuel Haycraft and three or four brothers were of a party which rafted down from Pittsburgh to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1779, and located in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Jacob, Jr., was married when eighteen years of age. They left Virginia in 1780, crossing the mountains at Cumberland Gap, arriving in Hardin County in early spring. In this group were Captain Abraham Lincoln, his brother Thomas, John, David and Joseph Swank, John McMahan with a colony of settlers headed by James and Colonel John Smith, former Pennsylvanians. Also with this colony came most of the names found herein. Many of these families originated in Pennsylvania. While coming down the river, Samuel Haycraft's brother, George, was killed by the Indians. These Haycraft brothers had been raised by Colonel Neville, founder of Pittsburgh, and the man who tried, in 1791, to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. James Haycraft, the father, had been killed by the Indians in Virginia when Samuel was about eleven years of age. James Smith, then prominent in Pennsylvania and in Indian affairs, at the instance of Daniel and Squire Boone, sons of old Squire of North Carolina, joined their forces and they were responsible for the emigration of these settlers from Pennsylvania and Virginia. Smith had money and financed, with his brother John, the movement of the settlers and the land locations.

John Smith had at this time already moved to Virginia. He had been with Washington and Colonel

Bullitt in their western operations about Pittsburgh. James had been a member of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania from Westmoreland County. James had strong influence with Franklin, Washington and Jefferson. He was the best known man in the party and had been over Kentucky before Daniel Boone had explored the state. He was in Kentucky in 1765. He had been a prisoner of the Chippewa Indians for seven years, and spoke most all of the Indian dialects and languages. He had executed many treaties for Great Britain with the Indians and had their confidence. He settled at Cane Ridge, in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and represented that county twice in the Legislature of Kentucky. He moved finally to Washington County, Kentucky, and there died in 1812.

He assisted Colonel Floyd and Captain Floyd and his brother John, who was with Colonel Bullitt in the settlement of Jefferson County, and projected many colonies in Kentucky. The brothers were, therefore, acquainted with all of the families in the movement to Hardin County. John surveyed a good part of Jefferson County with Colonel Floyd, and they sold Captain Lincoln the land on which he was killed. It was purchased with a Virginia Treasury receipt. They had a great many locations, which, under the existing laws of Virginia, soldiers of the Revolution or soldiers engaged in the Indian warfare could acquire by such rights. Lincoln was one of these. When the limit was reached, many of them bought rights from others. This was the case of Captain Lincoln.

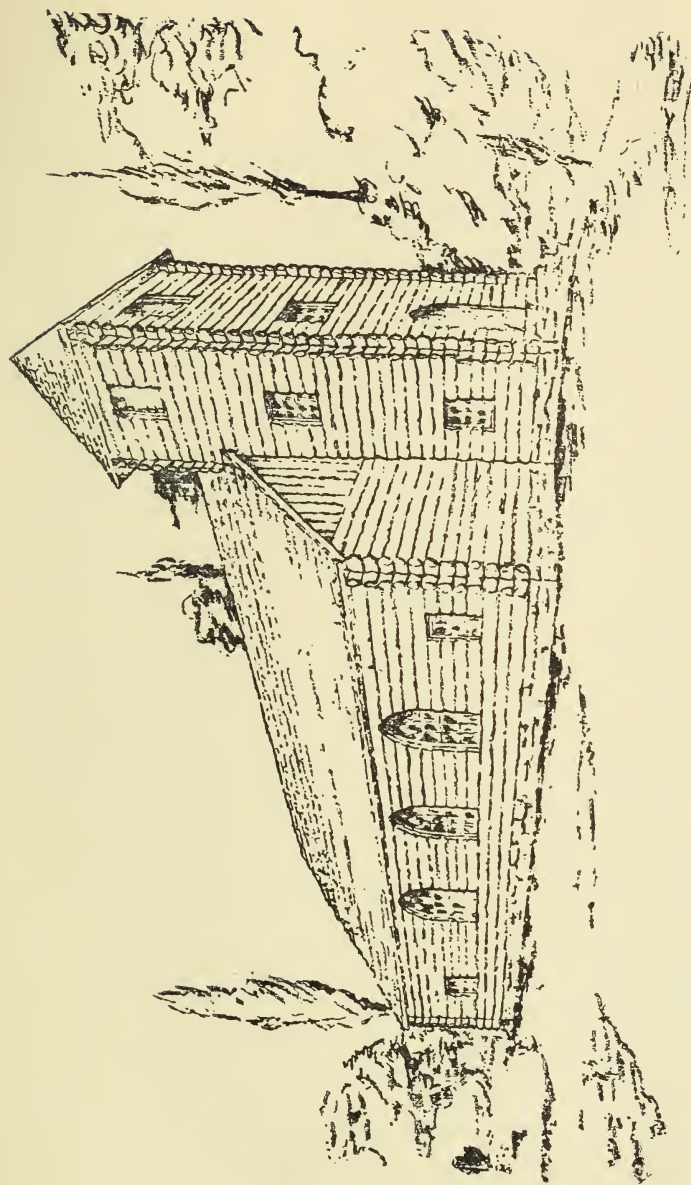
In this party were Elinor Peck and her father, John Thomas. She was about seven years old when her father came to Hardin County. Thomas Lincoln was much younger. Some of them stopped in

Mercer, Fayette, Bourbon and Washington; a majority of them came to Hardin. Elinor's husband, John, descended from Rev. Thomas Peck, the ultra-Puritan preacher of Norwich, England.

In the party were also Bersheba Lincoln, wife of the Captain and her children; she was then about thirty-five years of age. So far as is known, Captain Floyd and John Smith brought them to Hardin County, among which was his son, James, founder of the family to which the writer belongs. William Owens, Captain Abraham Lincoln, Jacob Pearman, John Davis, Thomas and John Howard, brothers, John Austin, John Stator, Thomas Melton, and many others located on Mill Creek within a range of five miles of each other. In this community, they established the Baptist Church (1782, organized in 1806) where are now buried the older Lincolns. Later, they established Mount Zion just five miles south of this church. You will find in the Owen Cemetery, the Maffit Cemetery and Mount Zion Cemetery, the remains of these old families and their descendants. At Otter Creek lived Jacob Van Meter, who at a later date established there the old Baptist Church in 1800 and deeded it in 1826 to the organized congregation, Chairman of which Board was James, brother of William P. Nall, son-in-law of Nancy Lincoln.

Although the old church had existed for twenty-four years, it was organized into a regular congregation in 1806. Shadrach Brown first Pastor in 1806. Daniel Walker, from 1821 to 1831. Jacob Rodgers, from 1831 to 1854. William Rodgers, the writer's neighbor in 1885, very old, gave him the history of this church in detail. He knew the Lincolns, and was a visitor to Nancy Lincoln's home after her





The Old Baptist Church of Mill Creek, third church built west of the Allegheny mountains.



daughter married Austin. He was the son of Rev. Jacob Rodgers.

In the Lincoln Cemetery will be found the Colvins, Howards, Pearmans, Bersheba, Nancy and Mary Lincoln; also Mary Austin, daughter of Nancy. In the upper cemetery will be found the Smiths, Swanks, Pecks, Williams, Meltons, etc. Myers, the land agent of James Smith and John Smith passed the title to Samuel Haycraft. They built a Baptist Church there on the banks of Mill Creek at this time, because that was the faith of the principal membership, and such churches were more generally used as a meeting place for councils to provide ways and means for their common defense rather than for religious worship. To this extent Bersheba Lincoln, an Episcopalian, will be found to be the principal person and factor in its leadership in this early day.

Captain Abraham Lincoln, according to family tradition, lived here, in the winter of 1783, before going to Jefferson County. The land was located near the Bersheba Lincoln tract where she and Bill Brumfield lived. This church was built in 1782 when the Captain lived in this neighborhood, and the Cowleys, Lincolns, Smiths, Owens, Howards, Stators, etc., contributed to its construction.

It will not, therefore, be surprising to find Thomas Lincoln, as a young man spending a greater share of his life in this section, intimately associated with those he had known for many years. He was at Jacob Van Meter's in 1798, helping him build his house. His mother, according to Elinor Peck, moved into Mill Creek again in about 1802 with William Brumfield who had married her daughter. Thomas bought the Mill Creek farm in 1803 from

John Stator, though Thomas had been there all the while working for Haycraft, Owens, Van Meter and others.

It is complained by historians that no one knew Bersheba or Thomas Lincoln's farm locations on Mill Creek. The knowledge of their locations in the writer's day as a boy was a matter of common knowledge. The fact that few of them ever knew where the family was buried, is a clear indication that no great effort was ever made to clear up the Lincoln mystery. In fact, there never was a Lincoln mystery. Elinor Peck did not die until 1853. Dr. Smith did not die until 1864. Polly Watts and Pamela Cowherd lived to be near 100 years of age, both born about 1802 and both knew the Lincolns very well. Tom Peck died in 1864. Owen Cowley, son of the man who knew Thomas Lincoln, and grandson of Bill Owens who knew Tom Lincoln best, did not die until about 1894. He certainly knew the Lincoln story and the Lincolns as well as anyone in the country.

Elinor Peck talked to Catherine Peck, her daughter-in-law, for twenty years about the Lincolns when they were front page news. Her daughter, Rebecca Williams, her sons Jack Peck and Reuben Peck must have heard her story many times. She visited her granddaughter, Rebecca Smith, wife of Silas Smith, many times and talked freely about the Lincolns, and through many other sources this information was available. Thomas Peck, of his personal knowledge, knew about the President's birth and left the Lincoln story with Polly Watts and Pamela Cowherd, sisters-in-law.

It is said that no one knew that Thomas Lincoln ever lived on Mill Creek. Historians fix no time

that he ever lived there, simply because their entire investigations have been directed to the Nolin Creek country.

The fact remains that in the early days of the writer, knowing nearly every household in Hardin County, he found few in 1890 on Mill Creek that did not know all about the entire family. There were then living many descendants of the Meltons, some of the Maffits, many of the Pecks and quite a few of the Irwins and Cowleys. William Rodgers, John Hargan, Stephen McMurtry, and some of the old Owens women.

The writer's mother knew well all of these people, and heard them talk before and during the war, a very natural thing for them to do. In fact, it was a matter of common knowledge that Thomas Lincoln farmed the Mill Creek farm for ten years, excepting the year he was at Cane Ridge. He went to Indiana with Hannaniah Lincoln before he moved from Mill Creek. That was a fact well known in the community, fifty years or more after it happened.

He worked on the Cane Ridge Mill Dam and Mill for over a year. This is in Bourbon County. He visited his uncle, Thomas Lincoln, at Lexington, a well-to-do man, and often spoke of him when he returned, so he must have met up with him.

Thomas was a good stone mason, and in those days they called them millwrights, if they had ever had experience in building burr mills. He built the foundation of Jacob Van Meter's house, and his mill at the forks of Otter Creek, a fact about which Mrs. Robert Van Meter spoke. She was very bitter towards President Lincoln. She thought him responsible for Jarrett's murder of her husband, Robert, in "sixty-three."

The Mill Creek Church was constructed with lapped long logs tied in the center with two attached logs tied together as a cross beam. The foundation is there yet. William Rodgers said his father helped to build it and Captain Lincoln also assisted, the Captain's wife, in later years, being an attendant.

The neighbors assembled and called it a house raising. The carpenters finished the job, then the plasterer "chinked" up the cracks and the work was done.

Owen Cowley was quite averse to saying anything detrimental to Nancy Hanks. He regarded her as conversationally sinned against in that community; so did Elinor Peck.

The testimony of Elinor Peck and Mrs. Maffit taken with Owen Cowley's will constitute the sum of the important facts not settled in history, facts almost common to all. The other witnesses will bear out their reflections, and thus we will have all of the important facts about the Lincolns, showing clearly where President Lincoln was born.

We know already by the records produced for public view by the excellent work of Mr. Warren, that the facts were a matter of record as to Thomas Lincoln. We know that Bill Brumfield's widow lived seventy-five years of her life in the county, and Bersheba at least thirty-five of hers, Mary probably forty. We know it was no trick to travel from the Bersheba Lincoln place to Louisville and Elizabethtown by wagon or horseback.

We know, by name, that Bersheba Lincoln's home was the Mecca of the Lincolns. She not only was a very able woman, but one of high character, and that her daughter, Nancy, was the peer of the well-bred. In the light of these facts it is no credit to the



great man that he dodged discussion of his family, and spoke of them as "second" families. This was the view, perhaps, of the intolerant Todds, but never the view of a real Lincoln.

Here was the grand old church of the pioneer civilization. Here lived the bravest and the best of western civilization. Here were the names you may read today on the front page of history, Borahs, Boones, Norrises, Reeds, Woodrings, Smiths, Moormans, Clarksons, Woolfolks, Rays, Browns, Irwins and hundreds of other names that flash across the news of the day. They may trace their names to this colony. Thomas Lincoln explored and surveyed the road from Elizabethtown to Louisville, Brandenburg and Hardinsburg. There you find the names of the Dittos, Crutchers, La Follettes, etc. If Thomas Lincoln was in this kind of company, he could hardly have been the strolling wanderer the President would have you believe. Was he doing something destructive or constructive? Wherever he could make a dollar or help the community you would find him very active. Meade County, made from a part of Hardin County, housed many of the Catholics, but Tom Lincoln went among them as one who had an open mind on every question.

Thomas Jefferson rode to the White House and hitched his own horse, and Thomas Lincoln was one who applauded him. If the President could hitch his horse himself, he would find it agreeable to do things for a people who hitched their own horses, and I doubt if any one in the President's day would call him second rate.

The explanation is that the President was playing a bit of politics, and he desired that the American people should know he had lifted very hard at his



bootstraps to raise himself from a very low to a very high place. Thomas Lincoln, as we know him, would not have said it, and it is not a remark creditable to the President.

Catherine Peck, daughter-in-law of Elinor Peck, also daughter of Dr. Billy Smith, second wife of Henry Peck, was born in Hardin County in 1826. She was known all over that section as a woman of very precise knowledge and fine intelligence. She tells the story of Elinor Peck, who lived forty-six years after the President was born and knew the Lincolns from old John to the President. It covers every desired cycle of the Lincoln family.

Bersheba Lincoln told her she was born in 1745 in Virginia. She died in 1833, buried at the Mill Creek, Lincoln Cemetery. She told her the names and ages of all of her children, but she did not remember the ages exactly. Bersheba told her she was twenty-four when she married the Captain; she thought the Captain a year older, but he did not know the day of the month of his birth. He was in the Militia in Virginia. All of the children were born in Virginia in Rockingham County. Her family name was Herriot, and it was of French origin. Her people came there before the English. Herriot was the way Elinor Peck spelled it. Captain Lincoln was not in the Revolutionary Army of General Washington, but was under the orders of Governor Patrick Henry. The Captain's regiment was in Pennsylvania, from York to Winchester, Waynesboro and down to Lexington. She had travelled this route as a little girl and remembered the towns, and that, Bersheba told her, was the western front. They were fighting the Indians and their British allies. It was known as the "Southern

Trail." It was the same road the soldiers travelled. Bersheba was good looking for her age when she saw her and spoke with a southern accent. She first saw them when they moved to Mill Creek, then when they went back to Washington County after the death of Captain Lincoln, and very often after they returned to Mill Creek in 1802, for it was the time Nancy Lincoln married William Brumfield. Bersheba had told her that James Smith had brought out the colony, that was why they did not buy lands from the Boones. Bersheba told her they went down the creek and bought a farm near Sam Haycraft's place, but they had previously had a claim there, and had sold this before they went up to Washington County. Elinor thought they were there a "good while," about twelve years before they returned.

Bill Brumfield had married Nancy, and Mary a little later married a "German fellow," named Crume, and that was the year they came back to Mill Creek. Thomas bought a place about that time from Johnny Stator, near hers, out of the May survey. Bersheba told her they settled there because of her friendship with Sam Haycraft, Sr., and William Owens. "Bersheba came to see me as soon as they got set up in house keeping."

Bersheba said they built the Mill Creek church in about 1783, before they moved to Jefferson—they had helped their "might" to do it. There was a store at the Bersheba Lincoln place and it was built by Thomas Lincoln and Bill Brumfield. It was there when she first saw the place, and later there was a blacksmith shop, and it became a common meeting place to hold elections. Many folks attended the Baptist Church "that did not belong." They had

their war meetings there to plan against the "dod-rotted" Indians. Bersheba was an entertaining woman, had read books and could talk about anything. They often visited, though she (Elinor) was not much older than Mary and Nancy Lincoln. The Shepherdsville road which passed her door was the first road built in Hardin County, the people said; it went down the creek close to Bersheba's and crossed the river at Pitts Point. It was called the road to Bullitts Lick. When the road was opened that went to Louisville, Bersheba did not travel by her house very often.

Thomas Lincoln laid out that road. Billy Smith was his near neighbor, he knew Thomas Lincoln quite well. She knew John Smith but not as intimately as William. She never saw James Smith but once, he lived in the Blue Grass. Billy Smith's daughter, Catherine, married her son Henry, long after James Smith's death. Bersheba Lincoln had great courage, and was afraid of nothing; she had killed the Indian who killed her husband.

Nancy Hanks was married to Thomas Lincoln in 1805 and moved into the Mill Creek house at that time, she was pretty sure. September twenty-first, is the date given in Sam Haycraft's diary, though the records in Washington County say June 12th, 1806. The writer might enter on some explanation of this discrepancy in the dates of marriage but thinks it immaterial.

Nancy was her neighbor; they often visited. She told her she was born in Virginia (what is now West Virginia). It was a mountainous section. Her grandfather, Joseph Hanks, gave her the name of Hanks because the man her mother married ran away, she was told, and he would not allow his name in the

house. She lived with her grandfather until she, with her mother, came to Kentucky, then she moved to "Uncle Berry's" in Washington County. Her mother was named Lucy, and she had five brothers and three sisters, one of them was Nancy, and that was where she got her first name. Bill Brumfield operated Thomas' farm when he was away, sometimes they lived on Nolin and Knob Creek but they always called Mill Creek their home. It had the best house on it, Nancy told her.

Nancy Hanks was angular, sharp-faced, nervous and high strung. She had pretty black hair, was not at all good looking but talked well; about five feet seven inches, slender but "withy." She talked about books and listened to me. She did not have much education, but could sign her name and read some when she first came to see me; I taught her reading and multiplying." She was smart and quick to catch on, was very proud, had a good heart, talked in a soft voice. People talked about her sometimes, and that depressed her, hurt her, but she, Elinor, told her to hold her head high and pay no attention to the 'blabbers,' though she had a sharp tongue when she wanted to answer. Elinor Peck only saw Captain Lincoln a few times before he was killed, but she remembers that he had a soldiery bearing, rough features, was straight, and inclined to be slender. They said he had a strong face but to her it was rough. He also had black hair. That is also about the description she had heard Bersheba give of him. He wanted to buy land while it was very cheap. She had told Elinor about the killing of Captain Lincoln, her husband, by a single Indian.

Thomas was a round faced, heavy jawed, gray eyed man, about five feet ten inches, weighed about



one hundred and eighty pounds and looked nothing like his mother or the Captain. He was entertaining, good natured, strong as a bull and also unafraid like his mother. Thomas Lincoln liked his "likker" but he never "got down." He did not belong to any church and seemed to be proud of it. He was a strong talking Jeffersonite. He was a politician and had much influence, knew most everybody, and mixed with the people. Thomas owned the Mill Creek farm, the Knob Creek farm, the Nolin farm, a house in Elizabethtown, and had some stock all of the time she knew him. "They were at my house often, sometimes twice a week. I often saw Sarah and Abe. He was a big boy. He could shoot a rifle and drive a team of horses. They came here after they sold the farm to Tom Melton to tell me good-bye. They had sold off their crop on the Knob Creek farm and were going down to see Melton, then down to Bersheba's where they would stay a few days. Then they would strike out west to Indiana." Sarah was born in this house, I think, though it might have been at Elizabethtown. Abraham was born over at the Mill Creek house as she remembered.

Thomas Lincoln, Billy Smith and young John Smith were very good friends. They lived about two miles apart. They talked about the Tories, the folks that opposed Jefferson, both Thomas and Billy were "pisen" against the Federalists as they were sometimes called.

Thomas was an officer at different times and held other jobs. He was a good friend to the Haycrafts, the old man, and young Sam, the Clerk of the Court.

She would always remember William Owens, he was a mighty good looking man, and had much influence—he was a good friend of Thomas Lincoln, folks



said. Thomas Lincoln went away from home a great deal but was always on a job of work of some kind. He always had some money—that is cash, and that was scarce.

Nancy Lincoln was the best looking one of the Lincolns, Bill Brumfield's wife, and Thomas had told her Nancy was his favorite. Thomas and Bill Brumfield were good friends, she often saw them passing around together. Thomas was with his mother until he married. She knew the Austins also, old John and Thomas Williams. Thomas, with young Abe often hunted on the Creek and hunting was good then. Thomas Lincoln returned from Cumberland County when his mother returned to Hardin County.

Elinor Peck was a Pennsylvanian; she never lost the brogue of the dutch country, as it was known in that section.

She, Catherine, did not think much of slavery, but she was surprised when she knew young Abe picked up with the Abolitionists—he was the only Lincoln she ever saw or heard of who was opposed to slavery.

She knew all about what happened during the war, and told about the President not getting a vote in the upper Mill Creek country when he ran for president.

She also knew young Bill Austin, Nancy Lincoln's son-in-law; she thought he was a wonderfully nice fellow. She could not figure what ever caused him to leave the country.

The Lincolns were not church people, but as was common practice, folks used language from the Bible, not knowing what it meant at all and the Lincolns did likewise.

Mrs. Elinor Peck died at the age of eighty-two, in 1853. She was the friend of those she liked, and those she did not, were passed by. She differed ma-

terially from many of her sordid and explosive neighbors. Life to her was one solid pathway of fun from the beginning to the end. Though she was Lutheran, she kept her God right along with her all the time. No less in many respects was Catherine Peck, her daughter-in-law, everything else but of a Teutonic nature.

Catherine had a tongue as sharp as steel, and she did not hesitate to cut and slash Abraham Lincoln when she paused to express her real self. He was everything to her from a peddler of small ideas to a bargaining politician.

To make sure of the location of the Thomas Lincoln farm the writer saw Bill Williams, son of John Williams, the latter a son-in-law of Elinor Peck. Bill was a grandson of Thomas Williams, who owned this tract when Thomas Lincoln lived there; he had him point it out to him. The land belonged to the William May survey, of approximately sixteen hundred acres. Thomas Lincoln purchased from Stator 237 acres, the description of which "run him" into the Williams tract, and of course, he lost part of it. This Bill Williams was also a grandson of Elinor Peck. He pointed out where the Lincoln house was, and the stairway which had been in the old house made by the hand of Thomas Lincoln. Young John Smith had lived in that neighborhood. He married Elizabeth Williams, then finally moved to Arkansas.

When President Lincoln was a candidate for President, all of the people in and around the Mill Creek section "freshed up" on the Lincolns and discussed them more than ever before, Catherine Peck had said.

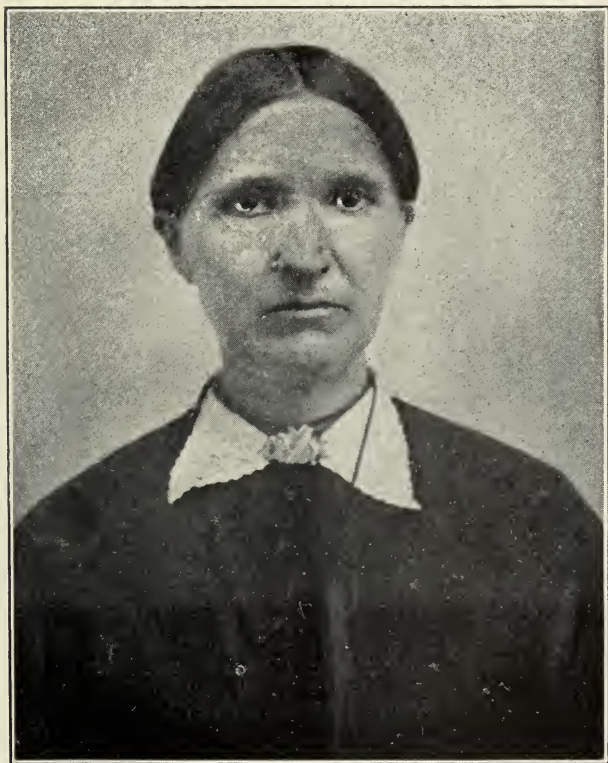
Elinor Peck and Nancy Lincoln Brumfield were

the two oldest women in the country who would know anything about the Lincoln folks. Frequently, the people called on Catherine during the war to talk about President Lincoln. Thomas Williams was dead; her neighbor, John Williams, was not; Pamela Cowherd, Polly Watts, Margaret Peck were all living. Margaret Peck was her sister-in-law. But none of them knew the Lincolns quite so well as Elinor Peck, and never were in sympathy with them as she was. That was settled opinion.

Mrs. Catherine Peck herself had a good recollection of the Lincoln women who remained in Kentucky. She was born in 1826. She knew Bersheba, and was on visiting terms with Nancy Lincoln Brumfield. She said she was a very good looking, and a very bright woman. She, Nancy, had never mentioned Thomas Lincoln but a few times or his son during all of the times she had talked with her.

She knew the general feeling of the people toward Lincoln. She also knew Jacob Van Meter, Jr., and knew of his friendship for Thomas Lincoln. He lived at the forks of Otter Creek where he died in 1850, at the age of about eighty years. He had been chiefly behind building the Mill Creek and Otter Creek Churches with his father, who had died about twenty years before she was born. Elinor Peck knew Squire Boone and Daniel Boone. John and James Smith had been responsible for most of the migration of the settlers into Hardin, and James, John and Colonel Bullitt were also active in Jefferson.

These settlers had been brought over on the promise of rich and cheap lands. Elinor was clear on the fact that John and James Smith had lived originally in Pennsylvania, being active in Virginia and Pennsylvania.



Catherine Peck, who tells the story of Elinor Peck,  
intimate associate of Tom and Nancy Lincoln.





John had resided in Hardin for a time where his son James, had located, and his brother James whose business was in the upper counties had also visited him, and she knew that James had been a "way up man" in Pennsylvania. They were old men when President Lincoln was born, and at that time James resided in Washington County.

Catherine Peck's father, Billy Smith, grandson of old John, lived two miles from the Thomas Lincoln farm and the same distance from her place. He was about twelve years younger than Thomas Lincoln, but they were friends and visited together, played politics together, and worked together in many ways.

In Catherine's opinion, Thomas was alright, and that was her mother-in-law's opinion. She knew that Squire Boone and Josiah Lincoln lived down at Rock Haven, but did not know when they crossed the river to Indiana.

Squire was all around everywhere, surveying in the early days. He was intimate with the Millers and Stators who lived in that section. She had heard that they were at the old Mill Creek Church and interested in its success. The Squire, her mother said, was a good talker, but Daniel was poor on the oratory and did not attempt that accomplishment. She often heard Daniel had built a house on the highest point on Muldraughs Hill so that he could see the Indians when they crossed the Ohio River.

She knew that Thomas Lincoln had lost part of his Mill Creek survey on account of a wrong description put in the deed of purchase.

Catherine was a sister-in-law of Jack Peck, Thomas Peck, Reuben Peck, Nellie and Rebecca Peck. She was the second wife of Henry, the youngest, born in

1815. Henry's first wife was a daughter of Thomas Melton, the purchaser of the Tom Lincoln farm.

Jack Melton, one of Tom's sons was father-in-law of Ben Irwin, her nephew, who had lived down Mill Creek two miles.

She was familiar with the deeds of one Captain Jarrett, and was first on the ground when the writer's mother was assaulted over on Mill Creek during the war. For this crime she blamed Abraham Lincoln.

She was a knowing and intelligent woman and inherited much of the mind of her intellectual father, and had a very fine memory for detail.

She flamed when she got on war subjects. She drew a very sharp line against Mr. Lincoln, and was entertaining on this subject when she was free to dwell on her own grounds of detail, nevertheless she could do the Lincolmites justice.

## CHAPTER VI

### CRIST, AND HIS GREAT FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS ON SALT RIVER

THE boy who made great, grist mills of corn stalks in a branch that sang its songs close to his home, and foundationed it with willow sprigs for spiles, will understand the modern day process of generating heroes from "tin horns."

The individual who gets into the limelight for a day by accident, immediately becomes a professional and paper-made hero. The "tin horn gambler," as he was known in the west, was a smirk chap who won his money from suckers in barnyards, wagon yards and fence corner sessions. There is the origin of "tin horn."

Since we have so much money and so much Press, we have become a nation of tin horn manufacturers. We make statesmen of fish peddlers and vendors of vegetables. Our entire artistic life is re-vitalized if our dear Jane can get presented to the Queen's Court at St. James.

We make our heroes from the cultured refinement of the kingdom of the back alley rats. Our aviator heroes, we make over-night and by them we swear all kind of avowals. The truth is that we, in America, have come to be a very shoddy aristocracy, and are the well-known and willing kissers of the King's garment without any choice as to what part of it we con-

tract. So base and coarse has our society become, that we are perfectly delighted if some nincompoop with the royal leather of a royal ass around his loins, can afford us an opportunity to mouth and slobber in "dress of state" over his royal feet. The original ass may have been born in Palestine but he has flourished beyond the dream of his progenitors in America.

Go to the forum and find the squeaky rats who call themselves great entertainers, and you will see the replica of the tin horns.

Look over your Congress and there you will find the tin horns. See the Judges who administer the law, and you will find the tin horn, strutting his brief day. Go to the American Bar Association and examine what brilliant exudations trickle from the brains of tin horns.

Parlor statesmen, parlor soldiers, parlor professionals—you would be ashamed of them if God and your mother gave you an ounce of common sense.

Bluff and noise have come to take the place of the men and women we had in Lincoln's day. If the police capture a nineteen year old boy by calling out a regiment, the good folks hold a mass meeting and pin the baton of honor on the brave heroes.

We have truly run mad on the paint and brush flourish, and the dictionary will have to be enlarged to give us words to express our grand emotion and thought.

Pick them out and lay them along side Lincoln, and see how short we are of real man material in America. Where are the men who mold with those in the story which follows? Go to Hollywood and Park Avenue and pick the best, then compare them with the men who walked out of Kentucky, followed the Indians to Canada and trimmed the British and

Indians in a thrilling fight that required real men, at the battle of the Thames.

The weakness of our country lies in the weakness of our men; poverty, as universal as it is, today, results alone from the poverty of brains; other excuses may be offered but poverty of brains in the White House and Congress, is truth's answer and history's apology.

The writer, therefore, gives you a thrilling story of one of the greatest fights in history, told by Mr. Crist, a surviving participant, to a reporter for Judge Collins. This will give you an idea of the class of people that gave sinew and inspiration to Abraham Lincoln; parts for his reserve that he made use of when he finally came to deal with the great situations of his career. At least, let us remember that he had background, just of what your statesman today is sadly in need. Compare our poverty in men with these actors who make your blood steam up and ask, what's ailing us?

Henry Crist was born in the State of Virginia in the year of 1764. During the Revolutionary War, his father with a large family emigrated to the western part of Pennsylvania, from whence young Henry and other ardent youths of the neighborhood, made frequent and daring excursions into the western wilderness, sometimes into what is now the State of Ohio, sometimes into Limestone (now Maysville, Kentucky) and finally to the falls of the Ohio, which place he first visited in 1779. The buffalo and deer had clearly indicated to the early settlers those places where salt water was to be found. The great difficulty of importing salt, the increasing demand and high price of the article, encouraged the attempt to manufacture here at a very early date. Salt was



made at Bullitt's Lick, now in Bullitt County, over ninety years ago. (Interview 1869 by Collins.)

In Crist's excursions to the west, he had become acquainted and associated with an enterprising Dutchman, named Myers, a land agent and general locator, in whose name more land had been entered than in that of almost any other man in the West. This pursuit of locator of lands, brought Crist at a very early date to Bullitt's Lick, where he took a prominent and active part in some of those scenes which have contributed to the notoriety of that renowned resort of all who lived within fifty miles around the first settlement of the country.

Here, the first salt was made in Kentucky; and here from five hundred to a thousand men were collected together in the various branches of salt making, as well as buying of, selling to and guarding the salt when Louisville could boast but a few hovels, and when the buffalo slept in security around the base of Capitol Hill.

In May, 1788, a flat boat loaded with kettles, included for the manufacture of salt at Bullitt's Lick, left Louisville with thirteen persons, twelve armed men and a woman on board. The boat and cargo was owned by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, and the company consisted of Crist, Spears, Christian Crepps, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, and an Irishman named Fossett and five others, and a woman, whose name the writer cannot now recollect, though he has heard Crist often repeat them.

The intention of the party was to traverse Rolling Fork River, which was then very high to the north of Salt River and ascend the latter river, the current of which was entirely deadened by back water from the Ohio, to a place near Licks, called "Mud Garri-

son," which was a temporary fortification, constructed of two rows of slight stockades, and the space between filled with mud and gravel from the bank of the river close by. The works enclosed a space of about half an acre and stood about midway between Bullitt's Lick and the falls of the Salt River, where Shepherdsville now stands. These works were then occupied by the families of the salt makers, and those who hunted to supply them with food and acted as an advance guard to give notice of the approach of any considerable body of men.

On the 25th of May, the boat entered Salt River, and the hands commenced working her up with sweep oars. There was no current one way or the other—when they came into Salt River, they were within reach of the Indian rifles from either shore, while in the Ohio, the great breadth of the river secured them against any sudden attack. It became necessary, therefore, to send out scouts, to apprise them of any danger ahead. In the evening of the first day of their ascent of the river, Crist and Floyd went above to reconnoitre the bank of the river ahead of the boat. Late in the evening, they discovered a fresh trail, but for want of light, they could not make out the number of Indians. They remained out all night but made no further discoveries. In the morning, as they were returning down the river towards the boat, they heard a number of guns which they believed to be Indians, killing game for breakfast. They hastened back to the boat and communicated what they had heard and seen. They pulled up the river until about eight o'clock and arrived about eight miles below the mouth of the Rolling Fork, where they drew into shore on the north side of the river, now in Bullitt County, intending to

land and cook and eat their breakfast. As they pulled into shore, they heard the gobbling of turkeys, (as they supposed) on the bank where they were going to land, and as the boat touched, Fossett and another sprang ashore, with their guns in their hands to shoot turkeys. They were cautioned of their danger, but disregarding the admonition, hastily ascended the bank. Their companions in the boat had barely lost sight of them when they heard a volley of rifles discharged all at once on the bank immediately above, succeeded by a yell of savages so terrific as to induce a belief that the woods were filled with Indians.

This attack so sudden and violent took the boat's company by surprise; and they had barely time to seize their rifles and place themselves in a position of defense, when Fossett and his companion came dashing down the bank, hastily pursued by a large body of Indians.

Crist stood in the bow of the boat with his rifle in his hand. At the first sight of the enemy he brought his rifle to his face, but instantly perceived the object of his aim was a white man, and the sudden thought flashed across his mind, that the enemy were a company of surveyors that he knew to be in the woods, and that the attack was made in sport, etc. He lowered his gun and at the same time his foeman sunk out of sight behind the bank. But the firing had begun in earnest by both sides. Crist again brought his rifle to his face, and as he did so the white man rose over the bank, with his gun also drawn up and presented. Crist got the fire on him, and at the crack of his rifle the white man fell forward dead. Fossett's hunting companion plunged forward into the water, and got in safely at the bow of the boat. But Fos-

set's arm was broken by the first fire from the hill.

The boat, owing to the high water, did not touch the land, and he got into the river further toward the stern, and swam around with his gun in his hand, and was taken safely in the stern of the boat. So intent were the Indians in the pursuit of their prey, that many of them ran to the water's edge, struck and shot at Fossett and his companion while they were getting into the boat, and some even seized the boat and attempted to draw it nearer the shore. In this attempt many of the Indians perished; some were shot dead as they approached the boat, others were killed in the river, and it required the most stubborn resistance and determined valor to keep them from carrying the boat by assault.

The Indians, repulsed in their efforts to board the boat, withdrew higher up the bank, and taking their station behind the trees, commenced a regular and galling fire which was returned with the spirit of brave men, rendered desperate by the certain knowledge that no quarter would be given and that it was an issue of victory or death to every soul on board.

The boat had a log-chain for the cable and when she was first brought ashore, the chain was thrown around a small tree that stood in the water's edge and the hook run through one of the links. This had been done before the first fire was made upon Fossett on shore. The kettles in the boat had been stacked up along the sides, leaving an open gangway through the middle of the boat from bow to stern. Unfortunately, the bow lay to shore so that the guns of the Indians raked the whole length of the gangway, and their fire was constant and destructive.

Spears and several others of the bravest men had already fallen, some killed and others wounded. From



the commencement of the battle, many efforts had been made to disengage the boat from the shore, all of which had failed. The hope was that, if they could once loosen the cable, the boat would drift out of the reach of the enemy's guns, but any attempt to do this by hand, would expose the person to certain destruction. Fossett's right arm was broken, and he could no longer handle his rifle. He got a pole, and placing himself low down in the bow of the boat, commenced punching at the hook of the chain but the point of the hook was turned from him and all his efforts seemed only to drive it further into the link. He at length discovered where a small limb had been cut from the pole, and left a knot about an inch long. This knot, after a number of efforts, he placed against the point of the hook and, jerking the pole suddenly towards him, threw the hook out of the link. The chain fell and the boat drifted slowly out from the bank, and by means of an oar worked overhead, the boat was brought into the middle of the river with her side to shore, which protected them from the fire of the Indians. The battle had now lasted an hour. The odds against the crew was at least ten to one. The fire had been very destructive on both sides, and a great many of the Indians had been killed, but if the boat had remained much longer at the shore, it was manifest that there would have been none of the crew left to tell the tale of their disaster. The survivors had now time to look around upon the havoc that had been made of their little band. Five of their companions lay dead in the gangway—Spears, Floyd, Fossett and Boyce were wounded—Crepes, Crist and Moore remained unhurt. It was evident that Spears' wound was mortal, and that he could survive but a few moments. He urged the



survivors to run the boat to the opposite side of the river and save themselves by immediate flight and leave him to his fate. Crepps and Crist positively refused. But the boat was gradually nearing the southern shore of the river.

At this time, forty or fifty Indians were seen crossing the river above, at a few hundred yards distant, some on logs, some swimming and some carrying their rifles over their heads. The escape was now hopeless, as there was a large body of Indians on each side of the river. If the boat had been carried immediately to the opposite side of the river, as soon as her cable was loosened, the survivors might have escaped, but to such minds and hearts, the idea of leaving their dying friends to the mercy of the Indian Tomahawk was insupportable. The boat, at length, touched the southern shore—a hasty preparation was made to bear the wounded into the woods; Floyd, Fossett and Boyce got to land and sought concealment in the thick wilderness. Crepps and Crist turned to their suffering friend, Spears, but death had kindly stepped in and cut short the savage triumph. The woman now remained. They offered to assist her to shore that she might take her chance of escape in the woods, but the danger of her position, and the scenes of blood and death around her had overpowered her senses, and no entreaty or remonstrance could prevail with her to move. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and no effort could make her sensible of any hope of escape. The Indians had gained the south side of the river and were yelling like bloodhounds as they ran down towards the boat which they now looked upon as their certain prey. Crepps and Crist each sized a rifle and ascended the river bank; at the top of the hill they met

the savages and charged them with a shot. Crepps fired upon them but Crist, in his haste, had taken up Fossett's gun, which had gotten wet as he swam with it to the boat on the opposite side, and it missed fire. At this time, Moore passed them and escaped. The Indians when charged by Crepps and Crist, fell back into a ravine that put into the river immediately above them. Crist and Crepps again commenced their flight. The Indians rallied, and rose from the ravine and fired a volley at them as they fled. Crepps received a ball in his left side; a bullet struck Crist's heel, and completely crushed the bones of his foot. They parted and met no more.

The Indians intent on plunder, did not pursue—they rushed into the boat. Crist heard one long agonizing shriek from the unfortunate woman, and the wild shouts of the savages as they possessed themselves of the spoils of a costly but barren victory.

Crepps, in the course of the next day, arrived in the neighborhood of Long Lick, and being unable to travel further, laid down in the woods to die. Moore, alone, escaped unhurt and brought in the tidings of the defeat of the boat. The country was at once roused. Crepps was found and brought in, but died about the time he reached home. Crist described Crepps as a tall, fair-haired, handsome man, kind and enterprising, and possessed of those high and striking qualities that gave the heroic stamp to that hardy race of pioneers amongst whom he had lived and died. He had been the lion of the fight. By exposing himself to the most imminent peril, he inspired his companions with his own contempt of danger. He and Crist had stood over Fossett and got the Indians treed while he disengaged the cable, and his coolness during the long, bloody struggle of the day, had won

the admiration of Crist himself, than whom no more dauntless man had ever contented with mortal foe. Crepps left a young wife and one son, then an infant. His wife was enceinte at the time of his death—posthumously, there was a daughter who became the wife of Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe. The son died shortly after he arrived at man's estate.

Crist was so disabled by the wound that he could not walk. The bones of his heel were crushed. He crept into a thicket and laid down—his wound bled profusely. He could not remain here long. His feet were now of no use to him. He bound his moccasins on his knees and commenced his journey. Piece by piece, his hat, hunting shirt and vest were consumed to shield his hands against the rugged rocks which lay in his way. He crawled on, all day up the river, and at night crossed over to the north side upon a log that he rolled down the bank. He concealed himself into the thicket and tried to sleep. His foot and leg were much swollen and inflamed.

Guided by stars, he crept on again, between midnight and day, he came in sight of a camp fire and heard the barking of a dog. A number of Indians rose up from around the fire, and he crept softly away from the light. He laid down and remained quiet for some time. When all was still again, he resumed his slow and painful journey. He crawled into a small branch, and went down it for some distance upon rocks, that he might leave no trace behind him.

At daylight, he ascended an eminence of considerable height, to ascertain, if possible, where he was and how to shape his future course, but all around was wilderness. He was aiming to reach Bullitt's

Lick now about eight miles distant and his progress was not half a mile an hour. He toiled on all day—night came on, the second day of his painful journey. Since leaving the small branch the night before, he had found no water—since the day before the battle he had not tasted food. Worn down with hunger, raging thirst, want of sleep, acute pain, he laid himself down to die. But his sufferings were not to end there—guided by the stars, he struggled on. Every rag that could interpose between the rugged stones and his bleeding hands and knees (for now he could only use one) was worn away.

The morning came—the morning of the third day—it brought him but little hope, but the old indomitable spirit within him disdained to yield, and during the day he made what progress he could. As the evening drew on, he became aware that he was in the vicinity of Bullitt's Lick, but he could go no further, nature had made her last effort and he laid himself down and prayed that death would speedily end his sufferings. When darkness came on, from where he lay, he could see the hundred fires of the furnaces at the Licks glowing; and he even fancied that he could see the dusky forms of the firemen as they passed around the pits, but they were more than half a mile off, and how was he to reach them? He had not eaten a morsel in four days, he had been drained of almost his last drop of blood; the wounded leg had become stiff and swollen, for the last two days and nights he had dragged it after him; the flesh was worn from his knee and from the palms of his hands.

Relief was in his sight, but to reach it was impossible. Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse's feet approaching him, and hope once more sprang up in his breast. The sound came near and still nearer. A



path ran near the place where he lay, a man on horseback approached within a few rods of him; he mustered his remaining strength, and hailed him; but to his utter surprise and dismay, the horseman turned suddenly and galloped off toward the Licks. Despair now seized him. To die alone of hunger and thirst, in the sight of hundreds and of plenty, seemed to him the last dregs of the bitter cup that Fate could offer to mortal lips. O, that he could have fallen by the side of his friends in the proud battle. That he could have met the Indian Tomahawk and died in the strength of his manhood, and not have been doomed to linger out his life in days and nights of pain and agony, and die by piece meal in childish despair.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the horseman (a negro, "General Braddock" then owned by Jacob Van Meter, who had offered him his freedom for so many Indian heads) regained the Licks and alarmed the people there with the intelligence that the Indians were approaching. On being interrogated, all the account he could give was that some person had called to him in the woods a half mile off and called him by the wrong name. It was manifest it was not an Indian. So, forthwith, a number of men set out, guided by the negro, to the place where he heard a voice, calling a man by name. Crist's hopes again revived, when he heard voices, and saw lights approaching. They came near and hailed Crist. He knew the voice and called the man by name. This removed all doubt, and they approached the spot where he lay. A sad and mournful sight was before them. A man that left them but a few days before, in the bloom of youth, health and buoyant spirits, now lay stretched upon the earth,



a worn and mangled skeleton of his former self, unable to lift a hand to bid them welcome.

They bore him home, the ball was extracted; but his recovery was slow and doubtful. It was a year before he was a man again. Health restored in part, there was a deep remorse and suffering as keen as the physical pain that had been preying on his mind.

The young woman in the boat in the beginning of the flight was carried away, a prisoner to Canada. What had happened to her, and on whose responsibility rested the horror of her plight? These thoughts now racked him.

Ten years afterward, after suffering what was death to him, she reappeared, her release having been obtained by a white trader. Crist suddenly came face to face with her. She told her story. The white man had bargained for her liberty just before she was about to become the forced chattel of an Indian Chief. He brought her to General Wayne's camp on the Maume, and, she was, by General Wayne, released to her friends.

She told Crist that the body of the Indians which made the attack on the boat, numbered over one hundred and twenty, of whom about thirty were killed in the engagement. This account was later confirmed by Indians whom Crist met afterward, and who had been in the battle. They told him that the crew in the boat fought more like devils than men, and if they had taken one of them prisoner, they would have roasted him alive. These desperate fighting men had filled the Indians with admiration and respect, which probably contributed to saving the life of the young woman.

Crist lived many years, honored by the people of Kentucky. He was elected to the Legislature of the

State and finally to Congress in 1808. He died in 1844 at the age of eighty-eight years. This story was related to me by a grandson, and is confirmed by the history of Kentucky. (Collins.)

This desperate fight occurred about two years after the killing of Captain Lincoln. And it was a major force in the organization of an army of Kentuckians determined to drive the Indians out of the entire northern country, which culminated in the battle of the Thames.

The Salt River Tigers as they became known, and were known in 1860, always had a community of spirit that was indomitable. They formed a part of General Caldwell's division at the Thames in 1812. Others, of their own choice went into the command of General McAfee. A history of this battle relates the killing of Tecumseh, the whites giving no quarter to the Indians wherever in contact. The command of the English General Proctor, was put to inglorious flight, Tecumseh and all of his followers slaughtered and captured in the fiercest charge ever made in the history of American wars.

At the time of this interview with Mr. B. F. Crist of Muldraughs Hill the writer had already, in an interview with Mr. Owen Cowley developed from him the story of Bersheba Lincoln, of the death of the President's grandfather, as she had told it to him. I asked Mr. Crist if he had any family tradition on this subject. He then told me what his grandfather had said about it, and in substantial particulars it was as told me by Catherine Peck. He said that according to the tradition of his family, Bersheba had shot the Indian from the house, participated in, maybe, by Mordecai, but believed to have been modified to give Mordecai some glory in the event; first, by his

mother, and then amended by him so as to take entire credit for it; and thus it has passed into history as the act of a young boy. They, at this time, were under the protection of the Bullitt's Lick organization and that of Squire Boone in eastern Jefferson County.

He also developed what I had suspected in these searches, that Myers, the Hebrew, deserved great credit for the organization of the Pioneers; that he owned nearly all of the land on Mill Creek, having it in his own name or that of one of his surveyor subordinates. John Smith and Captain Floyd, both of whom had great experience in handling the Indians, actually put the organization together, taking in men of known courage for forty miles around. Captain Lincoln was one of the early men of this organization, and had acquired his lands through Myers and John Smith.

The very best rifles were thus furnished the pioneers, both women and men being taught to handle them at an early age. Wealthier men from Bullitt's Lick, and toward Elizabethtown, including Mill Creek and Muldraughs Hill, had been included in this military and business organization. Hon. Frank Straus, member of the Constitutional Convention for Bullitt County in 1890, who married a Crist, also confirmed the story of Crist's fight and escape, as reiterated by Judge Collins.

Mr. James Hawkins, whose ancestors had lived in the Salt River hills as long as any, told me the story as it is related, with slight changes except as to individual participants. "He should have married the young lady," I observed; and he thought t'was possible he did, but I told him she had married a very prominent lawyer and had given to the world many prominent men.

The story of Captain Lincoln's death was slightly different from what I have related through Dr. Smith and Catherine Peck, but not in any substantial particular, as he had received it from his grandfather. Floyd and John Smith were in Jefferson County when assailed at or about the time the Captain was killed, but they had ambushed and shot the Indians as they were crossing the Ohio. If James Hawkins was a sample of the great Tigers, they need not have feared the scorn of the critical world, for he was at seventy, the most magnificent specimen of a physical and intellectual man I had ever looked upon. He might have easily been mistaken by Cicero for a new Senator.

If it were in this company Abraham Lincoln's forbears travelled, then I see no reason for the statement that Thomas had sprung from a second class family. Thomas himself, in later years participated, as an active patroller with the Tigers of the hills, and we may assume, was a welcome adjunct. Then may we not assume also that the Lincolns were not of the hovel house fraternity whose huts were inhabited by "vermin and rats."

No less a person than Colonel Young, who wrote the best history of the battle of the Thames, said of these men, that they were the ablest fighters, man for man, brain for brain, that ever faced frontier trials in this country. They carried the battle of 1812 from Kentucky to Canada, travelling hard on hostile tribes of Indians five hundred miles, fighting them as a pastime each day of their travel. All honor to the Salt River Tigers.

## CHAPTER VII

### GENERAL BRADDOCK, THE GREAT NEGRO

**G**ENERAL BRADDOCK," the slave negro, who found Crist dying in the woods, was the most renowned and interesting negro in the early days of Kentucky. Squire Boone and Colonel John Smith have handed down to us stories of his remarkable skill as an Indian fighter and as a man of fine character.

The story goes that Braddock was the body servant of General Braddock of Indian fighting fame, and when Braddock was shot, he was shifted over to Colonel Smith and thereby came to be a fixture in Hardin County.

He was purchased by the elder Jacob Van Meter. It is not known whether he was one of Washington's servants or whether he was owned by General Braddock himself, but it is a fact that he trained with them in all of the Indian fights prior to the Revolutionary War and was at the battle of Fort Du Quesne. He was known to have great cunning and courage as well. The stories that come to us are very numerous and none to his discredit. He was Thomas Lincoln's friend. He worked with Lincoln, and he fought Indians with Lincoln.

At the time of the shooting of Crist, he was hunting Indians on his own account. He wanted his freedom, and old Jacob Van Meter, it is said, sold him his freedom on a condition that required him to kill



ten Indians. He could then be a free negro. We know that he was the first free negro in Hardin County, and there were only thirty-three of these in 1860, out of about twenty-four hundred slaves.

Braddock hunted Indians in pairs; if he found more than a pair, he did not assail them, but if he found two away any distance from a greater number, he would lay his plans to execute them in short order.

He was an expert with a rifle, pistol or Tomahawk. It is said that he could stick a Tomahawk into an oak tree at fifty yards and never miss. He was a dangerous antagonist in a close contest, as his use of the hunting knife was also of deadly effect.

He is described as a man of powerful build, about five feet ten, with a very intelligent face and head, could read and write well, and was a very fast runner.

Braddock's plan was to carry three rifles, and to ride a fast horse. If he found his Indians, he would do his shooting rapidly in order to make believe there was a strong body of whites in the attacking party. The Indians, if any were left, would flee, so that he would be safe in furnishing evidence of his prey. He usually cut the hair of the Indian off with his hunting knife, taking a piece of the hide to show it was a recent victim. His master's instruction was not to scalp the Indian victim.

He and "Sharp Eye" Hart were two men the Indians had sworn to get. They did get Hart but the ever elusive Braddock escaped capture. He died a natural death.

Braddock once picked a pair of Indians in the Mill Creek by imitating the gobbler, and the hens, with his turkey bone, which he operated much as a flute would be blown. He would, in this way, lie in the woods and wait for the Indians to go on the trail of



"ANY NEWS DOWN T' TH' VILLAGE, EZRY?"  
 "WELL, SQUIRE McLEATH'S GONE T' WASHINGTON  
 T' SEE MADISON SWORE IN, AN' OL SPELLMAN  
 TELLS ME THIS BONAPARTE FELLA HAS CAPTURED  
 MOST O' SPAIN. WHAT'S NEW OUT HERE, NEIGHBOR?"  
 "NUTHIN' A TALL, NUTHIN' A TALL, 'CEPT FER  
 A NEW BABY DOWN T' TOM LINCOLN'S.

● NUTHIN' EVER HAPPENS OUT HERE " HARDIN COUNTY, 1809

Cartoon based on story of John Smith of the birth of President Lincoln on Mill Creek, winter of 1809. Loaned by John H. Smith, Sterling, Kansas—credited to New York Globe and H. T. Webster.

the turkeys. He would hide behind a log or crawl into the brush and start his operations. As they drew closer to him, he would gobble louder, which would cause the Indian to believe he was getting closer to his find. When he felt certain, he would chance his first shot, down went the Indian, and he left it to his rifle, Tomahawk or knife to get the other.

At one time he missed his Indian, and a powerful pair came upon him, and these young bucks started in to butcher him with glee. Braddock jumped out, and as the Indians thought, attempting to make his flight, running just slow enough for the buck to get nearly to him, he then turned quickly and threw his Tomahawk, slitting the nearest Indian's skull. By that time, the second Indian was very close to him when they embraced in a deadly duel. The Indian hug was a favorite plan of his, to pretend with his long knife to fight the Indian antagonist, but at the opportune time, Braddock would grab his Indian and bring him so close that he could use his knife, then with a half Nelson, send him to the ground and stab him to death as he arose.

If the Indians were on horses he would pretend to be running afoot, always keeping somewhere in the neighborhood of his horse. They would, as a rule, circle him so that his body would be exposed to fire from one or the other. He carried with him a rope which he was an expert at throwing. When the Indians got close enough to him he would be apt to jirk one from his horse in case his rifle was not available, force the other to dismount to rescue his mate. Then Braddock would shoot him with his old cap and ball pistol. If he failed by chance, he would keep the Indian on the ground with his rope, or draw

him quickly to a tree that he was behind, and knock his brains out with his Tomahawk, then finish the second Indian. He was many times wounded in this kind of a fight but never failed to get his Indian, and sometimes two.

It will be noticed that when Crist had called for help, Braddock was taking no chance of meeting the fire of other Indians skulking around, waiting for him to go to the white man. He flew away for assistance, which returned in sufficient numbers to give battle to a body of Indians.

Crist, himself, during his membership of Congress in later years never tired of telling stories of the wonderful negro slave.

Braddock once followed two Indians in a small canoe down Salt River until they halted close to the bank some thirty feet away, listening to his turkey gobble. He shot one from his position in a clump of trees, then ran to the bank and roped the other attempting to flee in his canoe. He jirked him into the water with his rope and Tomahawked him when he got him close to the bank of the river.

But Braddock was also a friend of "de Lawd." When he went looking for Indians he always had a little conference with "de Lawd." It was "de Lawd" that gave him a keen eye and a steady arm, and it was "de Lawd" that gave him his freedom.

When "Raccoon" Smith came to Mill Creek to preach and doffed his "Raccoon" cap, Braddock was in his corner of the white folks church to say amen every now and then. He stood well in the "Baptist Church of Mill Creek" on account of his piety, and it is quite certain that his ability to take down Indian marauders was no discredit to the sanctity of his amens.

He lived to be nearly a hundred and died at the old Otter Creek farm of Jacob Van Meter, Jr., where he founded, before his death, what we knew to be "the free negroes of Meade County," part of the old County of Hardin cut off into Meade County.

Thus may we say that Thomas Lincoln had some reason in Braddock to feel that all negroes the equal of Braddock should have long ago received the benefits of his son's PROCLAMATION.

"Sharp Eye" Hart who came from Rockingham County, Virginia, lost his life shortly after the death of Captain Lincoln, in a fight a short distance from his original home in Elizabethtown. He was the companion of Braddock in many a fight where the Indians came off second best.

The Braddock negroes did not breed on, but the Harts became the very important white citizens in the section where they lived. The farm is now owned by the United States Government for target practice at Camp Knox.

Braddock's conduct exemplifies the loyal character of the negro. His love for freedom, when slavery was not physically oppressive to him, is expressed in his willingness to kill Indians in order that he might buy it.

It has been often asserted that Lincoln was influenced to free the slaves by what he saw at the auction block in New Orleans. This cannot be true, as no man of Lincoln's nature was ever influenced by a single instance or a single circumstance or fact. Lincoln's objection was constitutional. He loved liberty, and desired to extend it down to the most ordinary man. Lincoln understood mental oppression and had been made to feel it, and slavery was a mental oppression to him. It was inconsistent with his



visualization of life and the purposes of God. Lincoln, like the negro, was close to God. We may call it superstition, nevertheless, it is a communion with the Spirit of the Almighty.

The negro is more of a spiritual mental being than the white man. He loves the sunlight, and it makes him sing like a bird. He is a songster himself. He is the father of the "Jazz" music today, that, commercially speaking has overthrown the music of the great geniuses of the world. The negro is only brutal when incited by the brutality of the white man; his crimes may be attributed to white demoralization, for, it is his nature to be just and loyal. His sympathy is easily enlisted in any cause where suffering is within his sight. The negro may be a strutter for the same reason a peacock is such, but the negro is never as cold blooded or arrogant as the white man. He is not the leading criminal in America; that doubtful honor belongs to the white race; nor does his race furnish the principal racketeers.

He will fight for his country quickly when it is assailed, though he owns but a small portion of it. He loves harmony, therefore he wants peace. Such also, was the nature of Abraham Lincoln. He, by his proclamation, commanded the negro to rise from the dust and stand among free men.

Lincoln was the extreme partisan of Jefferson and he loved Democracy, because he was by nature, of personal and political equality. He hated caste, and to him, classes represented poverty and negative oppression; he was therefore for the underdog, the negro. Lincoln hated slavery for the same reason Voltaire hated Emperors and Kings—they were the oppressive opposites of liberty.

The negro owes all to Lincoln, and the advance-

ment of the race has shown his far seeing wisdom of judgment.

There is no longer a negro problem in America, though there are more than ten million blacks. They have been removed as a problem.

The negro looks always to a wider field of activity. The white man needs to do but one thing for him, open the gates of industrial opportunity.

He judges accurately the white man, for much the same reason the loyal and faithful dog guesses the wishes of his master. The negro has native-born intuition inherited from the days of his slavery, as an endowment of the Almighty.

He knows that he has already been judged, and as a citizen, that he is an automatic civilizer of himself, for he well understands that civilization brings him into the spotlight place of peace and happiness.

The negro is the last who, in consequential numbers, will turn to Communism, though he is the first of his race, perhaps, to receive benefits above his present situation; yet he is wise enough to see that, eventually, his troubles would there begin. He would lose his segregation socially, which is the safety valve of his perpetual advancement.

As the arm of Democracy is strengthened, so will the negro improve his lot, since his nature and ambition is to place himself on a political equality with his white brother.

The negro is building his institutions securely as he moves up, and he knows well the cost of each step. He improves his morals, for his religion is based on his moral uplift, as he has it revised today, and he understands that, as he disciplines his nature, he can better stand alone.

"Miscegenation, he sees, as an assignation where

his race disappears, and he leans on the towers God gave him, for they are of social segregation, his ultimate salvation."

He is one of "we, Americans," and no blabbering of fanatics nor political school of patronizers will divert him from his intellectual course.

He was once Lincoln's negro; today in Lincoln's country, he is a citizen of the world—come at last, but come to stay.

It is timely to quote from the speech of the author when a member of the House of Representatives of Oklahoma in March, 1913.

"And so you have cheated him of his suffrage by a willy nilly grandfather clause. But let me tell you, as a white man, from a white race of Pioneers, who helped to make this country, and who owned blacks, that the negro must not be cramped in his mental latitudes, for already he is the victim of race prejudice and class discrimination.

You cannot, you must not, bleed the last drop of his human endurance, before his approach to industrial liberty and political freedom. He must come to know that the white man is honest with him, that he can count him as his friend, but above all, you must teach him by your own conduct, that justice is even-handed and interchangeable without discrimination as to race. For, if he is good enough to build ditches, climb your scaffolds of industrializing, sustain and defend the republic, he must come to know it also as his Republic, and that it is his fireside as well as yours he rushes forth to defend in time of war; this presupposes that he, who is willing in war to give his life and blood, must have some reward in peace, and these rewards must not be measured in dribbles of liberty.

And gentlemen, I admonish you, as men of a white race, that if you have Christianity in your hearts, it must mean something to the living and nothing to the dead, for it was his Christ and your Christ who said to the Pharisees, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." So, Mr. Speaker, in the last analysis, it comes down to this proposition. We have the negro with us. Are we honest enough, and will it pay us better in the end to treat him right? My appeal today is, that, in distinguishing the principles of the law we put out of our minds the crass minions who plead with us to do this for the white man and that against the black man. As for me, I see no such division or distinction, as matter of political or legal discrimination, and I will stand here forever in defense of liberty—liberty as Lincoln and Jefferson saw it and understood it, and as brave men, free men, the world over, are willing to make provision for, in the administration of that law and that justice, which is the inalienable right of every man, be he white or black."

If there be those who fear the autocracy of the mob, let me point to the negro as one, who has ever been found in the mob, and yet has used his power and might for the law, when law had little concern of justice; and as justice is builded well in the brain and heart of the Common people, we pin our faith to the Common people Lincoln trusted and who have been justly trusted in all the ages.

The negro is the least hard to understand of our American races. He has two pre-dominant characteristics which, if understood, will determine his movements in ninety per cent of cases—his desire for material pleasure and his superstition. Both are highly developed in him.



The writer, on entering the Legislature of Oklahoma, knew that he had undertaken a task that few men believed he could perform, and that was to influence both Houses to the point of securing certain important legislation which was dominant in his mind. It is rather a complicated situation but not one as hard as determining the minds of a jury. In the former case, the men talk, and you get the reflex of what is going on in their minds. In the case of the jury, you have only to examine them briefly, study their faces and shoot, avoiding, throughout the trial, the prejudice that lies dormant in the average juror's mind. He had succeeded in ninety per cent of his practical tests before juries through a long experience in the practice. In fact it was a matter of no great mental strain to solve a jury finally.

At the beginning of the Legislature, he estimated the same rules would work on the human beings found in that body of men.

After watching their movements for a month he classified them in this way. Twenty-seven negative, perverse, lean backs, strongly filtered with egotism and vanity, moved by something, the objective of which would enhance their importance and advance their interests.

Seventeen, absolutely devoid of moral strata, strength of mind; what we call, lacking of stability, easily influenced with position or material things.

Twenty-two, fairly certain of themselves, inclined to the right thing, and with open minds, but having no initiative and easily influenced by a strong, persuasive leadership directed to just things, just measures and measures which appealed to their sense of fairness, and proportioned for the people. These were the first allies he sought.



Thirty-one, strong, purposeful characters, whose point of view was set to a fixed objective, certain somewhat of themselves, full of prejudice, as a rule, but who could be set down by strong, persuasive arguments to stand on their pride of mentality, and with no certain selfish influence to interfere, would follow a lead which would insure to their benefit. They were open to trade. They were the types of men who could swap horses, make money by comparison of values. There was your lower House.

The Senate was small, and the opportunity was not so good to study them, but results could there be had with less complication.

Finally, through a long session, the House came around to prove this analysis to be a correct one, or ninety per cent correct, which was sufficient to obtain results. Firing, and fencing and feigning soon brought forth those qualities which you look for in such a body of men.

If a man grows to be disliked by the body you always want to appear to drive him away from you, making him if possible your chief antagonist, and directing your fire personally at his opposition.

These methods worked to perfection in both Houses. To create an antagonism through vanities and egotisms between these bodies and the chief Executive was a point of little resistance. It was soon done. In the House, an issue was made and a test vote showed a remarkable solution: eighty-eight to four, five absent.

Taking Lincoln as a standard, and guessing what he would do under a stated case, ten prominent men were tested with the aid of a Psychoanalyst by writing a letter to each about different forms of the same matter, but relating so far as we could determine, to

matters in which they had an interest, directing their attention to a point where their unselfish mind would be called on to act. If they were responsive, the men would have the element which made Lincoln a great character. If they rebelled, they had the element of smallness, and were both selfish and egotistic to the point of weakness. When we had agreed on the methods which we thought would develop, the writer sent out the letters.

Five of these letters brought answers, four of them direct, positive and responsive. The fifth was non-committal and uncertain. The other five failed to answer. We knew we had four men who had one characteristic which made Lincoln great. It was proven. We then prepared five letters to these silent five, calling their attention to a previous letter, and shifting in the contents the appeal which we thought might test a smallness in that individual. We got three prompt replies. That left us two. We then prepared the letters on the basis of extreme egotism and self adulation as skillfully as we could put the matter without disclosing our hand. Both men responded, showing that we had proven the law of mind analysis without ever having met either of the ten men, and judging them by their public utterances, which for a long series of years made them more or less national characters. You would be surprised to know that one of the last two men was a candidate for President of the United States.

Out of the first five, one of them is now a potential candidate for President, and the others are now, two of them, Governors of two great states, and both under fifty years of age. One of them was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The

subject matter, in the beginning, related to the cause and principles of Abraham Lincoln.

The writer convinced his highly learned friend in Psychology that the law of mind interpretation was at least eighty-five per cent perfect.

The greater your opportunity to hear and see your subject, the more certain you are to control his mind and finally his action.

The Italian for instance is a test within himself, the easiest, next to the negro. The Irishman is the next susceptible, but all nationalities fall for the rule when put in operation carefully and skillfully.

Lincoln was the master of this kind of philosophy and formula. This is exactly how he controlled men, and with incredible craftiness subordinated his likes and dislikes to the will of his mind, and bent his entire mentality to reach the objective he had in mind. He always landed his boat, and that without respect to the surging waves of discord. He took the route of least resistance.

The writer applied the principles to Woodrow Wilson, and the result came out perfectly. He was the most perfect type of the first twenty-seven characters found in the Legislature of Oklahoma. We doubt if his like was ever, or will ever be seen again in the White House.

An old negro in Kentucky, once said to an owner and trainer of bird dogs: "Boss tell me why does you always bring 'dat pup along to flush 'des birds, when you could j'es as well take him out by hissef."

The boss replied, "Someday this fine dog may die, or I may dispose of him, and I must teach the pup by comparative values of loss and gain, the methods of the old dog, so that if he is not great on his own account, he will become a good imitator of the methods

of the old one. He is in line of succession, and he may always be the pup, but he has a chance to develop to be a great hunting dog."

There you are, the same instinct lies in the brain of man. There is the great dog and there are his imitators, the pups. Make your deductions—the rules fit the times and the men.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE LINCOLN BIRTHPLACE

**S**AM HAYCRAFT, Sr., Sam Haycraft, Jr., and Jacob Van Meter, Sr., and Jacob Van Meter, Jr., had more to do with the life of Abraham Lincoln's father than all of the balance of his associates.

Sam Haycraft was born in Virginia, as we have seen, September 11th, 1752. He married the daughter of Jacob Van Meter, who was born in New Jersey in 1723, and died in Elizabethtown, 1798. Sam Haycraft, Sr., died in the same place in 1823. After their deaths, Sam, Jr., and Jacob Van Meter, Jr., took over the reign of affairs to a very considerable extent.

The elder Van Meter was the leader and dictator of the Baptist Church organization in that county. Sam Haycraft was a man with strong influence in the control of the counties fiscal as well as its judicial affairs. Sam, Sr., owned a farm on Mill Creek, which he purchased in 1783, and left it to his son. Jacob Van Meter came down within four miles of this section after the death of his father, and lived at Vine Grove. Sam, Sr., brought the first two teachers to Hardin County, and Van Meter the first preachers. Sam, Jr. was deputy clerk of the County Court from October 1808 until October 1817, then he succeeded his chief and held that office for more than thirty-one years.

He says in his diary: "On the 10th day of Octo-



ber, 1809, at the age of fourteen, I commenced to write in the Clerk's office as deputy under Major Ben Helm, the Clerk. I was forty-one years, four months and eight days in this office. I was a deputy seven years, three months and fourteen days before my official appointment to this office. I was a Senator four years. I was in office altogether fifty-two years, eleven months and eighteen days."

Prior to his office-holding, his father was Sheriff, Judge of the County Court, Representative, Judge of the Circuit Court, and he practiced law in the last years of his life.

He brought President Buchanan to Hardin in 1813 and practised with him for nearly two years before Buchanan's return to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He had come a year before Van Meter and located the town in 1780. So that both were living as long as Thomas Lincoln lived in the county. According to the standard today, they were good politicians. Thomas Lincoln came into notice according to the records when he was twenty-one, but, as a matter of fact, he had been working with Jacob Van Meter and living with him before he was grown and probably before his mother moved back to Hardin County.

Both the younger Van Meter and Lincoln worked for Sam Haycraft as shown by indisputable records.

Now, about the time Thomas was twenty-one or, a little later, the mother moved back onto Mill Creek with her two daughters, who both married the same year, about 1802. They located where the Captain had first stopped when he came to Hardin County. He was serving in the Militia, occasionally, when needed at this time. (General Caldwell's, "Chronological Files 1795.)

Now, then let us see if the records enlighten us

about Abraham's birth. Thomas served as Deputy Sheriff, and was paid at the June Term of Court in 1809 for guarding William Bray, (Judgment Bundle 1811-12, Hardin County Circuit Court). John Smith assigns him a certificate for guarding prisoner, the 25th day of March, 1808. (Judgment Bundle 1811-12, Hardin County Court.)

He serves on the Jury, March 1808, in the case of Melton vs. Barlow. ( Order Book C 194, Hardin Circuit Court.)

He serves on the Jury, Monday, April 25th, 1808, with John Stator, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Walters, on the regular panel, (Order Book C 119 Hardin Circuit Court.) Again, about the same date, on another Jury, on regular panel. June 7th, 1808. (Order Book 194, Hardin Circuit Court), he serves on the Jury. Commonwealth vs. Alexander on November 15th, 1808, he served on the Jury, Hardin Circuit Court. March 15th, 1809, on the jury in the Hardin Circuit Court with John Smith, Jacob Van Meter, Joseph Swank, (Order Book C 277.)

Considering that he was on the regular panel, we know that his constant time was required in the Court. He might have been excused from many cases, and there may have been other cases taking a week, when he would have been dismissed for a few days.

We must conclude that he was not at Cane Ridge and did not get an urgent letter to come home stating his wife was about to be confined.

We may be assured of another fact, that he was not over on Nolin River, cutting logs, hewing them and getting ready on the 12th day of February, 1809, for the birth of the President.

He bought the Nolin farm, December 12th, 1808

as shown by the records of the Hardin County Clerk's office, witnessed by assignment of Certificate of Isaac Bush, attested by Sam Haycraft, (Equity Bundle No. 24, Hardin Circuit Court.)

Then, let us assert that he had no time on account of jury service to build any log house twenty miles away from his Mill Creek home, where he had a two-room log house, and an upstairs with a fine stairway in it about which folks were talking, with Nancy, therein, ready to be confined with a child, the future President of the United States.

As Bill Williams said, and as biographers assert, he built that one-room cabin on Nolin; (in the summer-time, after Abraham's birth in 1809); and he made it one room because he guessed he might have no title to it and because the contract of purchase was of doubtful value, which he got from Isaac Bush.

But William Hodgen clinches it when he says, that he built the house in the summer. His father had said he had two children when he moved in, and surely, one of them was Abe. The third child was younger than he. This proof is conclusive to any average mind, but we will bring on an array of witnesses, so that the point can be well sustained.

#### BILL WILLIAMS—MILL CREEK.

Mr. John Moore had said that Bill Williams' mother had told him all about the birth of the Lincolns and what she knew about it, so the writer went to see Mr. Williams.

"My father was John Williams, son of Thomas, all lived here most of their lives. My mother was named Rebecca: she was older than Abe Lincoln. She lived, of course, close to them, as my father did and his father, Thomas Williams.

"I heard Elinor Peck mention about the birth of Lincoln before her death. People who went out to Illinois and returned here for a visit would tell about what a big man Abe Lincoln was out there, and that brought up the discussion, the birth place. Well, when he made the race for President everybody talked about it. My mother and father were both living then and they and the neighbors talked, of course. Some thought it was an honor to us here, but some did not think so."

"He came out in a Louisville paper and said he was born on Nolin; well the old people disputed it right away. They told about when Thomas bought the Nolin place and allowed it was in the spring; some of them went over and helped him at the house raising; and such talk you would hear, but all said he was born over here in the Melton house."

"They called Mrs. Maffit, who was some kin of Nancy Hanks, and she said that her mother told her many times, the children were both born there in the Melton house. Then the Owens' folks talked about it some; they lived down by old Bersheba Lincoln's place, east of the Cowley place."

"Then I heard it talked by grandfather, that they got Lincoln's lines run again, and he was short thirty acres of land, but he and the Stators fixed it up some way the winter they got it surveyed. That was the winter most of them said that Nancy had their second baby, the winter they run the lines."

"Then my father said that Thomas went over in the spring and put in a little crop at the Nolin Creek, cut some house timber, and in the summer put up the house on it. Grandfather advised him not to spend much money on it until he was certain about the title, and Lincoln said old Sam Haycraft so ad-



vised him, so he only put up a small log house, and that I suppose was the reason. Anyhow, it is a sure thing that it was built in the summer. Nobody is going to do one of these old log houses in the winter—they wait for warm weather to do that.”

“What did your grandmother, Elinor Peck, say about his being born there?”

“She had said when the matter came up that he was born in the Melton house; that she would have been there but she had sickness at that time, and that was why she was not there, but some of the neighbor women were. I am pretty sure Mrs. Maffitt’s mother was there. I have heard that.”

“Well, Mr. Williams, your father was John Williams; he married Rebecca Peck, sister of Uncle Tom and Jack; and John Williams was a son of Tom, who neighbored with Thomas Lincoln, is that correct?”

“Yes sir, that is the way it is. Uncle Tom Peck was grown when Abe Lincoln was born I think, but he was not married. He married Margaret McMahan, who lived over here back of the creek.”

“Do you think a man would move in the winter when his house was good that he was living in, and hew and cut logs twenty miles away, and move into that house in the dead of winter in order that his wife might be confined in it?”

“Nobody but a crazy man could do that, and Tom Lincoln was not crazy. Anyway, Mr. Smith, where so many people’s children in a neighborhood tell substantially the same story about a fact, a single fact like the birth of a child, that is about as good evidence as if you heard the old people say it, who were there and knew the facts, but here there were people living like Jack Peck, Tom Peck, my mother, my grandmother, Elinor Peck and grandfather Williams,



and all the neighbors, who were living, and knew the facts, so to my mind, there was no doubt about it. He had a good house here and a good farm and did not have to move."

On this point Mrs. Catherine Peck, when interrogated, said that her mother-in-law, Elinor Peck, could not state for sure the date of Abraham's birth, but she was certain it was in the early springtime, and before they moved to the Nolin farm. That year she thought Bill Brumfield ran the farm. Elinor did remember that they were there after Christmas and that they were building a house over on Nolin in the summer. That, after that time, they traveled back and forth but were not away more than two years at a time. This is borne out partially by the tax returns. Her mother-in-law thought that was a hard winter. She, herself, had children and some sickness when Nancy's second baby was born. If Nancy had moved over to Nolin how would she know this fact?

Catherine said that she had no doubt that both children were born there, as she herself had talked to the Meltons, Williams, and Thomas Lincoln had never told the President he was born on Nolin Creek. Then Thomas Peck, who was then grown, had told her positively, when the matter came up before and during the war, that the President was born there. He lived the closest, and he was still living in 1860. He was Martha Howell's father. Nancy Melton who was seven years old, says, she was pretty sure, but on account of the positive statement of her father-in-law, Thomas Melton, she preferred not to base the fact on her independent recollection.

All common sense was against Tom Lincoln making a move within sixty days, and building a log house with his hands after cutting the timber. No,

he was not there, but on the jury in Elizabethtown, just where the records show him to be.

Lincoln's associates were his neighbors, and some of them were on the jury.

Let us explode another myth, that Thomas was a wandering boy without intelligence or of sufficient character to sit on a jury.

In November, 1803, he buys from John Stator a farm on Mill Creek, let us add, where the President was born.

In 1804, April Term, he was on the jury. See Order Book B 17. This would mean that he was a Freeholder at the previous assessing time of year. So he was in Hardin County nearly a year before this time. Order Book, Quarter Sessions, April 19th, 1804.

On June 10th, 1805, he was appointed Patroller. See Order Book 17, Hardin County Court.

In June 1806 he gave bond to marry Nancy Hanks (Bond Book for Taxes in Hardin County Court.)

June 12th in Washington County, Marriage Certificate is filed as of date of April 27th, 1807. This was performed for Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks on June 12th, 1806.

On the 15th day of January, 1807, he purchased at Thomas McIntire's sale, spoons, dishes, plates, etc.

On 25th day of March, 1807, sued Ed Geoghegan; John Smith and Pete Bodine, witnesses.

Thomas Lincoln served on Jury Panel October Term of Quarter Sessions Court, 1803.

On September 2nd, 1805, petition for Elizabethtown-West Point road (Bundle, Petitions for 1805) signed by Thomas Lincoln, John Smith, George Watts, Henry Ditto, Henry Ditto, Jr., Jeremiah Cruse, George Howard, John Howard, Isaac Ditto,

Jacob Van Meter, John Austin, Sam Pearman, Jacob Pearman, etc.

Served on Jury (1808) with John Smith, John Austin, Sam Pearman, Joseph La Follette, etc. Order Book D 188, Hardin County Court.

Entered into bond security for marriage of Caleb Hazel for fifty pounds, Bond Book (1816).

\*Haycraft-Berry Account Book. To cash paid Thomas Lincoln from July 13th to September 23rd, 1796. December 14th, 1796, same. August and September, cash paid Thomas Lincoln and Jacob Van Meter—(1797).

The above is sufficient recitation to show Lincoln's association with the names mentioned in this book, and the fact of his residence in the county as early as 1796.

The record which was finally found in the Clerk's office of Washington County, shows his marriage was carried out on June 12th, 1806. The date fixed by Haycraft and Mrs. Peck, may be attributed to bad memory, or to a situation.

There is no point of proof in the argument that Lincoln lived in Elizabethtown because he served on juries during the time of the birth of President Lincoln; if this is proof then we may say that Sam Pearman, John Smith, serving on the same jury, both of whom lived a greater distance from Elizabethtown than Thomas Lincoln, might be stopping in Elizabethtown permanently.

Nolin farm was sixteen miles from Elizabethtown, and his Mill Creek farm was about five miles, almost due North. He had owned this farm as we see since 1803 and there he had, up to this time lived con-

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\*Warren.

tinuously, at least after marriage. He purchased a certificate or contract for the Nolin farm on December 12th, 1808, sixty days before the fixed date of the President's birth—February 12th, 1809.

When the President in 1860 stated he was born somewhere on Nolin Creek, he admits it was a guess, as he had not been informed of the definite location, so that when the locators of that "Farm-birthplace" got on the job, they found they could not fix his birth at Knob Creek, because he did not own it before the President's birth, and was probably only a tenant on it.

\*\*They had only sixty prior days in which to fix a birthplace. Ownership tested by a certificate on the Nolin farm and without other investigation, they fixed it on the creek where the President thought he was born. It is conceded, and was conceded by him, that he did not get that information from his mother or father; then he could guess only by the fact that his first conscious life found him on Nolin Creek. There is a reason also, deleted from these interviews, why the President might have wished to transplant his birth from Mill Creek. If the fact had ever been settled in his family, he must have known it as a definite fact. On Mill Creek, he lived in a very comfortable house, and had plenty around, so that the myth, that has been spread over the world that he was born in a single room log hut with dirt floors, is the most spurious, universally accepted "yarn" the writer has ever run across in history. It is fixed on the same unsound basis as the rail-splitting philosophy—an appeal to the lack of intelligence of the common folks. There is nothing to the Washington

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\*\*C. M. Fraize—Circuit Court Clerk—Hardin County.

County birth theory. We feel confident it was a myth also.

### SILAS HOBBS.

Mr. Hobbs was for fifty years a leader in the Mount Zion Baptist Church, and heard discussions of the Lincoln birth. This church was built in 1826.

"Mr. Hobbs, I know that you know all of these neighbors whose fathers or grandfathers knew all about the Lincolns, so in the beginning I want to know what they say about his birthplace."

"Mr. Smith, I do not know where the President was born, it would be very unlikely that any one could answer that question unless he was present on the occasion."

"I always heard that both of these children were born at the Lincoln Mill Creek farm, until the President came out with a statement that he was born on Nolin Creek, but that changed nobody's opinion around here. They simply said he did not know, and his mother and father had not told him, or there was some reason for that statement."

"If you will notice, the President has always dodged discussion of his mother's antecedents, and there were reasons either in his mind or his mother's mind why the birth was not wanted on Mill Creek. This you may have heard, but the President's mother or the marriage relation or some other thing was the matter that caused some people to talk around here. I do not think the President wanted any inquiries to come to Mill Creek; and this is exactly, in my opinion, why he chose to make that indefinite statement about his birth on Nolin Creek. That would take all inquiries there, where there would be no adverse comment. That explains the entire situ-



ation, if you want to go into these facts. I have heard them, and in my opinion they were not such that the President should have been ashamed of them, but he evidently was."

"Thomas Williams, Billy Smith, John Peck, James Smith, Tom Gray, John Gray, John Thomas, John Shepherd and the old Moore lived right along by Thomas Lincoln, and if their folks did not know about the family, no one else could have known about them."

"They all said he was born on the Mill Creek farm. There is no doubt but that the President had either heard, from Dennis Hanks or his mother, some criticism that moved him in his public announcement to say that he was born on Nolin."

"The Peck farm and the Williams farm are very close to the Lincoln farm, and there are at least a half dozen farms within two or two and a half miles of it. These folks could not all be mistaken."

"Did you know John McMahan?" "Yes, he lived down the Creek two miles, west of it. He had three daughters, Polly Watts, Margaret Peck and Mrs. Cowherd. He was, so I have heard said, a close friend of Thomas Lincoln, and these old women would know, but I think they are all dead except Mrs. Cowherd. Mrs. Maffitt will know all you will want to know, because she can gossip and she was of kin to Lincoln's wife."

"Old Sam Haycraft once said that Thomas Lincoln's wife was as good as somebody's wife, and this brought up a discussion about the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and in this conversation he had said—Enlow is not the father of Abe Lincoln, Abe was born on the Mill Creek farm and there was no association between the families."

"Young Sam had also denied that Lincoln was born on Nolin, and while he claimed he was born at Elizabethtown, he did not necessarily mean in the town. We all around here get our mail there, and did then, and we call out here in the country, "at Elizabethtown," if we were speaking from the outside. Well old Sam was a better witness."

"I am not willing to go into further details. You will find more competent people, though I could quote my mother and father, I prefer not to do so."

The writer consulted William and Quince Johnston, old Court House men, to determine just what the argument was about, between old Sam and young Sam Haycraft.

"The old man said that the Lincoln boy was not the son of Enlow, and young Sam said he was, and in this conversation old Sam said that Abe was born on Mill Creek, and Enlow was too far away, but young Sam gave his reasons for it in his argument. That is the story as it comes down through the families, at least our families and the Bush families—they quoted old Sam in defense of the legitimacy or fatherhood of Abraham Lincoln. They both agreed on this statement.

It will be recalled that Sam Haycraft, Jr. as late as 1865 wrote Herndon that Enlow was the father of Abe Lincoln.

#### JOHN STEWART.

"Mr. Stewart, you are a grand old Republican and a Lincoln student, I want to ask you where Abraham Lincoln was born."

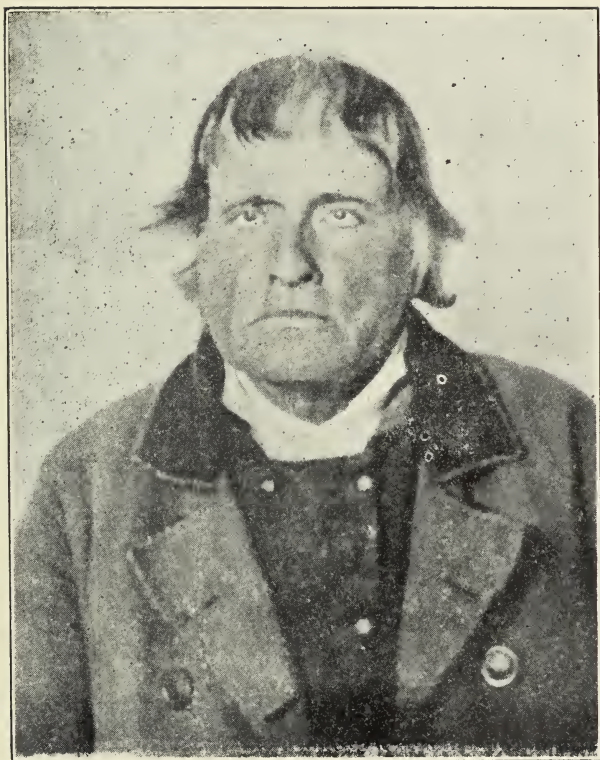
"Abraham Lincoln, says he was born on Nolin Creek, and until we get some better evidence we will have to accept that. Will we not?"

The writer's answer was. "We do not have to accept that against better evidence. It looks to me as though the President was mistaken, in spite of the fact that he was present. The evidence, so far as I have found, is all in favor of the Mill Creek farm."

"I expect you are right. Sam Haycraft, Elizabethtown historian once told me that he thought he was born there, until Lincoln stated differently, and he was puzzled as to just how it happened. He said he owned a lot in Elizabethtown, but lived on the Mill Creek farm, close to town, if his memory served him, just before the second child was born. Thomas was about the Court House then considerably, and he must have been living out at the Mill Creek farm. He had not bought the Nolin farm until the following year. (He bought it as we see December 12th of the winter of 1808-09.) That is in substance what he said, as I recollect."

There is another fact supporting Mill Creek. His mother and favorite sister lived within a few miles of him. He had no relatives living on Nolin Creek, and if he regarded such an event as of major importance, he would have remained in hailing distance of his mother so long as Nancy had no mother near. Doctors were very scarce, and far between in the Nolin country, but in Elizabethtown at this time there was a doctor and perhaps two or three midwives who indulged in the practice of obstetrics.

Hon. Zach Smith, historian and railroad President, had analyzed President Lincoln's statement, and said, "that inasmuch as the President had said that the first home he recollected was on a farm on Knob Creek, how was it possible then that he did assume that he was born on Nolin Creek? Since he did not know himself where he was born, and his



Thos. B. Peck, near neighbor of Tom Lincoln.





parents being dead, his memory not serving," he could not locate himself only by a supposition not based on any hearsay fact told him by his mother or father, but purely on his independent recollection which did not exist, as he admits as to Nolin Creek spot by the use of the words "no means of identifying," and "it was on Nolin Creek."

The writer is of the opinion from all of the evidence he could find, while it was not an impossibility, he was not born at Nolin. Most of those he talked to put him on the Nolin farm before he bought it and all of them said he built the house in the summer, if he did so, he hewed the logs in the dead of winter, and pegged it together under the blasts of snow while on the jury at Elizabethtown?

If the first recollection of a home was Knob Creek, then it was not of Nolin Creek. Consequently, we must assume that it was a mere guess with him, and a very wild one at that. He was prominent in Illinois before Thomas Lincoln or his stepmother died, and it would, in the course of matters have been discussed between himself and these two persons, but it was not according to his version. We are therefore left purely to conjecture and to base our opinion on circumstances entirely outside of his personal knowledge.

This is the judgment of a man who had gone into the Nolin side of the question, and when the writer discussed with him at Frankfort, Kentucky, during the session of the Constitutional Convention the birth question, he decided to accept the Mill Creek theory, provided he was permitted by the writer to publish the evidence, which he declined to agree to under the existing proposals of his publishers.

Virginia, rich in the production of strong and

courageous men, springing from a race of intrepid souls, pioneers who loved freedom and hated oppression, founded here around the Lincoln family an environment which enriched the Lincoln birth.

The locality has been assailed by turned up nose historians, as though Mr. Lincoln was an accident, but this environment produced many of the greatest men in the West.

It gave to Illinois alone, five governors, Edwards, Oglesby, Yates, Palmer, Cullom, and two United States Senators.

Mr. Lincoln himself at times gave off a lack of refinement of mind for which he has been severely criticised, but down deep in the fibre of Lincoln's character, he possessed rare gentility and strength which saved him from the grossness that now and then permeated his actions in small things.

At top speed his mind rose to meet the requirements of great occasions. He was never the master hero returned from the fields of Marengo. He was always the simple man, and in this he shines like the stars of the planet compared to the peanut statesmen who have occupied the White House in the writer's time.

I have searched diligently to find an answer for this peculiarity of Lincoln in the Hanks line, from Orange County, Virginia to Hardin County, and while I find nothing to strengthen him, I find nothing that would deteriorate him. The Hanks line was one of almost negligible phenomenon, passive and unimpressive, but it was not on the wrong side.

## CHAPTER IX

### SAM HAYCRAFT'S DIARY, INTERVIEW WITH JUDGE LABAN MOORE

**T**HERE has been no allowance for either the times or the fact that Abraham Lincoln was a human being when critical examination is made of his public career. He was essentially a politician until perhaps the last two years of his life.

Sam Haycraft had accepted the President as an exponent of his views while in the Senate of Kentucky. He had opposed secession strenuously and had succeeded in defeating it in Kentucky.

Lincoln had evolved his position, as Haycraft saw it, in his debates with Douglas, and Haycraft, unquestionably, believed that Lincoln was opposed to disturbing slavery as it existed in the admitted states. He also went further than was necessary in saying that slaves might be protected in territory of the United States provided the people wanted to protect it, for in sound logic this was not a defensible position, unless he stood squarely behind the Taney decision, that it could be extended everywhere a new state was admitted. But Lincoln believed that it was always more or less a local question of sovereignty regardless of statehood.

Early in his campaign he assured the people of Kentucky that he had no intention of changing his position. But the people of this particular section

were long schooled in the art of analyzing public men and they did not, as Mr. Owen Cowley said, take any stock in Mr. Lincoln's statement; they judged him, and determined his place with his promises according to political rules. On this basis, they cast him over permanently with the Abolitionists. But this was not true of Sam Haycraft. Haycraft was a straight-line thinking man, a very devout religionist, and equally as devout as a working Christian. He kept his counsel and supported Mr. Lincoln, at least, in all of his mental activities. In Kentucky, there was a widespread school of Union men who stood for the Union, let slavery rise or fall, but even they were not with Lincoln. They believed Mr. Lincoln would do what he finally did, and they judged him by the support he had, and by the exigencies which this support was bound to bring him, and to the nation to win the war, once it was started.

Sam Haycraft, undoubtedly, believed in the sincere purposes of Abraham Lincoln. He was a loyal Union man, and it seemed to have grieved him that Lincoln had received no support in Hardin County or Kentucky; he wrote Mr. Lincoln, expressing his desire that he come to Kentucky. Out of the 2195 votes polled in Hardin County, Sam Haycraft surely was one of the six. But Sam Haycraft's day had passed. His last service was in the Senate.

He was a student and prolific writer, but the very church he presided over had departed from him on the question of slavery. Lincoln's election, however, elated him, and he attempted to bring the county to accept Lincoln views, but it had no confidence in the party behind him.

In July, 1862, as the forces of the two contending armies began to assemble, he wrote:—

"The year just closed has been one of great trial to me, and has not been much marked by spirituality on my part. I have gone far astray in sin, and my enemies have slandered me with great falsehood, and persecuted me severely. I am a friend of the Union of states, and bitterly oppose secession. I cannot see how any Kentuckian can be against his country."

"The South wants to force Kentucky out of the Union, and have invaded her with an army of rebels and traitors. They now hold Bowling Green and the lower part of the state; their forces not known but variously estimated at from 25,000 to 80,000. The Federal troops from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, including about 28,000 Kentucky troops; a battle is expected to take place near Bowling Green in a short time. Lord help me to spend this year a more devoted Christian."

Again on the 17th of January, 1862, he wrote:—

"Last night a strange man called at my gate and in a loud voice called me to come out. I asked his name and he refused to give it, but he still inquired of my coming, and finding I would not, he called me a black-hearted rascal, and said he would shoot me."

And on the 18th, he wrote:—

"A gloom is over this once happy land; the future is dark, our institutions are in peril, and the whole fabric of our government tottering to fall; God only knows what will be the result. The battles so far have been desperately bloody; wandering and desperate bands invade our county, rendering property and crops uncertain. This trouble has divided states, counties and families, and produced discord among neighbors and old friends."

On the 20th of October, he wrote:—

"General Morgan entered Elizabethtown with



15,000 Cavalry during the night, pursued by United States troops, and he went through the papers in the Clerk's office and some private homes, left in a hurry, his retiring pickets being fired upon."

Morgan's second invasion troubled him and on the 27th of October, 1862, he wrote:—

"General Morgan entered Elizabethtown with 5,000 Cavalry, fired 107 shots, when the town capitulated, occupied with 500 Illinois troops. He burned the railroad bridge, and about 3,500 bushels of grain, private property, and took all of the horses, dry goods and provisions in town.

On the 29th, he felt some relief and wrote:—

"General Harlan passed through town on the 29th, in pursuit of General Morgan."

On the 4th of January, 1863, he welcomed Buell's army, for he wrote:—

"On this day General Buell's army passed through town; Colonel Paine of the 124th Ohio, camped on my lawn."

This was the notorious Elezeanor Paine who had taken in hand the levying of tribute and the recruiting of negroes. It is not any wonder that men called on him to come out in a loud voice.

He was the friend of Hon. John J. Crittenden, for he wrote of his death, July 26th, 1863.

"Today died the Hon. John J. Crittenden in full possession of his faculties, the best man in the nation, whose services are lost in the present hour of depravity and enduring shame."

Assault on the memory of the President's father brought him to the rescue, for he wrote, August, 1863:—

"Thomas Lincoln was married to Nancy Hanks

on the 21st day of September, 1805, father and mother of President Lincoln."

After the close of the war, a good word for President Lincoln in the county was equivalent to social, and certainly political ostracism. The crimes of his subordinates had done its deadly work, and the old man feeling a measure of this censure was directed at his few supporters, made no public appearances, devoting himself entirely to Baptist church affairs.

He had publicly invited President Lincoln in 1860 to visit Kentucky, and a New York Herald reporter, to whom Lincoln had read the letter, published nation-wide that Lincoln had received such a letter but would not accept the invitation for fear of being assassinated.

This interpretation placed by the reporter on what he assumed was Lincoln's interpretation, caused Mr. Haycraft to write him a sharp letter, thereupon, President Lincoln promptly wrote him that he had no such suspicion, and had not so expressed himself, at any time to anybody. He had no belief that anything would befall him should he visit the State or the County. This revealed Mr. Haycraft's position however, and caused him the annoyance he complained of during the war.

The Hon. Laban T. Moore was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1890, also a friend of Haycraft and a Union man; but his bitter words still ring in the writer's ears.

On February 12th, 1891, he said:

"Nothing more accursed has ever transpired in this country than the free hand given by President Lincoln to Stanton, Secretary of War. For saying, publicly, that the Emancipation by the President as a proclamation had no force in law until the amend-

ment recommended by him, and universally agreed as a matter of law, had been ratified by the requisite number of states; this opinion given, which was not as a political opinion but as a lawyer to the owner of conscripted slaves, caused my arrest at my home by a military satrap of Stanton's secret régime in Kentucky. Instead of being accorded my constitutional rights, I was thrown into a mad house or bull pen and not allowed to communicate with my family or friends. Their interposition outside through Generals in the regular army only gave me a chance to present my case to a military tribunal fixed by Stanton's spies. My appeal to Lincoln with several Generals and suspended officers of the army resulted in a delay of trial, and finally through Lincoln's close friends in Kentucky, to a more impartial military tribunal. I was acquitted."

"The brutal treatment of many others, less fortunate in friends than myself, resulted in sickness, suffering, humiliation and death."

"I cannot speak of high-minded, white women who were insulted by both white and negro soldiers, knowing they had full protection in their superiors, for committing the most dastardly crimes in the calendar, without loss of respect for Lincoln.

The President, himself, seems to have been tied by a cabal headed by Chase, Stanton and Thaddeus Stevens. Had he been the man of the hour, of the calibre of Washington, he would have promptly appealed to the sound sense of the American people, reduced these men to ranks and ordered a military trial or civil, of these culprits in uniform, who had violated the civil laws of the state and nation. Instead of this, he made half-hearted moves, retained Stanton in office and elevated Chase to the

highest judicial office in the United States. Is a President not to be censured who, knowingly, puts such a man in such a position, who had aided and abetted the violation of the very Constitution, he had sworn to defend? That question, no one of Mr. Lincoln's admirers have ever answered in history and they never will. That is a more pre-eminent crime than imposition on the individual member of society, for that in its essence is anarchy.

If the Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure of necessity, it could have proceeded in an orderly and legal manner. The highest court had decided slavery was protected under the Constitution. There was nothing for a law-abiding Union man to do but to say that we are fighting this war to save the Union and therefore, the Constitution. We will make effective the Proclamation by a vote of two-thirds of the states in due time, even if we have to appoint Legislatures in the Southern states under military force, and secure a violent ratification by the use of such force. It would have had the "fat" of the mailed fist, but it would have been, constitutionally, in order.

But the President ordered these slaves as citizens to be conscripted, when as a matter of fact they had not been freed at all. It was admitted by him that if the required states refused to ratify the Proclamation it would only be a scrap of paper.

Such ratification never took place, at any rate; there was no ratification until 1865, and that was, admittedly, a ratification in the South by Legislatures picked at the point of Federal bayonets, composed, in many cases, of negro members whose liberty was involved in the vote.

As a self-respecting member of the Union party,

I could not affirm this policy, either in times of war or peace.

This experience taught me that Constitutional safeguards should be thrown around the proper administration of law in times of war to protect citizens against the arbitrary action of soldiers.

The statutes of limitation should never run against such a crime and it should be defined as treason against the nation. It should be punishable only after the close of the military régime, and triable only under the forms of law in a civil trial court before a Jury. If the offender was convicted, he should be punished with death. That would give the people a chance to get justice administered against these scoundrels in a vicinage where there would be a fair determination.

The violation of this constitutional provision by the President, through his failure to stop it or by his condoning it, should constitute grounds of impeachment, and if his impeachment could not be set in motion and concluded, he should be tried at the expiration of his term of office in the same manner as the actual offender, unless, of course, he had acted promptly when the matter had been brought to his attention through a civil commission selected by Congress and not by him. If it were otherwise, he would pack the commission. If this commission found in favor of the offender he should be restored to his military standing, but if it found against him, he should be remanded to prison during the period of the war, and at its close he should have the right to be tried by a civil authority in review.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus should never be suspended, and any President who does it should be impeached.



During this period, the Generals paid no attention to the rulings of the Federal Courts. Judge Bland Ballard, of the Federal Court at Louisville, issued writ after writ only to be defied by Generals Burbridge, Palmer and others.

Finally a compromise was reached where General George Thomas would be the final Court of Appeal. This, Lincoln approved. It is conceded to be a ruling in violation of all law and constitutional guarantee.

This government was founded on the principle that the liberty of the citizen is the highest single privilege to be protected by the Constitution, and as Lincoln well said, no people should be governed without the consent of the governed.

Therefore, we lose nothing in our form of government by making such liberty more secure as the years go by. If we do not make it so, and arrange to have the citizens protected, we are sure to fall on evil times. Military formations and creations are the most dangerous things to our liberties in our scheme of government."

"The state and nation should beware of the blows delivered from within not without. No nation has fallen from outside aggression; the fall has always been initiated by some class or group of its own making. Military sentiment in a nation is inimical to liberty, and no man, who has seen and experienced it, doubts for a single moment how impossible it is to control the militia once its momentum is set up in a lawful manner."

"National defense is another matter; that is a preparation against national aggression, and that will not again ever happen in America."

"Making due allowances for President Lincoln's

unfortunate position during the war, he still does not stand four square to all criticism, nor will his course approach to a standard of patriotism which this nation demands from its highest officers, as exemplified in Washington and Jackson."

By the side of this gray-haired veteran, Union leader of his day, backer of the Union party of Kentucky in 1860, stood Governor Bramlette and his staff. Judge De Haven, who served with Sam Haycraft and badgered the friends of secession in the Legislature of 1859, nodded his head in approval at every word Judge Moore uttered.

Surely it seemed to me that the idealistic wings which had carried me into the Lincoln forum of defense, had been pretty well scorched, and I felt a keen urge to make Lincoln's defense, but it was not my province to make my inquiry one of debate, though I daresay the effort would have brought forth a more fierce response, for Moore had said to the President in sixty-three, "If there was a Judicial tribunal that would convict him, he would willingly submit to life imprisonment."

Sitting in this Convention at this time were General Simon Buckner, Confederate leader, Captain Thomas Hines, Colonel Robert Rhodes, Captain W. G. Bullitt, Governor J. Proctor Knott, Colonel Bennett H. Young, Major P. P. Johnston, Captain H. J. May, Captain Sam Blackburn, all on the Confederate side. On the Union side were Colonel Curtis F. Burnham, Cassius M. Clay, Captain S. B. Hogg, Colonel Laban T. Moore, Samuel De Haven, eminent as a jurist, on the side of the Union. They all echoed these sentiments of Judge Moore, a finished philosophy grown from the bloody experiences of the war.

I perceived from this contact that theories of government must be put in the fire and burned by the crucibles of hate before they could be ironed and laid out as the finished product. Voltaire said that no individual could be trusted in war; systems and fixed policies were bad enough. The latter eliminated tyranny to some extent and made individuals amenable to a system.

Lincoln, a country lawyer, thrust into the Presidency, standing alone for the Union and nothing but the Union, could not have foreseen these unbridled passions of men who had a national reputation. He had to take a few days off to go to school. After all, he did not make the Constitution, and he could not amend it immediately. After all, he was meeting a morass of men schooled in the craftiest kind of diplomacy, backed by the basest passions in the breast of man, the passions of war.

Lincoln must ride a battered and crippled ship into port. He must get money; he must have Generals who could fight and manage armies, and he must avoid jealousies, that when put into action produce calamities, and this was no hour for calamities. There were enough of them in the making by Robert E. Lee. Traitors, there were within his cabinet who would have traded a victory of the Union armies for the presidency and impeached Lincoln for the mistake. Thieves there were who had progressed to power in this brief making of a great army. Trustful but untrusting he sat, unable to follow the letter of the Constitution, knowing that the great mass looked to him for victory. The crimes Judge Moore argued against could not be reviewed in a passing moment, nor the remedies ap-

plied at the hour of seasoned judgment; such were the problems of Lincoln, and by such *mésalliance* of diverging troubles did he rise, the supreme commander of men and magnitudes.

"The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Hell hath its fury no less than war, but there in Kentucky was the boiling teapot of the inferno whose fires were lighted by the slinking Secretary of War, who was willing that the ignorant and crass, still unfreed by law, should now avenge their slavery with blood letting of women and children; ready to betray the devoted leader of the nation, that he, Stanton, like the infamous Catiline that he was, might ride to the presidency upon a catalog of crimes, unsurpassed in the tyrannical wars of the Romans.

To the infamy of betrayal he added the more lustrous crime of murder, in the holy name of a motto, "save the Union." Satiated with the lust of a base ambition, he and the unscrupulous Chase were willing to compromise the war in order to side-track Lincoln by driving him into a mortuary of murdered women and children and then hide like pharisaical minions of the deep under Lincoln's coat-tails with the coward's answer: "this is war."

They had taken the oath to sustain the Constitution, and Lincoln had told them that the Proclamation to free the slaves did not become effective as a matter of law until the states ratified the proposed Amendment to the Constitution, which would probably not occur until the close of the war; that until that time slaves would remain the property of their masters unless and when they were voluntarily freed.



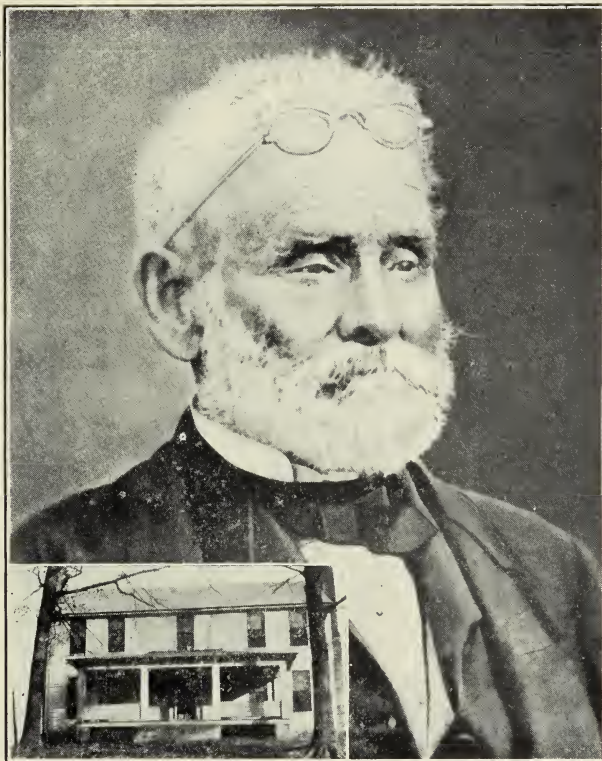
They could not be enlisted as soldiers, their ownership must be protected, and the judgment of civil courts could not be otherwise. Yet, in spite of this, they falsely arrested negroes, and forced them into the Federal service, defied courts of law, suspended Generals who would not violate the Constitution, gave them such military trials as they wanted to hold, arrested men and women for criticising their infamous conduct, threatened Lincoln with annihilation, forced him to sign orders for the enlistment of negroes by assembling hordes of cowardly fanatics in Washington, until at last the iron in the man Lincoln we know, humbled them into the dust, forced them to face the bloody poignards that might be buried in their own breasts which they had planted for him. Stanton was cursed in Kentucky and Chase was damned.

In Kentucky steel met steel. The answer of manhood was not for a plea of mercy but a plea of justice, if only such justice as war chieftains visit on the defenseless and loyal Union supporters. Men were shot down in their civilian capacity, women were raped and the weak plunged into dirty dungeons; property stolen with an O. K. that was worth not the paper it was written on. Finally, at last the awakened soul of Nancy Lincoln, brave daughter of the Captain, hurled her anathemas over Stanton's head into the President's lap, and in the name of a Lincoln, she cried out, that these insults be avenged by him, one of her race. That this message would not die in the hands of the sneaking Secretary of War, Bill Austin the intrepid, daring and unafraid Captain of Lincoln laid it into the President's hands and commanded him, not in the name of justice or liberty, but in the name of a Lincoln, greater in the



might of her people than he, to rise from his slumber and awaken the conscience of his Lincoln manhood—and arise he did, so that within twenty hours Chase and Stanton were on the carpet in front of a tiger ready to spring, with their resignations, smattered with the crimes that sprung from their emissaries in Kentucky; but Lincoln made them stay, to feel the steel they had sharpened for him.

Who knows what Austin told Lincoln, in the recesses of the dark, these two lone vigils of one household. Had Hines said to Austin "There are on the way to Washington twenty-seven of the bravest youths whoever tracked a shoe, who have come to avenge these crimes; whether a bullet or hunting knife do the work, you, Mr. President, Stanton and Chase will pay—that is the law of the race you have assailed. You will pay, and God will balance the accounts." The twenty-seven knights who represent the spirits of their dead for vengeance, marched into Washington, and who shall say that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was not founded on the philosophy of war. In Kentucky murder was war, but in Washington war was murder, a matter of geography, but in the minds of these young men it was the same, murder everywhere.



Samuel Haycraft, intimate friend of Thomas Lincoln, whose Mill Creek farm house appears; one half mile from Bersheba and Nancy Lincoln home.



## CHAPTER X

### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S RELIGION. HIS BIRTH PLACE

IT has been universally asserted that Abraham Lincoln was a religious man. In the sense that the churches generally regard a man as religious, the writer is sure he was not.

The consensus of opinion is, that he would not answer the requirements of the churches of that day or now. He was no more a religious man than Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson. They were the two men President Lincoln regarded the most highly of our Presidents.

William Sharp of Breckenridge County, Kentucky, who was born in about 1815, told the writer that he had made a trip to Illinois in about 1856, and with another had occasion to call on Lincoln and Herndon, and at the time they were engaged in quite a spirited argument about the Bible. While there, Lincoln had started in on the Know-Nothings, saying that they arose from ignorance of religion and intolerance and he berated the schism. He charged that religious fanatics of the country were behind the Know-Nothings, and that they had the right name—they knew nothing.

He thought Voltaire had conclusively proven that the New Testament was a concoction mixed by early Roman day Priests who had accepted the manus-

cripts found, and proceeded to establish a creed and a construction to meet their demands by re-writing portions of it to suit themselves.

The tithe or percentage was a plan to play on the ignorance of the people, and by law collect ten per cent of their earnings for the Church, through the state, and that this doctrine had found its way into Russia, where, during the established Monarchy, it became part of the Church of State.

The scheme, he thought gave itself away, by the fact that the duty was imposed on the citizen by the Bible to pay demands of money to the King, the highest authority, except the Priests. That indicated to his mind that the creation of Christ as a God was necessary with a plan of personal redemption, so that the ignorant could be denied salvation and consigned to Hell unless they accepted the doctrine of his resurrection and agreed that the power, as an adjunct went with it to save sinners. As further proof of this fact, the Church had for hundreds of years controlled the executive authority of their respective governments whenever the priests and Pope had such power. Until Napoleon had imprisoned the Pope and took him to Paris, and until the Catholic Church had relented of their tenacious hold on the state, nobody doubted that such was the God-given word of the Bible. Napoleon and Voltaire had torn the mask off, and started the stampede against a Union of church and state, and except for Jefferson and Paine, there would have been nothing in the Constitution of the United States guaranteeing a free religion.

Lincoln did not believe the Bible was inspired any more than the statutes of Illinois, but he did believe there was a God, and it was manifested in every-day





Bill Austin, Lincoln spy, simulating as a country cousin of the President.

life, and in the theory of propagation. He believed the spirit, which was God, gave the germ action in the male and female, and that this same spirit of God was a part of man's mind. He said he had gone into this subject of late years, and some day would be able to crystallize his views along this line, showing conclusively that the religious dogma as preached, was all wrong in its operative respects, that materialism did not mix with spiritualism, and that man's spiritual nature was a thing apart from his material nature.

Mr. Sharp was a man of unusual student qualities.

This conforms with the view of Billy Smith, that the Lincolns held about the same views he had on religion. He refers to Rev. Harry Moulin, Secretary of State of Kentucky, who was the leader of the Unitarians in Kentucky in his earlier years.

More confirmatory however is an article published by Herndon in 1870 in a Toledo, Ohio, paper, asserting that Mr. Lincoln had, prior to 1858, written a book assailing the features of the Bible referred to in Sharp's conversation. This statement of Herndon was so universally read that the writer found that the Kentucky Gazette, published in Lexington, Kentucky, had stated that the editor had read the interview, and that they believed the facts stated in it were correct.

Mrs. Lincoln also had stated to Mr. Herndon that President Lincoln was religious, but not a Christian. There are many other confirmatory statements which the writer had heard about President Lincoln which indicate that he was a Unitarian in belief. He certainly was not a Baptist.

He had a strong moral and religious nature, but

to make him a worshipper of any particular school seems to be without foundation of fact.

Pamelia Cowherd, youngest of William McMahan's daughters, born in 1804 knew very well the persuasion of the Lincolns. Her father was an intimate friend of Thomas, and emigrated with the older Lincolns.

The writer interviewed her in 1885.

"Aunt Pamelia when were you born?"

"I was born in about 1804."

"Did you know Thomas Lincoln and his family?"

"I knew all of the Lincolns. Thomas married and brought his wife to Mill Creek when I was small. I don't know when, but I remember seeing them there and at the Mill Creek church. I knew Nancy and her mother very well. They lived there for a very long time, and died there. That was Lincoln headquarters at the old lady Lincoln's house. My father John McMahan came from Pennsylvania with the Captain, and he was associated with Thomas Lincoln quite a bit. We lived on Mill Creek at that time. I thought both Nancy Lincoln and her mother were right smart women—they took an active part in neighborhood affairs; never knew much about Thomas Lincoln's wife. We had quilting bees, log rollings, house raisings, corn husking bees, spelling bees and church affairs—that was our form of entertainment. The women came with the men and we had a big time, generally wound up with a dance at night, and many is the time I have seen them all. I saw little Abe and Sarah a good many times."

"Thomas Lincoln had a good log house on the upper creek where he lived for many years. He left that country about the time I got married. Thomas

went about a good deal as a mechanic or carpenter and stayed away for a good spell."

"He had a round face, rather a full face and was a big man, nearly six feet, I would say, and the men said he was a very strong man. His wife was slim-like, and had sharp features like myself, but she was a brisk-moving woman, not so very sociable. She visited Elinor Peck a good deal, and I suppose the Maffits, they were kin; that is the Maffit women. Nancy did not talk much like the Pennsylvania folks; she was more southern, had a southern brogue, I guess you call it."

"We had monthly preaching in those days and most everybody went to church whether it was a "Jack leg" preacher or a good one, and when the church had "doings" sinners and saints all helped. I heard "Raccoon" Smith, Peter Cartwright, a man by the name of McKendre, he was the best of all of them."

"Thomas Lincoln was a good worker, folks said. He took liquor sometimes too, but he was a good citizen. When he was a boy he lived with Jacob Van Meter a good deal. The Van Meters were very strong Baptists, dyed in the wool."

"John Peck and Elinor were their close neighbors and the Williams' and Meltons'. They were older than Thomas and his wife."

"Where was Abraham Lincoln born?" "I could not tell you that for sure, but I always heard from his neighbors the children were born on the Mill Creek farm."

"It was not talked until about the war, then everybody commenced talking about Abe being the boy that was around Mill Creek with his daddy; and Thomas was known to everybody in this part of the

county. Billy Smith, John Moore, my sister Polly, my brother-in-law, Thomas Peck, Thomas Williams, all of these people knew most of the Lincolns and their movements."

"I could not tell you about their intimate affairs but the neighbors up there would be able to tell you more about them. Thomas Peck was born in 1794. He was fifteen years old when Lincoln was born. He said positively he was born in the Melton house. He was my brother-in-law."

She thought the people liked Nancy (Lincoln), Brumfield's wife best of all; she supposed it was because she was so sociable. She saw her after she married Brumfield, but not before. Her acquaintance with the Lincolns commenced in 1810, she thought. She did not know that she had seen Mary Lincoln, though they had said she was not so good-looking.

She had seen Nancy Lincoln quite a few times in ten years, and her daughters—Mrs. Nall and Mrs. Austin. Nancy Hanks was a quiet sort of person, did not talk much, and was of a sad appearance though that was just attributed to her ways. There was talk that her mother was a little "fast" but she did not think the people paid much attention to that. She thinks this came from the Lincoln women, otherwise, the people never would have known about it. There were no aristocratic people in that section, and they looked upon each other as equals.

Her father, John McMahan, and Thomas, worked on several jobs together, were patrollers together at times; and Thomas had been to her father's house several times. He was a sociable fellow, and most of the people treated him well and liked to have him come around. He often had told how his father was



killed by an Indian, shooting from the woods, and how he and the balance of them were scared.

"I have seen Josiah I suppose with his mother, as he used to come to that Church but I don't think I could pick him out. Squire Boone sometimes came to this Church and talked to the people. He was a brother of Daniel, and had a good education. I knew the Pearmans, Cowleys, Howards, Colvins, McCullums, Stators, Owens. Betsy and Jane Owens are not as old as I am by a good many years. I knew the Hibbs too, Calvin and Mahalon. I knew Billy Smith as well as I knew my father. He is a bit older than I, mighty good man and a smart man. He doctored the people but I do not know whether he was a licensed doctor or not."

Pamelia Cowherd was a sister to Margaret Peck who married Thomas Peck, the son of Aunt Elinor and Uncle Henry or John, "some called him one name and some another." "Elinor Peck was a very remarkable woman. I saw her when she was a very old woman. She was from Pennsylvania, the "dutch" country. She was a very good friend of Bersheba Lincoln and her family, and lived right by Tom Lincoln and Nancy for a long time."

I talked to John Watts in 1880 and finished with him in 1884 after his mother's death.

Polly Watts, by her son John. This was the wife of George Watts, who with Thomas Lincoln had petitioned for and built the Elizabethtown and Brandenburg road. Watts was a young man at this time, (1804). He, as well as she, had known all of the Lincolns very well except the Captain. She said she had seen almost the entire population at the old Mill Creek Church at different times. The folks came there from all over the county, and the most distin-

guished preachers in the state had preached there at one time or another.

She had a very strong recollection of Bersheba Lincoln, who was probably sixty or near it when she first saw her..

"She was the principal woman in that church when she was a girl. Captain Palmer, whose family left the county in about 1830 and went to Illinois was a prominent man in the church at this early date. He owned land in the community. She would be pointed at and folks would say, there is the head of the Lincoln tribe. She kept these children together in tragic days and that excited the admiration of the people. She was from Virginia, and if you were from Virginia you were alright. The men stood right up for anything she proposed.

"She had a son-in-law, Bill Brumfield who was a clever man, and his wife was a very pretty woman. She was probably twenty years older than I. I saw her for many years after her mother's death and I guess she did not die until long after the Civil War. I knew Bill Austin to see him, he married one of Nancy's girls. He ran away, no one ever knew what became of him; it was right after the war. Well it was curious, and he was a curious man, people said, but I had no acquaintance with him. Her father, John McMahan, was quite intimate with Thomas Lincoln, more so than her husband, for they claimed to be Pennsylvania "Dutch," "though I guess Lincoln was such only through his father."

She thought Thomas must have been a man of influence because he was in everything that went on, and he was a pleasant man, people liked to deal with him. Thomas, her husband said, liked a drink pretty well. Both of the children, she had always heard,

were born on Mill Creek, until of late she had read different.

While hardly as active physically as her sister, Pamela, it was said, she had a much brighter mind and certainly was a credit to the race. She died September 23rd, 1880. Her family was a large one and are scattered over Missouri and Oklahoma, occupying prominent positions wherever they live. At this time, one is Chairman of the Board of Directors of a large bank in St. Louis. Another has been Judge and another Attorney General.

JOHN CRUSE. His father was named Jeremiah Cruse and lived a mile from the Mill Creek Church. His father was a friend of Thomas Lincoln and served on the jury and worked on the Elizabethtown-Brandenburg road with him. He knew well Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, although he had talked to her but a few times. She was a bright woman, a good talker. He knew Bersheba Lincoln in her life time and while he had no personal acquaintance with her he knew her history and her story. He had heard the story of the killing of Captain Lincoln many times through that family. He had heard Thomas tell about it. He knew that he was a close friend of Jacob Van Meter at the forks of Otter Creek and lived there some part of his life. He knew from his father that the old Mill Creek Church was the second oldest in the county and that at Bersheba Lincoln's there was a store and blacksmith shop. It was a place of meeting for the section and the elections were held there. His father had known Bill Brumfield well. He had also known Bill Austin. He remembered himself when old Mrs. Lincoln died, and very well when Nancy Lincoln was buried at Mill

Creek. His father had told him that Bersheba Lincoln preferred to live on Mill Creek and she and Brumfield and Tom had bought that land and built the house. Thomas and Bill and the mother got along fine, the people said. Thomas was mighty good to his mother. Sam Haycraft the first, his father said, had more influence than any other man in the county, and he was a friend of the Lincolns. Thomas lived on the Shepherdsville Road farm after he married. Abe Lincoln, his father said, was born on the Mill Creek farm. He had never heard anything different until they commenced to write history.

STEPHEN McMURTRY. He lived on the old Haycraft farm which adjoined the Nancy Lincoln farm as he knew it to be. He moved there after the Civil War. He was born in 1816. He knew Nancy Lincoln. She did not die until 1875. The mark on her tombstone was a mistake of the convivial mechanic who inscribed it.

She was buried on the hill in the old cemetery a half mile from his house. He was son-in-law to Sam Haycraft, and his wife was a close friend and visitor often to Nancy Lincoln Brumfield's house. When he first moved there, after the war, he went to see her about re-building the line fence between them, and she told him that the timber had been cut on his land by Thomas and Bill Brumfield, and she thought the fence was over the line, and that they had made a mistake. Little Abe cut the splinters and the others had split the rails. He might cut the timber on her farm if he wished and build the fence—that would only be fair to him. She said that Thomas and little Abe came back to visit them after Nancy Hanks' death and stayed there quite a while, and



built the fence at that time in about 1819 in the winter. She laughed and said that he was probably on a matrimonial venture so far as she could see. He married Sarah Johnston and took her back with him. Tom had gone out to Indiana to see the land, and returned, sold his Mill Creek farm, his other property and left here in about December 1816 for Indiana. He stayed at her house for several days and then struck out west with his family in a two horse wagon with some household furniture. He had returned again and sold out Sarah Johnston's property and went back to Indiana. He never returned, and that was the last time she ever saw him. She had heard from Abraham during the war. Her mother died in 1833 and was buried at the old Mill Creek Cemetery. So was Mary Austin, he thought this was the name of the oldest daughter of Nancy.

SOLOMON IRWIN. Solomon was two months younger than President Lincoln. He lived on Mill Creek and knew young Abe Lincoln and Thomas well. He had hunted fox up and down the creek with the older men and Abe was present. He had also hunted Coons with them once. Abe was a head taller than he, a very big boy. He could knock a squirrel out of a tree with a rock, could climb a tree like a coon, and was a good jumper. He saw the family at the Mill Creek Church a few times and had heard Thomas was a fine mechanic.

Irwin saw Nancy but a few times referred to her as very "skinny." He knew old Sam and young Sam Haycraft, and knew that they had been friends of Thomas Lincoln. Thomas was what you would call now a strong Democrat. He did not belong to the



Baptist Church, and he got "tight" sometimes, but was a happy fellow.

Solomon had married a daughter of Billy Smith and lived in that section all of his life. Billy Smith lived up the creek close to the Tom Lincoln farm. Catherine Peck was his wife's sister. She lived adjoining it, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. "Elinor" Peck, was there before Thomas bought the farm from Stator across the way. Tom Melton, Tom Lincoln and Peck, he had heard, built the house on it before Thomas got married, and that Thomas lived there most of the time, after he was big enough to know anything about it.

He knew that Jack Peck and Reuben Peck were raised there adjoining it, and must have known about the Lincolns. Jack married his wife's sister, was ten years older than he, and Reuben was about his age. They knew all about Thomas Lincoln. He knew "Elinor," their mother. She was the oldest woman, he thought, in that country. She could spin and weave when she was very old. He knew David and Joseph Swank, John McMahan, Polly Watts and Pamela Cowherd. The latter women were sisters to Margaret Peck, the wife of Thomas Peck. He was Thomas Lincoln's nearest neighbor, and knew more about the Lincolns than he did. After he married, he lived on the road laid out by Thomas Lincoln about three and half miles from Thomas Lincoln's farm, and about the same distance from where Bersheba Lincoln lived. He knew her by sight, and had spoken often to Nancy Lincoln. They were both smart women for that day and time. Nancy had some influence with the President. She and his father-in-law Billy Smith had a pretty strong pull with Lincoln.

They worked together and stood some of the Yankee Generals on their heads toward the end of the war. He knew Bill Austin. He did not know what he did during the war, though he was suspected of being a spy for Lincoln. His position had the people puzzled. Some people said he was in with General Morgan but he guessed he was in with Lincoln. He left the country suddenly after the war.

Solomon fell from his once high estate but still had a good mind in his ninetieth year when this interview took place and he was very positive Abraham Lincoln could not have been born on Nolin Creek, as he himself saw him too much on Mill Creek and had heard nearly every one along the Creek discuss it. He sent the writer to Thurman Thomas, who was a grandson of John Thomas. John Thomas and his son and Thos. Melton, he had heard, helped Thomas Lincoln to build the Nolin Creek house in the summer, but he did not know just what year it was.

Calvin Watts, of Vine Grove, born about 1832, told me that his grandfather was well acquainted, as was his father with the entire Lincoln family, and that he was surprised when Mr. Lincoln said in 1860 that he was born somewhere on Nolin Creek. He had been to the Tom Lincoln house on Mill Creek and it was as good as the average house of the pioneers. He was there in Melton's lifetime.

He had heard Nancy Ann Pauley say that she was present with her mother when Lincoln was born, and it was not true that he was born in Elizabethtown, but he was born on Mill Creek. She lived to be a very old woman. He thought her ten years older than Polly Watts.

## WILLIAM RODGERS, VINE GROVE, KENTUCKY.

Mr. Rodgers was a neighbor to the writer and often talked to him about the Lincolns. He was well versed in the early history of Mill Creek. His father was a Baptist minister and commenced to preach at the Mill Creek church in 1831.

The first church, he had heard, was built in 1783 but did not join the association until 1806, that would mean they had no regular preacher until then. Captain Lincoln spent that winter on Mill Creek and helped build that church.

His wife, Bersheba, was prominent and active in it. He knew all of them well. He had been to Nancy Lincoln's house and also knew Bill Austin and his wife. His father's name was Jacob and he had a son named Jacob. He was born in 1815. The old church had only four preachers before his fathers' ministry there. "Raccoon" Smith was probably the greatest preacher who had ever occupied that pulpit. Gov. Garrard and Peter Cartwright had both preached there.

He had heard the Lincoln birth discussed several times, especially at the beginning of the war, but he had never heard Nancy Lincoln discuss it. His near neighbors for thirty years, members of the church, he belonged to, were William P. Nall and his wife Elizabeth. They had often discussed it in his presence. They lived a half mile or less from his house. Nall was about fifteen years his senior, and his wife about twelve. Mrs. Nall, her mother and grandmother, had often said that Abe Lincoln was born on Mill Creek; in fact it was never disputed until 1860, when the President came out with a statement

in the Journal at Louisville, which Rodgers read, and they discussed it. Of course, she disputed it rather sharply, saying that she guessed Abraham was ashamed of his own people since he had come to be a big man. She was Nancy's second daughter.

He had been in the old Bersheba Lincoln house several times and had been in the Melton house also. These houses were both built from logs. The Melton house had an open porch between two log box houses about 18 by 16 feet. The Bersheba Lincoln house was a little larger and the porch was enclosed, and it had a dining room and kitchen, which the Melton house did not have. The Melton place was just a short distance from John Peck's house.

While Mr. Rodgers was plain spoken he was a very religious man. The writer recalls that he would pass the fields where he worked on Saturday—on his way to church and often would admonish him to give a few hours to God. However, he frankly said that he thought Lincoln told an untruth about his birth and did it because he did not think his kin could measure up to his new life or "grand style," as he put it.

He thought he had seen Abe Lincoln on Mill Creek a few times, as a boy. He had heard the Lincoln birth discussed since the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and the Mill Creek people said he was born there on the Tom Lincoln farm. Nancy Lincoln, Mary Austin (a Brumfield), and Mrs. Nall all died within a few years of each other.

#### THURMAN THOMAS.

Thurman was a grandson of old John Thomas. He said that both his father and grandfather helped Thomas Lincoln build the Nolin Creek house before



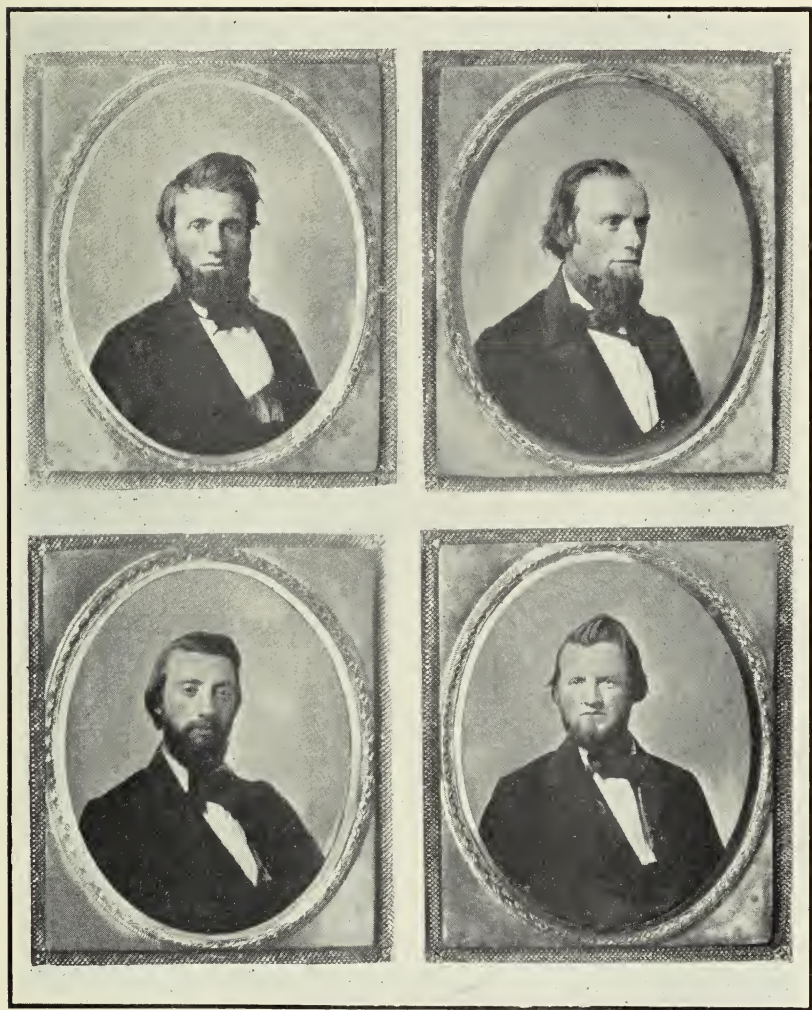


Photo copies of tin types of four of the eight Ditto brothers whose father was intimately associated with Thomas Lincoln in building present Dixie Highway in Hardin County. Births ranging from 1807 to 1818.





he moved from Mill Creek, and he recalled they said it was in early spring but he did not remember what year. They cut the trees and hewed the logs, then had a house raising and put it up in a day. His grandfather was also a witness for Lincoln, the defendant, as he was present when Bush sold the land to Lincoln.

His father knew all about it as they lived close to Tom Lincoln on Mill Creek. His father's and mother's statement was that Lincoln was born on the Mill Creek farm. He was sure of that himself from what he had heard during the war, and had heard Lincoln criticised for abandoning his birth place. He charged it to family affairs, his lack of interest in them, or he was ashamed of them, and wanted no one to come around and see them or talk with his father's early neighbors. The neighbors used to sit around at Church and talk about such things in that day while the preacher "whaled away at the sinners." He then lived there and thought he knew Tom Lincoln by sight though he was about the President's age.

## CHAPTER XI

### SQUIRE BOONE AND HIS COLONY— LINCOLN'S BIRTH PLACE—FINDINGS

**T**HE settlement of Squire Boone's colony on the Ohio River, which was a shifting to the west of his Shelby-Jefferson County colony was one of the causes that stirred the Indians.

No treaty with the Indians, had ever up to this time been observed by the whites. They continually moved west all of the time regardless of convention agreements with the Indians. Our early settlers may be regarded at this distance of having soulless honor so far as their point of view went. If an agreement was made with General Clark or General Wayne, the government at Richmond, and subsequently the government at Washington, had a right to overrule it. The history of the white man's relations with the Indians is one of broken contracts, disregarded treaties, and scraps-of-paper-solicitude on their part. If the savage had no rights in the matter then the whites should have said, we need your land, we want it, and these agreements are made merely for delay, until we can reinforce. That would have been an honest way to do it. The cruelties of the individual cases on the part of the Indians do not compare with the summed up cruelties of the whites.

The government simply did not recognize that

the Indians had any rights in the matter, and all of the trouble came about entirely on account of the dishonorable procedure of our dear Anglo-Saxon method of grabbing the Indians' land.

After the treaty at Chillicothe, in 1782, the plan inaugurated by the government, was simply one of waiting until conditions might improve, and in the meantime the treaties would serve to camouflage the hand of the aggressor.

Rogers Clark himself was nothing more nor less than an adventurer, hoping to put himself in a position to deal with the Spanish government and the Indians under cover of authority from the state of Virginia. There is no doubt he had confederates. The incursions into Hardin County, and the death of Captain Lincoln may be attributed to the policy of Rogers Clark and his backers.

The avaricious whites had no desire to civilize the Indian or teach him the route to God by way of noisy prayers except as a solace of his hostility, until the entire "works" of pillage could be given the Red man. Brashears Station, on the banks of Salt River, was built and the lands of that entire section were surveyed by Colonel John Smith, Captain Floyd and their surveyors, solely for the purpose of passing out land warrants for the services of soldiers, for themselves and friends, without having the slightest right by treaty or otherwise to such lands. There can never be any justification for it. Hence no great amount of tears should be shed at this distance from the scene because of the outrages committed by the Indians. It is a supreme wonder that any white man or woman captured by them ever returned from captivity alive and well.

"Sharp Eye" Silas Hart, a companion and friend

of Captain Lincoln, descending from Silas Hart, of Rockingham County, Virginia, neighbor of John Lincoln, was ever and always on the lookout for Indians, and in a death struggle with the brother of a Chief, he was shot through the heart. His son took up his rifle, shooting his father's assailant, but the mother and young Hart were taken by the Indians, held prisoners, and in a few years carried back to the white settlements. His widow married a man named Countryman, lived in Hardin County, up to the day of her death, about 1840.

ENOCH BOONE, son of Daniel, settled about three miles from Mr. Hart, and lived to be ninety. Judge Fitch, his son-in-law (in 1887), a very estimable man, talked freely to me about the movement of the Boones. He then lived at what is called Garnettsville. This point is but a very short distance from the dream colony of Squire Boone and the Englishman who laid out a city that would hold forty thousand inhabitants. It was to be the gateway to Kentucky and out-rival Pittsburgh as an industrial city. The noble Squire did the surveying and the distinguished Englishman did the dreaming. The Squire's principal understudy, Judge Fitch told me, was Josiah Lincoln.

SUSAN B. HAYNES. Susan B. Haynes was the daughter of James Crutcher, who lived at Vine Grove. James was the son of John Crutcher who built the first Court House in Hardin County, and brother to James the oldest merchant in Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

She lived within a stone's throw of where Daniel Boone perched his lookout cabin for a while and



about a mile from Squire Boone's colony. Her husband's father had been one of the intimates of the Squire and had joined in the big land schemes which cover all of Boone Township in Harrison County, Indiana.

She had not herself known the Lincolns, though she was familiar with the history of both sides of the family. The Boone and Lincoln negroes were buried on the hill just above the farm she was occupying, and which she owned, at this time, in 1885. Josiah, apparently, had no great prejudice against ownership of slaves, if these facts are true. She had heard her father recount seeing the Lincoln women. He had promoted and built Crutcher's Church, about midway between Vine Grove and Mill Creek, an entire distance of four miles. This was a Methodist church. His story of Thomas Lincoln, is that Thomas was a very active politician, pulling his wires for roads and other public improvements. According to her father's story, Thomas was a good enough wire puller and a strong enough Democrat to have been eligible as a Knight of Tammany Hall. Thomas, generally, got the real job on all the schemes he put through at county headquarters. Thomas belonged to no church, neither did his wife. This estimable lady had no relish for the President's war policy, and she said her father and his brothers were equally set on this question. They voted for McClellan in 1864.

JUDGE FITCH, had equally positive notions about the President's war policy. He thought all of the scoundrels in the world had been elevated to Generals and sent to Kentucky to pillage and rob good union men, who voted to keep Kentucky from

seceding; beyond this, he assumed the President was a very excellent statesman.

**JACK PECK.** Jack Peck was a son of Elinor Peck, brother of Reuben. His wife was a daughter of Billy Smith, a sister of Catherine. He had lived adjoining Thomas Lincoln. (1888) Interview date.

"Uncle Jack about what is your age?"

"I will be about eighty-eight my next birthday."

"Did you know Thomas Lincoln or his mother, or Nancy Lincoln Brumfield or President Lincoln?"

"I knew all of them. I am nine years older than President Lincoln, though when his father lived on the Mill Creek farm I was not grown. Young Abe was a very large lad though he was only born in 1809. I was born in 1800, Thomas in 1794, Reuben in 1810 and Henry in 1815."

"I saw Thomas very often, and Nancy, his wife, frequently came to our house just as neighbors will. They visited us frequently, though I may say we were just friendly neighbors. My mother very often visited Nancy Hanks Lincoln. I knew the old lady, Bersheba. She, in passing our place going to town sometimes, stopped, and she came often with Nancy Lincoln Brumfield and stayed all day. I remember very well when Thomas and family, went to Indiana, they came over and told us good-bye. They then I think lived in Elizabethtown, or had lived there since selling the farm to Tom Melton. Aunt Kit, your Aunt Kit, lives on the place now, where my brother Henry used to live. That was a part of the land known as the Robert Huston and May surveys. My father and John Stator, Thomas Williams, and I believe old Johnny Moore owned that land. That is the way I think it is. Stator sold

his part to Thomas Lincoln and he moved to Green County."

"Do you remember how long Thomas Lincoln lived there?"

"No, I do not. Thomas had other farms up about Hodgenville and worked them. He told us that he had the best house on this place and the best title to it. He moved into the house, I guess, in about 1804, that only I know by hearsay. Then he was a mechanic and worked sometimes for several months. Then I know that he had a house in Elizabethtown."

"Was your mother very friendly to them?"

"Oh yes, my mother was a pretty friendly woman, and they claimed Pennsylvania kin."

"Was Thomas a good-sized man?"

"Well, Thomas was about five feet ten inches, and pretty stout. He was a good-natured story-telling fellow and folks liked that sort of a man. He was the kind that has friends."

"Did he have any money?"

"Well, as to that I do not know, but he had cows and sometimes four horses. He traded some, and he worked all of his farms and passed back and forth, from one to the other, rented them out you know, sometimes for money rent but I suppose mostly on the shares, like other folks that had more than they could work, but Thomas was a first-class workman. He liked to have his fun, hunting pretty much when he was at home on rainy days. He was a fox hunter and run the hounds. He had good hounds too."

"Did Abe look like him?"

"Not much; Abe did not look like any of his family, unless, as I have heard it said, he looked like

the old Captain. My mother said he looked like the Captain, but the Captain was killed by the Indians fifteen years before I was born. I dare say the Captain was a pretty good man. He came here from Virginia with the Swank boys and I have heard my mother and Joseph Swank say he was a good man. The Captain had money when he got here; he sold out in Rockingham County, Virginia, and had all the money he needed to start, but his oldest son got most of that when he was killed, so they say. Thomas was good at getting things done. He was either surveyor or laid out the road. He got this road through here in front of my house. He had a good friend in old Sam Haycraft, who was the Judge and the first settler in Elizabethtown. He gave Thomas his first start in life. Then there was young Jake Van Meter who was about ten years older than Thomas, he had money, and he had Thomas around him a good deal."

"Where did he live?"

When his mother moved down to Mill Creek I think he lived with her until he got married, then he and Nancy moved over there. I cannot tell you just how long he lived there but he always called that his home place."

"Do you know where young Abe was born?"

"No, I have heard that he was born up the way, that would be over about Hodgenville, but mother said he was born on the Mill Creek farm; and I feel sure of that."

"How about Thomas Lincoln's habits?"

"Well, Tom was alright, I think, he would take his 'Tea' sometimes, but he did not get drunk. He did not belong to church, but he was a good average man."

"What was his politics?"

"In the days I guess he was for Jefferson and his crowd. He was pretty strong for Virginia, that meant Jefferson. Then the old lady, Bersheba, was mighty strong against the Whigs, I guess you would call them."

"Was he against slavery?"

"Never heard of it. He was a "Patroller." That meant he would bring back the runaway negroes. I guess he had no objection to slavery."

"What kind of looking woman was Bersheba Lincoln?"

"She was a right proud Virginia woman and right good-looking, for an old lady. Nancy was very good-looking, she was Bill Brumfield's wife, lived down near old Sam Haycraft, on the creek. We sometimes went down there to church meeting, the Mount Zion was not built then."

"Was she friendly with your father-in-law, Billy Smith?"

"Yes, the two of them, I heard, were about all the protection we had around here from these robbing "Yankees" during the war. The old man knew how to work the business and Nancy Lincoln backed him up, and I guess Abe Lincoln paid attention to them. They made a pretty good team, and they agreed on things pretty well, that I know."

Uncle Jack Nancy's tombstone says she died in 1845. No, No, that's a mistake. She was about ninety-five when she died, figure that yourself."

"Did you know Bill Brumfield or Bill Austin?"

"Yes, I knew them to see them; Bill Austin was a quiet fellow, but it is said he was a regular 'hell raiser.' He was Nancy Lincoln's right arm, they said. In those days you had to keep your mouth



shut, and I did not meddle. I got along very bad as it was, very bad. We could not keep anything from the devilish soldiers; they called it foraging, I have another word for it. They took our stock and we never got a thing from them and we never will."

"Did you know of your own knowledge that Nancy Lincoln was active during the war?"

"I know old Burbridge was afraid of her influence, he was the worst we ever had here. General Palmer was not so bad, yet civil law did not mean anything to him. They say that Nancy finally got rid of Burbridge, though nobody ever knew that I guess but Billy Smith, and I don't suppose he ever told anybody."

"Did you ever see Nancy Hanks Lincoln?"

"Yes. She was a tall woman, pretty thin, and had a sharp face but I could not tell you the color of her eyes or hair; she did not talk much, as I remember, she did not have much of a chance when my mother and Tom got together, and that was generally when I saw her. They came by to see us when they went to Indiana in a two-horse wagon, Sarah, a girl and Abe and Tom and his wife. He told us he had been out there twice and had his eye on some land. I was about two-thirds grown when they left."

"I hunted once with young Abe and he was a sprightly boy. He would try anything that he saw men do. In those days boys were men; their mothers turned them out to go when they got their diapers off and they had to "root hog or die," and they got so they could take care of themselves pretty soon. A boy that could not plow when he was eight, was not much of a boy, and all of them had to do it, and they did not whine about it. When they got

orders they obeyed them very promptly, and they did not do much talking."

"Your mother, Elinor Peck was a very good friend of Thomas and all of the Lincolns?"

"My mother was good to anybody that would do half right, and she could go; I guess she never got tired. She could stand on the ground and jump on a horse bare back when she was sixty. She liked the Lincolns, and she stood for them all of her life. She was ready for any kind of a frolic and she would try anything from dancing a jig to working in the field."

"Did you know the Hanks that lived in Elizabethtown?"

"No, I knew Sarah Johnston to see her, and I knew old and young Sam Haycraft, and voted for young Sam all of my life. But my mother and Uncle Billy Smith knew more about the Lincolns than anybody."

"Did you know Colonel Cowley? Did you know John Smith?"

"Yes, I knew John Cowley; he was some kind of an officer. I knew Owen Cowley, his son; Owen was smart and knew how to make money, and I guess the Colonel and Owen were about as good friends as old lady Nancy and old Bersheba had in their last days, people said that, who lived down the creek. John Smith was a very close friend of Lincoln, and he died in Arkansas, I heard. He was my wife's uncle."

"Did you know where Abe Lincoln was born?"

"Not old enough to know, but Mrs. Maffitt and my mother said Tom's children were born in the Melton house."

WILLIAM P. NALL. Mr. Nall was the writer's near neighbor. He married the daughter of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield. He married in about 1821, was born in 1798, near Mill Creek.

The writer heard him talk in 1884, the year of his death, and before this particular occasion, had often listened to him, discuss the Lincolns. One of his sons, Hon. Luther Nall, seems to have been in the mind of most of Lincoln's biographers. Another of his sons, John G., was Postmaster for many years under President Cleveland at Vine Grove. They were very strong Democrats. Mr. Nall said he did not vote for his cousin Abraham Lincoln, and had no sympathy with the policy of President Lincoln in freeing the slaves, nor in any of his promises about respecting the neutrality of Kentucky, or in maintaining the integrity of civil authority in Kentucky. His mother-in-law, Nancy Lincoln, did, however, have such faith, and kept the President informed constantly about what she heard. Her son-in-law and others close to her did believe she had influence with the President even though far removed from the scene. He did not know the President, and had only seen Thomas Lincoln once, but knew Bersheba, who was living when he married. She was then in the eighties.

He heard her say she was born in Virginia, and she frequently talked of the killing of Captain Lincoln by the Indians. He was not clear on the circumstances, but he thought a single Indian killed him, though they were over-running that section at the time. He considered the Lincolns superior women or he would not have married into the family. Bersheba had died in 1833 and was buried at Mill Creek. Nancy Lincoln had been dead only

about ten years prior to this conversation, and she was buried at the same place. Mary had visited them once after they were married. She had some family and her husband was a well-to-do farmer of German origin. He was of the opinion that the Lincolns had lived most of their lives on Mill Creek. He thought that Thomas Lincoln's farm on Mill Creek was his mainstay. His mother-in-law had said that Abraham Lincoln was born on Mill Creek but it might have been in Elizabethtown. His wife however, Nancy's daughter, always said, "Abraham was a Mill Creek Colt."

"When did Nancy Lincoln die?"

"About ten years after the war, Mary Lincoln died early and the old lady just before her in 1833."

REUBEN PECK. He was a son of Elinor and brother to Jack, Thomas and Henry Peck. He was raised on the adjoining farm to where the Tom Lincolns lived. He was about a year younger than the President, and did not recollect much about him or Thomas Lincoln, but had heard his mother talk about them a lot just before the war and after President Lincoln became prominent.

There was a great deal of talk about his wife and many people said that Thomas was not the father of the President, but he thought his mother knew as much as anybody, and had a better chance to know anyway, and she had said there was nothing to such talk. He did know the old Lincolns, Bersheba and Nancy Lincoln and he had heard they were good people and pretty smart women.

He had heard Billy Smith talk about them, Owen Cowley, Bill Owens, John Melton and his mother. He supposed he had heard others but did not re-

member it. In an early day, the lower Mill Creek church was where the people worshipped. The people talked about the Lincolns for several years during the war. After the war, they argued about where Abe was born, but all of Lincoln's neighbors agreed he was born on Mill Creek—John Williams, Mrs. Maffitt, and old Tom Melton among them.

His chief accusation against the President was that he believed he should have stopped the thieving going on during the war. The fact that a man was for the Union did not help him. Then the soldiers in authority had no respect for law. They took men out and hung them without a trial. They did not even have a military trial. They also levied assessments on us by saying, "You permitted the Confederate guerrillas to steal meat and other things of value which our army needs and now we are going to make you put up the money." Of course, they had no authority, but who could stop them? And they would shoot you if you did not put up money. Lincoln could have stopped this; and it was said he did stop it, but it was not done until the people had nothing. Then they got to calling everybody a traitor who was opposed to negro enlistment. This enlistment was ordered by Lincoln before the Emancipation clause of the Constitution was ratified. This was a violation of law. He got no votes in 1864 anywhere around here.

Mrs. LUCY McCARTY. This very prominent Christian woman was best versed of all I interviewed on the family history of the people of Hardin County. She was a daughter of James Crutcher who had built Crutcher's Church. She lived on the old



place. Her husband was a brother-in-law of Dr. Henry Pusey, of a noted family in Kentucky.

She had collected a very large scrap book which gave me considerable information about events and persons. Jacob Van Meter's daughter, Susan, was her grandmother. She herself knew a great deal about Squire Boone's family as well as Josiah Lincoln. They had become the owners of a great deal of land in Harrison County, Indiana.

She had witnessed the taking of Robert Van Meter by the Jarrett soldiers, and had herself pleaded with them to release him and his companions. She knew the men so well that she knew that they had committed no fault. Jarrett was insulting in his language to her.

She had attended the Mill Creek Church often when a girl. She knew Nancy Lincoln at sight and felt sorry for her after the war was over, as the people denounced Lincoln so much, it must have embarrassed her a great deal, but she was a very clever old lady.

She did not think from what her father had told her that any of the Lincolns were church people in the sense that they were religious and accepted any creed. Neither were any of them opposed to slavery. Her father's father and mother had both been born in Virginia, and had previously been associated with the Lincolns before they came over.

The conduct of the soldiers at Louisville under General Burbridge was terrible. Law and order was not respected. It was a destruction of everything the people had, from day to day, until there was nothing to destroy.

She remembered that many people thinking Nancy Brumfield might help them, did make their ap-

peal to her, but she doubted if she was ever able to do anything, because of the powerful self-seeking politicians. She had heard that Nancy Lincoln's son-in-law had a very quick approach to the President and did a lot of good things for the poor people. Austin was his name. She was glad to know that it had passed, never to return. Her folks were in sympathy with the Confederacy.

JOHN MOORE. He was born in 1816. He lived in the house where the writer's mother was assaulted in 1863. He owned a distillery on Mill Creek, and knew that Tom Lincoln had built it. He knew the Lincolns very slightly, though in growing up, his father had talked a good deal about Tom Lincoln, having been such close neighbors, Thomas being a politician. He knew all of the Meltons who owned the farm that Thomas Lincoln sold them. He also knew Elinor Peck ("Leona," they called her). "She was an authority on the Lincolns, was neighbor to them. He had heard her talk about them many times. He had no patience with those who had a good word for President Lincoln, whatever his people might have been. He had always heard Thomas Lincoln spoken well of."

"If a man running for President could not get a vote in the precinct where he was born, and only six in a big county like this, there was certainly something wrong with him. Then after the people had tried him out four years, with soldiers all round to interfere with the free vote of the people, he could get only about seventy-five votes, surely that was proof enough; well that was about the size of Abe Lincoln."

"Where was he born Mr. Moore?"

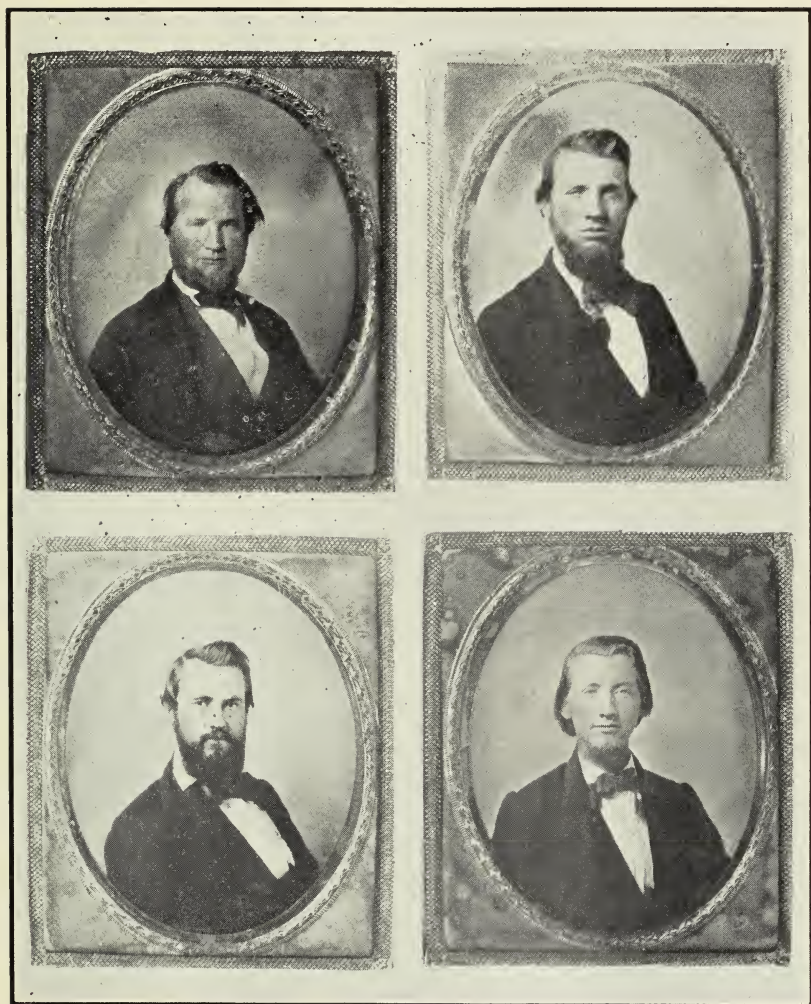


Photo copies of tin types of four of the eight Ditto brothers whose father was intimately associated with Thomas Lincoln in building present Dixie Highway in Hardin County. Births ranging from 1807 to 1818.



The Williamses and Pecks, and my father said "He was born in the Thomas Melton house. Old John Peck died in 1866—if any man living knew where Abe Lincoln was born he did. He told me several times the children were born there. Tom, he said, was intimate with his family."

"If you had been around here during the war and had witnessed the atrocious things that went on, you never could have any respect for a soldier in uniform, nor for Abraham Lincoln. War develops the worst that is in a man it seems, and when you put a uniform on a damn fool and give him some authority he becomes a knave at once. All of the hell that is born in him comes right out; killing is his pastime."

Bill Williams over there, son of old John and grandson of old Tom can tell you where Abe was born and all about the farm house better than anybody living here, unless it would be Uncle Jack and Reuben Peck. They knew of course."

"Right there in this yard is where your mother was assaulted by a scoundrel in a Yankee uniform. He got swelled up and thought he must kill some one so he picked out a child and a woman."

"That act was the result of the environ of murder, and it went on here for years in this section. Lincoln had the power to stop it, but did he? I say he did not try to do it. He left old Jarrett and Burbridge here until he got tired of the smell of blood himself. I cannot see anything grand or glorious in Lincoln. I do not think he had ability in the first place, and I do not think he had either courage or humanity in the next place. If he had, then he would have stopped these outrages on our good citizens."

"Kentucky would have been better off if she had



seceded. These weak-kneed Union men thought that if the state remained in the Union, the soldiers would protect us from the guerrillas, but that made it worse. Well they got down to the point where they put the negroes over us, to guard our homes, and they insulted us, raped our women, rode like lords over our property and stole for the d...onery white Captains. They defied the courts, shot to death innocent people, and showed no respect for law or decent society. The result was nobody had any respect for Abe Lincoln."

"Find me an upstanding man in this county, living through that period, for Lincoln, and I will show you a two-headed horse."

As for me you can put me down as saying, I have no respect for the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Herndon was here, and wanted to talk to me and Si Smith, but I refused to talk to him."

#### FRANKLIN DITTO.

Mr. Ditto was about eighty in 1887 when I asked him if he knew anything about Thomas Lincoln or the Lincolns. He had heard his father say that Thomas Lincoln was responsible for the building and laying out of the main highway to West Point, and also for the road from Elizabethtown to Brandenburg. Both of these, Thomas Lincoln had, in some capacity, worked on, he could not remember in what capacity, but he was responsible for getting them through. Both his father and grandfather were interested in the Brandenburg road, and they signed the petition and log rolled to get it through; he knew that Thomas was the principal man in that deal though he might have been a surveyor or supervisor. It was a very important highway in those days.

Thomas was employed somewhat on account of his influence with the court in Hardin County. At that time, my father lived in Hardin County, before Meade was cut off, and when the road was built father lived in this section here close to West Point, Kentucky.

He also thought that before Captain Lincoln was killed there had been a raid on the block house or a fight with the Indians, Captain Bland Ballard's crowd had had a skirmish down Salt River somewhere near Brashears Station or Fort. He had heard, however, that a single Indian came back, and unawares shot the Captain. This would be southeast of Louisville in Jefferson County, known in that time as a Squire Boone colony, where his father settled, and then the Boones went over into Harrison County, Indiana, just across the river and took up a good big body of land along the river. Josiah Lincoln was in that crowd. Charles Howard's father was also in this colony, attached to Squire Boone, who had the title of Captain. Daniel had the title of Colonel. Mary Jane Hart was a daughter of Silas Hart of Rockingham County, Virginia. She was born in 1775, and was sister to the man they called "sharp eye," that the Indians killed, but I have heard the story that the Indian who killed the Captain thought he was shooting Hart, and later they did kill Hart, although his son, father of the man they call Silas, who lives at Tip Top, shot the Indian that killed his father. Mary Jane married into the Boones, I do not know which one, but I knew her."

"I saw Mrs. William Nall once when on a visit to my brother at Vine Grove at the Otter Creek Church; she, I think, was a daughter of Nancy Lin-

coln. That was before the war, in 1860, I would say. They had a basket dinner and I was introduced to her, and had a conversation at some length. I was curious about the Lincolns and asked her a good many questions, and really got more information from her than I ever had, though I had heard my father talk often about her uncle Thomas Lincoln. She was, I judge, older than I. Mr. Nall was an active member of that church."

The foregoing individuals, it must be kept in mind were most intimately, through their families, associated with the movements of the Lincolns. Mrs. McCarty and Mrs. Haynes were of the Crutcher tribe who were among the very first settlers in Elizabethtown.

Jackson Peck was nine years old when President Lincoln was born; a man of more than ordinary intelligence, living on an adjoining farm to Tom Lincoln, it is quite certain his knowledge of the Lincoln's was as accurate as boys of that age would have about matters in the neighborhood. He was seventeen years of age when Tom Lincoln left Hardin County for Indiana. His mother was a very good friend of Nancy Hanks. Tom Lincoln, he observed to the writer, lived most of his life on the Mill Creek farm, and from this point farmed the Knob Creek and Nolin farms; and this was the most logical conclusion one would reach in delving into his manner of living, his method of business and the conditions that surrounded him.

## CHAPTER XII

### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BIRTH PLACE—FINDINGS.

**T**WO men, bred in the same community, yet with widely different personalities were closely allied with the Lincoln period of Mill Creek history. They were Rev. John Hargan, Methodist Evangel, erstwhile preacher at the Mill Creek Baptist Church, liberal per se, and James Proctor Howell, erudite philosopher and Magistrate for fifty years.

Hargan was a God-fearing, red devil hater of the period of fire and brimstone. He believed it and preached it.

Naturally, they arrived at different estimates of President Lincoln, though both were entirely familiar with all of the Lincoln antecedents.

James Proctor Howell was influenced by the views of his father, Clairborne Howell. The elder Howell was a strict follower of the Voltaire-Jefferson-Paine school of thinking. John Hargan came from an old Virginia family of religious autocrats who believed that Jefferson and Paine were to be tolerated only because of their devotion to George Washington and the actual support of religious freedom as a policy of the state. One class feared the preceding history of the Catholics, the other believed the day of religious tyranny had long since passed.

The Reverend John could remove his coat and

put it away as a cloth of Christ and accommodate any slapper of one cheek not turning the other without seriously endangering his devotion to the ten cardinal commandments of the Red Sea martyrs.

### INTERVIEWS (1889)

James Proctor much preferred a quiet corner for a snooze while the Reverend John told his hearers how Judas had betrayed the Saviour and how at last, that Saviour had died, that ordinary mortals might have a chance to embrace a plan of salvation that cleared the stumbling blocks to the next world.

These men possessed one common fact, important in this inquiry, about the Lincolns, a knowledge of the birthplace of young Abraham. John had voted for Abraham Lincoln, he was one of the six in 1860, and freely admitted he was proud of it. His father had lived on Mill Creek, and had been one of the supporters and admirers of Bersheba Lincoln. John himself had looked at the tottering old lady in an early day without any thought that she was destined to become famous as the founder of the House of Lincoln. He knew the smart and clever Nancy. He had heard his father say that the Lincoln children were both born at the Mill Creek farm, but since the President had said that he was born on Nolin, he could not remember the exact spot. John was sufficiently loyal to the Abe Lincoln school to accept that as reversing the tradition of his family, and averred that tradition must have stepped on a banana peel.

He was sound on Lincoln's war policy, but he believed it was the business of the government, as long as Lincoln had done so much for the United States of America, to take over the old church and Lin-



coln Cemetery as a shrine for all the idolators of the Lincoln regime.

He knew that Lincoln could not be answerable for the crimes of Jarrett, Burbridge and Elzeanor Paine. The facts bored him, but nevertheless, it was war, and you had to fight fire with fire. The great thing which the President had to do was to save the Union, and those who got in the way of the Juggernaut of Union salvation were just unfortunate and ought not, in the course of events, to cast any blame on Lincoln.

He was sure that the country would finally appreciate this supreme fact, first, because he believed, now and forever, in the Union at all hazards, and secondly, because Lincoln had founded the G. O. P., destined to function as the source of human relief in all emergencies that would arrive, and mount the stages of progress in future years. That, with his fount of Methodism, made him an ideal optimist, always and ever happy and hopeful. John said; "If Abe Lincoln said he was born on Nolin, that settles it for me, but my father said he was born in the Tom Melton house, but Abe was there when he was born and Pap was not."

The philosophic James Proctor Howell of the law and not of the cloth was not so certain of the infallibility of Abraham Lincoln. He was more particular how his politics were boiled for him. John had grown to manhood when he got up to the pants wearing age, chasing his coat tails and had never really gotten anywhere in religion or his belief in how to run governments. Therefore, he did not accept a thing he said, and as for his politics he was quite as sure he would follow Dick Croker as quick as he would Benjamin Harrison if he had three letters

written on the seat of his jeans,—G. O. P. That was his estimate, in plain language, of the reversal of the Rev. John of his father's findings on the Lincoln birthplace.

James Proctor was Justice of the Peace for about fifty consecutive years in Hardin County, and his constable for thirty of these years, was James Peck, grandson of Elinor, whose granddaughter, Martha, he had married.

They were, therefore, of kin by interposition of law. They both had little fear when it served the ends of justice of taking a "horn" of the right kind of "liquor" during court recesses. James Proctor was more or less of a sage. He knew what Voltaire had written about the Pope of Rome and what should be done with him, and he could tell you exactly what kind of a brush and the quality of paint Voltaire used to paint the figure of Louis the Sixteenth. He also knew what was in the Constitution of the United States. Law was not a figure of speech with him; it had prongs for execution, and sound husky legs to stand on, and when it struck out from his court he meant the kick to bring results. So when the war, with its trappings came along and old Jarrett told him on whom to levy his writs of replevin, he was as incorrigible as a three-year old mule. Jarrett's credentials meant nothing to him. General Burbridge, to him was a damp-hool Yankee with a blue coat, meddling in other people's affairs for the benefit of the "coons," "and them," said he, "are my sentiments."

Well, I just showed him a new picture of President Lincoln and asked him if he saw any resemblance in it to the President, as he had seen him and knew him.

"Say, son, I have not taken a drink for twenty years, nor have I had any internal trouble, but if you don't put that paper away I am sure to take to the bottle."

"Yes, I knew some of the old Lincolns and father knew them all, good and well. I have heard their history many times, especially during the war and just before, when the d— Know Nothings were squirting their tobacco juice in your eyes. I was a full-fledged man during the reign of terror in 1860, to '65; during the reign of Abraham the First and Abraham the Last, thank God; and that was a reign of terror when no man knew where to lay his head and call it safe for the morning. Nancy Lincoln is worth all of the Lincolns, and that is no compliment to her. They lived on Mill Creek, after they got here from Virginia, and they put Mill Creek on their deer skin coat of arms."

"Young Abe won the war with main strength and awkwardness, and by suspending all of the constitutional guarantees in the Constitution of the United States and a thousand more that Stanton put in for good measure. If Stanton knew anything about Justice, then on the same theory Jeffrys should have been made, at his death, counsellor for God Almighty. There was Elzeanor Paine of Ohio, Captain Jarrett of the guards, Burbridge of bluemule fame, Palmer, Davis. Nero, by comparison, would look like salvation to a sinner wrecked by diabolical debauches. Yes, I knew the Lincolns, especially the President. By their works we shall know them."

"Uncle James, it is said that in that section on Mill Creek in the days when the President was born, the people were very debauched, ordinary, immoral, com-

mon, ignorant, half savages, subsisting on roots, and half-fed all of the time."

"That came from where? Listen to me. There never has been born a more able or a more brainy people in this world than these same half savages.

They have been coming out of the woods over there for fifty years and going out into the world making a reputation for that breeding plant, the like of which you will never live to see; for that reason, I have marvelled at Lincoln's crudeness, lack of industry, and manhood."

"It was these folks whose sons drove the English, at the battle of the Thames, into hell and the lakes. They were the boys that got Tecumseh and shot it out with him at his own game. They were the boys that put the pepper under the English at New Orleans, in spite of the snorting Jackson. They had sense enough to fight only when they had a chance to win, they were not willing to be murdered in mass in order to make old Hickory President. They blazed a trail for Rogers Clark, and they met the Indians first for General Wayne. They pilgrimaged for Lewis and Clark, took them to the Pacific coast and got back safe with their hides sound and their muskets ready for more. They could fight on an empty stomach and foot it in a day as far as a thoroughbred horse. Where do you get your Christy Millers, Ben Crists, Nigger Brodericks, "Sharp Eye Harts?" These precious products of a raw civilization came out of these woods, and they learned to write and read without warming a seat six years in a red school house while they hung on to their mothers' apron strings."

"Uncle James, Herndon stated that Lincoln said

he was born on Nolin Creek. Did you ever hear where he was born?"

"That's no loss to Nolin if he was not, and it is no gain to Mill Creek if he was."

"But he was born on Mill Creek up by the Tom Williams farm, and the old Henry Peck place that was once owned by old John Stator's daddy. That's what Aunt Peck said, and old Tom Williams. It is what my father said also. Why, I have been a magistrate for a long time, and the first roads built according to the records were built by old Tom Lincoln while he owned that place and before he married. He used to live down here on the creek with Jacob Van Meter. All of these old Vertrees's, who have been here for always will tell you the same thing. Old Jacob and William both; and Jacob Pearman who was a friend of Tom's. I have heard all of them talk about it. Especially when Abe got to be talked about, and the slave question got red hot around here. Who didn't cuss Abe Lincoln then."

"Uncle James, they tell a story here about you during the war. I want to ask you if it is true. They say Jarrett sent one of his men over to your court at the close of the war to help you render proper judgments, and you dismissed court on the theory that everyone connected with the court was drunk. How about it?"

"Well, Jim Peck, my constable, was drunk, the soldier was drunk, so I wrote this entry on the docket; "Court adjourned on account of drunkenness of officers," and in order to make it the truth, I got drunk. Any man in his right mind in those days could not stay sober. He had to get drunk to keep uniform with the company he had there. It was that or suicide, and I wanted to go on living, and



you see I am still here; under the circumstances not a bad prescription."

"It may be, I am too hard on Abraham Lincoln; perhaps he was better than I think of him, and it maybe we got the worst of it here. At any rate, the Union did not split, that's one thing; Lincoln passed on as the Union came back, that's another thing; and if Abe died to save the Union then he is another figure in history, and in my mind. I am here today, but a very old man, so what difference does it make in the end. Better we forget the wrongs of that day and forgive him, we may need him somewhere else."

JAMES DAVIS (1888).

Oldest member of the Davis family, then residing within a mile of the old church; his grandfather was an Indian fighter for ten years or more, a woodsman who never spared an Indian; whose body was marked from toe to head with wounds he had received from Indians. He was a friend of Captain Lincoln. He had seen Bersheba Lincoln, knew Bill Brumfield's wife. His father had served on the Jury with Thomas Lincoln, and in a few instances on jobs with him; some kind of road service. His father always had said the Lincolns were his old friends. His grandfather lived until before the war of 1860; he did not know the exact year of his death, but he heard the Lincolns discussed in the Douglas-Lincoln debates. They took a lively interest in it because they could not understand how Abe got to be opposed to slavery. Tom was a "Patroller" and was on the other side, the old man said. He knew Abe's birthplace had been discussed, and the old man said he was born up Mill Creek. He could not say just the spot, but it was in the Mount Zion country. In fact, he,

James, said "that was the common understanding in that country during the war. Do not know anything about what church they belonged to, if any."

JOHN G. NALL, Vine Grove, Postmaster, 1892.

"My father was William P. Nall. He married a daughter of Nancy Lincoln, hence I am a second cousin of the President."

"My father always told me substantially what you have quoted there in your statement. My mother also visited back and forth with Nancy Lincoln and Austin's wife, the daughter. I knew Bill Austin, who was a very clever and yet a very peculiar man. The old folks are all buried at the Mill Creek Cemetery."

"So far as I ever knew, they were all Democrats. I do not think the President ever knew where he was born and I doubt if the subject was ever discussed between himself and mother or father. He was just confused about the creeks he was born on. It most likely was on Mill Creek, though I could not give you any valuable information about it, though my father and mother both thought he was born on Mill Creek. John Nall, my grandfather was born in 1772 and he was well acquainted with the entire family, as my father was. I think my mother was born in about 1803, though I am not sure. My grandfather came west with the balance of the settlers there."

"My brother Luther lives in Missouri but I don't think he knows any more about the family than I do. There was never any opposition to slavery in the Lincoln family. Abraham, I think, inherited his opposition from politics. He was in reality a Democrat, but there was not room enough for two big Demo-

crats in the party in Illinois like Lincoln and Douglas."

ABNER RAY, Stithton, Kentucky. Eighty-eight years of age—1887.

"Well, my father came here with the Lincolns and knew them. We were Catholics and most of the Catholics came over here with the Marylanders in this part of Hardin, but the Lincolns were not church people; they hated the Kings and they allowed religion and Kings had been abed together too much. I knew Nancy and Bersheba and Bill Austin—they were good folks, unafraid folks. Yes, I knew Nall's wife."

"Tom and my father laid out these roads. It's news to me when you tell me Abraham was born over on Nolin. I would bet a coon skin against a dime he was born on Mill Creek, so said all of the old folks. Nancy Lincoln was a great woman, and a good-looking fighting woman, you bet she was that."

JOHN STATOR, Mill Creek (1888).

"Born and raised on Mill Creek, lived there all of my life. Grandfather, I suppose, sold Thomas Lincoln the Mill Creek farm. Always heard the two children were born on Mill Creek before they moved to Larue. Heard it discussed during the war, but I had heard it discussed in my family before. Grandfather served with Tom Lincoln on the Jury when Abe was born, I have heard from the family."

WILLIAM DECKERD (1888).

"I have lived here within a mile of Mill Creek most all of my life. Never heard about Abe Lin-

coln being born any other place than Mill Creek until after the war. I voted for him in 1860 and 1864. The old folks around here said he was born there."

JOHN OWENS, Cedar Creek (1888).

"The Lincolns, so my father said, were born on the old William May survey of land or Tom Melton farm as most people called it. It is about three miles from this place. My grandfather was as old as Tom Lincoln and lived here and run a store and a farm all of his life. I knew Nancy Lincoln Brumfield. My father was the President's age."

DAVID SELBY, Mill Creek (1887).

"It was settled tradition in this section of Mill Creek that Abe Lincoln was born on the old Melton place and old Tom bought it from Thomas Lincoln. I was born in 1829 and have lived here most all of my life. John Williams who was born up there by it told me that once, and Uncle Billy Smith said so."

JAMES STOVALL, Colesburg (1889). Son of John O. Stowall, born in 1813.

"I never heard much mention of it except during the war, the old folks said Abe was born on the headwaters of Mill Creek, by Sim Rosiers' place, on the old Tom Melton farm. My father said Tom Lincoln built the house on that place, the first one, the old house. "

JACK MELTON, Mill Creek, made this statement to Solomon Irwin in 1860.

"My father was Tom Melton. He bought the old Thomas Lincoln farm. It had a log house on it

when we moved there. I was raised there; before that we lived a mile away. Abe Lincoln, my mother and father said, was born in that house in the Spring of 1809. They went to Indiana after they sold out. I am older than Abe Lincoln some."

JAMES CULEE, Mill Creek (1888).

"I was not there, of course, but all of our old people said the Lincoln children were born on the Melton Mill Creek farm, up by Mount Zion. John Moore, Colonel John Cowley, Jack Melton, Uncle Billy Smith and the Williams' said that. I never heard anything different. The house is back of the Shepherdsville road, and about five miles from Elizabethtown."

CEPHAS SMITH (1887).

"I am a son of William Smith and was born and raised on Mill Creek about two miles from the old Melton Place, we call it. Tom Melton lived there and he bought the place from Thomas Lincoln. I always heard from the neighbors that in that house on the Melton place the Lincoln children were born. I was not born at that time but was born about the time Thomas Lincoln left there, 1816. I heard old Mrs. Tom Williams say that, and she was their nearest neighbor I would guess, and Aunt Peck they called her, I guess was about the next nearest."

THOMAS HARRIS, Mill Creek (1887).

"Surely the Lincolns lived over here for a long time and sold out to Thomas Melton. I am a carpenter, so was my father, and I have heard him talk about Tom Lincoln many a time. I was born in 1820 but I heard plenty talk about it during the war when



they got up the subject. The children were born there, both Abe and his sister. All of the old people said so. I heard my father say that when he was an old man. He liked Thomas Lincoln, said he was a good mechanic and a fine fellow."

WESLEY COWLEY, Mill Creek (1890).

"I could not tell you where Lincoln was born. I lived here close to the Brumfield's farm but I always heard from the Austins that Abe Lincoln was born up the creek at the old Melton farm. I heard it discussed when the war was on, and when I was a boy I heard mention of it."

JORDON WATTS (1890), Justice of the Peace, Stithton, Kentucky.

"I was a tax collector in this district and have been Justice of the Peace for a long time. I have heard a lot of discussion about Abe Lincoln. This was particularly true during the war and right after the war.

I knew the Austin girl, Mary, and Elizabeth Nall, daughters of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, and I knew the old lady; once I was there and asked them about Lincoln, they did not want to talk much about Lincoln—the feeling was bitter here, but they did say that they were related to him and that he was born on the "Creek." I talked freely to the old lady, telling her that no one held anything against her, but the feeling was due to what the soldiers did, and Lincoln was not responsible for that. They lived then about four miles or more north of the old Thomas Melton farm once owned by Thomas Lincoln. I knew every old man in that country and had at one time or another talked to them and have heard some of them discuss Lincoln. All that I ever heard

mention the subject of where he was born, said, "Mill Creek," including Nancy Brumfield, referring to the Mill Creek farm."

"I knew Bill Austin, he married a daughter of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, and a d— fine fellow he was. I knew Sam Haycraft. He owned the farm by Nancy Lincoln. He was unpopular after the war."

EDWARD GEOGHEGAN, West Point (1888).

"My father and grandfather knew the Lincolns, all of them in their time. My grandfather was well acquainted with Thomas. Tom worked for him around Elizabethtown. I never heard much talk about Abe Lincoln until during the war and after the war. I saw a discussion of Hendorn's 'Life of Lincoln.' I am sure of one thing, that he was not born on Nolin Creek but on Mill Creek, if I have his personal history straight. A lot of the articles written about Lincoln are pure imagination anyway."

JOHN HOWLETT, Stithon, Kentucky (1888).

"Father and myself have lived here in the Mill Creek section, he since 1807; and I have often heard him and others discuss Abe Lincoln (during the war), and among the things they discussed was his birth. They said he was born on Mill Creek, up by Mount Zion."

NANCY MELTON, by Ben Irwin. (Fall of '83.)

This lady at this time was in poor health and died shortly after I tried to talk to her. Her son-in-law, Benjamin Irwin was a son of Solomon Irwin and Lucretia Smith, the latter, daughter of Dr. William Smith.

She was the widow of John Melton or "Jack," as he was commonly called on Mill Creek. They had lived close to the Thomas Lincoln farm purchased from Lincoln by her father-in-law, and on it Jack was raised. They moved on it in 1815; she was twelve years old. She saw the Lincolns herself when they went to Indiana, living close to the Melton farm at that time, when they stopped to see Thomas Melton.

Thomas Lincoln built the house on it before he was married, and when he married he moved into it. She had been in it many times in her lifetime. John lived there when they were married and they had the "infare," a wedding supper in it. It was a two-room log house and in one end had a nice finished stairway built in it by Thomas Lincoln, which was uncommon in those days. She was very certain Abraham was born there. She was about six years older than Abraham Lincoln at that time, and it was talked so many times in her family and the Melton, Peck and Williams families she had not the slightest doubt of it. She remembered that Sarah was running around about that time. Thomas Melton had said that he helped Thomas Lincoln build the Nolin "shack" and it was done in 1809 in the summertime, after Abe Lincoln was born. That was her best recollection of just what he said. Her husband was a son of Thomas Melton, and was also six years older than Abe Lincoln. Thomas Melton her father-in-law, worked the Mill Creek farm before he bought it from Thomas Lincoln. He bought it in the Winter of 1814. She had often heard both her husband and his father talk about it, and she had heard old John Thomas talk about it.

She often went to church and there saw the Lincolns, the mother of Thomas, the sisters, and the

Thomas Lincoln children. She could not be mistaken about how they looked, and who they were, as all the neighbors around that creek knew each other very well. She remembered that Nancy Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln's wife was a sharp-faced homely woman but accounted smart. Nancy Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln's sister, was good-looking and accounted to be the brightest mind in the Lincoln family. She did not die until after the war, and if her death was reported in 1845, that was somebody's mistake. She was pretty well on to a hundred when she died, she had heard the neighbors say. She had heard some talk about Nancy Hanks that was not complimentary but she believed not one word of it.

MARTHA HOWELL, wife of James Proctor Howell and daughter of Thomas Peck and Margaret McMahan (1890).

She heard her mother, born in 1798 and her father born in 1794, talk about the Lincolns. Her father was a very near neighbor of the Thomas Lincolns when they lived on Mill Creek. He was about grown when Abe Lincoln was born. He had said when they were talking about it on numerous occasions in her presence when it came up during the war, she thought it was, that Abe Lincoln was born on the Thomas Lincoln farm on Mill Creek. The farm he sold to Thomas Melton. Thomas Peck was raised there near them. He was the son of John and Elinor Peck. Her grandfather, John McMahan came to Kentucky with the Lincolns, she understood. Her father died in the Fall of 1866 and her mother in the Fall of 1880.

She had heard lots of talk about the Lincolns but she did not herself know much about them as she

was raised on the "turnpike," now the Dixie Highway, but she was sure that her father had the best opportunity to know where the Lincolns lived and where the President had been born. She did not know there was a doubt about it until she had read in the Journal, Louisville, that Lincoln said he was born somewhere on Nolin Creek.

She had never seen a statement from Thomas Lincoln supporting the President's statement, and was sure the president knew of his own knowledge very little about where he was born. Her husband, James Proctor, wished to add that the smaller the log cabin and the poorer it looked the better it suited Abraham's purpose, and the reason he did not fix the present spot was because he wanted to cover more territory as a matter of safety—not knowing his birthplace.

BETSY OWENS. (Born August 13th, 1807, died November 26th, 1887.)

It was in 1885 that the writer interviewed this old lady who lived a few hundred yards up the creek from the Colonel John Cowley place.

She lived there with her sister, Jane. She knew of all the Lincolns but was acquainted with Bersheba and Nancy Lincoln Brumfield and Elizabeth Nall and Mary Austin who lived within two miles of her. She had heard them a few times talk about Abraham Lincoln, and her recollection was that they had said, he was born on the Mill Creek farm of Thomas Lincoln. That Thomas, when he married, moved into this house which he had already built. It was on the Shepherdsville Road to the right as you go to Elizabethtown, and that was, she had always heard, the place the two children were born.



Lincoln lived there, she thought, seven or eight years. She had often seen him when she was young, but did not remember just how he looked.

She was born in that neighborhood and had always lived there. Nancy Lincoln Brumfield was a smart woman, lived to be very old and was buried over at the old Baptist Church Cemetery, she was sure of that, as her mother, Bersheba, had also been buried there. Nancy, not until after the war. She knew the Austins and she had heard the story that Bill Austin left home after the war, and they had never heard from him or about him. She considered him a strange man anyway. Bill Brumfield was a good neighbor,—they were Democrats in politics. She knew most of all of the men whose names I went over.

WILLIAM HODGEN, Shawnee, Oklahoma, in 1909.

"I was born about three miles from Hodgenville close to what they call the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. I was born in the thirties. My father was born there in Hardin County also. I knew the Friends, and most of those who claim to know about the Lincolns. According to my father, Lincoln never lived there very long. He came from Mill Creek over on to that place, he said, in about 1809 or 10, in the spring of the year and hewed and cut logs for a small house, which I suppose you have seen. My father was a youngster at that time but big enough to run about and take interest in such things."

"We were pretty certain in our family that Abe Lincoln was not born there, although folks acquiesced in the statement of the President, who did

not know where he was born, having probably not heard his mother and father say, who were not interested in the subject."

"Now I suppose Lincoln built the house in the summer early, but if it is as you say, he did not buy it until a few months before that date, it makes it more certain that he was not born there."

"Generally, they would cut such timber in the Winter and hew the logs then, and when warm weather would come they would have a house raising, and put up the logs. The sap would commence to come up about the middle of April and the logs should be cut before."

"I am informed that they lived in this place only about two years, but I am not in doubt that both father and grandfather said that Abe was an infant when they moved into it and it was warm weather, and I feel sure that Thomas built it."

"Leases of land were made in that country to run until March 1st, of each year, so it is not likely Tom Lincoln could get possession of this place until after March 1st, 1809."

"He had a big farm over on Mill Creek which he owned, so I understood from them, that Lincoln moved directly from that farm, so Abe must have been born there. He, later, bought some land in the Knob Creek country, but that did not turn out so well, something wrong with the title, but he did not buy this farm until after he had owned the Nolin place close to grandfather's. My father and grandfather both told me that Thomas Lincoln had two children when he moved over on that Nolin Place. I have no interest in the matter at all, and I have heard other talk from some of the old Millers and Redmonds who lived around there to that effect,

but I base my information on the recollection of what grandfather and father said about it; my mother knew very little about it. If you have talked to John Kennedy, whose folks lived in that section, you found out about the same. This is about the truth as near as hearsay and family tradition could get it."

FREDERICK TULL, Vine Grove, Kentucky. (1884), (born in 1809).

Frederick Tull was a harness maker in Vine Grove when the writer was going to High School in that town. His father was removed as road supervisor and Tom Lincoln appointed to succeed him of what is known as the Bardstown-Shepherdsville road, which roads branch, after leaving Elizabethtown, one going to Bardstown, the other to Pitts Point, passing Tom Lincoln's farm about three miles from the cross roads. This road was probably laid out before this time 1803, but not officially surveyed and land-condemned, which made it a public road that had to be maintained.

"I knew the Lincolns, yes, but I did not know Thomas, though I heard he was a good man. I can say that my father knew him well for he lived up about the forks of the Shepherdsville and Bardstown road just outside of town." (Elizabethtown.)

"All of this d— moonshine about his being born on Nolin, President Lincoln got up himself. He was off on the slavery question and he did not want these Mill Creek neighbors shooting at his family on account of this slavery business. That is the whole matter. Abe Lincoln was born right down the Shepherdsville road there below us, going north to Pitts Point, where you cross the Rolling Fork. It

was owned by Tom Melton when I got to be a young man, and there some of the Meltons lived, and there, Tom Williams and men like Joe Swank said Abe and the girl were born. My father helped to lay out those roads up there and I think old Tom helped him. John Smith was a Surveyor and he carried Tom around with him, and they were in together as thick as Siamese twins."

"I knew most all the old ones and have heard them talk about Tom Lincoln. Joe Swanks, Christy Bush, John Price, Tom Williams, John Smith, Tom Melton, lived over there together, and were friends. Josiah Lincoln married old Mike Barlow's daughter, and they moved down into what is now Grayson County and then back to Hardin in the Rock Haven country."

"I knew Jacob Vertrees and Joseph and have talked to them and Billie Vertrees a lot of times about the Lincolns; both Tom and Josiah; they knew them well in their time, and I have heard them all say that President Lincoln was born up there on Mill Creek. Jacob served on the Jury with Tom Lincoln at about the time young Abe was born, I have heard him say, and of course such men knew, when they lived by him."

John Thomas, Joe Hanks, Tom Williams, John Smith, Jno. Williams and Tom Lincoln served on a Jury the 15th of November, 1808. Jacob and Joseph and William Vertrees served on juries with Tom Lincoln. James Pauley who married Nancy Smith also served with Tom Lincoln.

JAMES HORN, Vine Grove, Kentucky (1890).

"My own personal knowledge of Lincoln's birthplace is of course nothing. My ancestors lived in the



Nolin Creek country and I believe one of the Horn's, an uncle, owned the Tom Lincoln farm at one time, after he owned it. It was then known to them as the farm once owned by the President's father but as for them knowing it as "his birthplace," I never heard any of the old ones assert that fact."

"I am inclined to the opinion from all that I have heard, that he did not buy this farm until after the President was born. I have heard, however, that he built the cabin on it."

"In recent years, of course, it has been stated that he was born on this farm. This fact, however, has been generally disputed by the old residents of Mill Creek, then living, and their sons and daughters. He was born up near the Mount Zion Church on the old Tom Lincoln farm located about four miles northeast of Elizabethtown."

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Vine Grove, Kentucky (1888).

"I was born in that part of Hardin County where it is said that Abraham Lincoln was born, though I lived in Elizabethtown, the greater part of my young manhood. I have heard since the war many times that President Lincoln was born on the Nolin Creek farm, but I would regard it as very unsatisfactory evidence, what I have heard and what I have read. No one has been able to tell a straight story about it and the published statements, including the President's statement, are very conflicting."

"I have lived here in this section, near Mill Creek, the greater portion of my life and I have heard many men on Mill Creek discuss the fact of his birth and all of them who had any knowledge about the matter said he was born on Mill Creek; that would be close



to Elizabethtown on the Shepherdsville Road and on the farm that was owned by Tom Lincoln from the time he was a grown man until he left Hardin County."

"Mr. William Nall, and his wife, Elizabeth, said he was a "Mill Creeker;" that, I suppose would mean that he was born there. Mrs. Nall was a good many years older than the President, and the daughter of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, who lived nearby the Tom Lincoln farm. This was a very good farm and had a good house on it, which I have always understood was built by Tom Lincoln. It would seem to me unreasonable that Lincoln would move out of his house and rent that farm and move into a cabin like the one which has been generally accepted as the birthplace of President Lincoln."

"There is another matter to be considered and that is, that the oldest people in Elizabethtown say that he did not buy any land on Nolin Creek until after Abraham Lincoln was born. These people, of course, are dead, including my father and mother."

"I knew Sam Haycraft very well and it was his contention that he was born close to Elizabethtown. He said at times, "at Elizabethtown"—which could mean his Shepherdsville road farm. His nearest relatives, including his two aunts and his grandmother, all lived on Mill Creek."

"About his birth Lincoln said, in 1860—"My parents being dead, and my memory not serving, I know no means of identifying the precise locality—it was on Nolin."

"Now, if Tom did not sell the Mill Creek farm until about the time he left for Indiana, it would seem to me, from all that I know and have heard, that the President was born there."

"I do not think the President's statement in this matter, or in any other matter, could be taken literally. I only have to refer to his position on the slavery question to support this contention."

"You may take his Gettysburg speech and that speech is an abstraction of statements made by the philosopher Rousseau, and Alexander Hamilton, who wrote the articles concerning our form of government in the *Spectator*."

"Much of the philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, as well as the words, were carved, in my opinion, from Voltaire, Rousseau, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson."

Mr. Cunningham, furthermore, went into the Elizabethtown theory at one time held that Thomas Lincoln was living in Elizabethtown at the time or before the birth of the President. This investigation was pretty thoroughly made in 1860, and the conclusion was reached that Tom Lincoln had never lived in Elizabethtown at any time after his marriage and never at any time owned a house in Elizabethtown; that, at one or two intervals, his family had occupied for a time one of the Hank's boy's house, but that this was after Hanks had moved away from Elizabethtown. He had visited them and his wife had frequently been seen around there with the Hanks women. His family knew about as much about the Lincolns as any one, and they had also concluded that his sister, Sarah, was not born in Elizabethtown either, but out on the Mill Creek farm where he had built a substantial cabin into which he had moved after his marriage.

Mr. Cunningham belonged to a very old and intellectual family. He was known for his student qualities and general information.

## INTERVIEW (1887)

JUDGE MATHIS, former County Judge of the County Court, told the writer in 1887 that Judge Fairleigh had told him, what he, Fairleigh, believed to be the truth about Lincoln's birth, coming from a humble but pretty free source. An old Smith negro had told him in 1860 when they were talking, about Elizabethtown as his birth place, "that he knew all about Lincoln's birth, if the President was the son of Mr. Thomas Lincoln, because Mr. Tom Lincoln lived right close to his white folks, and "what his eyes saw they believed," was the expression; that it was in the very cold weather in 1809, and Mr. Lincoln was away from home when the baby's mother was taken sick, and two or three of the white women went over to the house and were there when the baby was born.

He had lived there all the time Mr. Tom Lincoln was living there, which was about seven or eight years. The writer concluded that this colored man was either one of the slaves of Dr. William Smith or James Smith, his father, on Mill Creek, and that it fitted the Nancy Ann Smith Pauley story, which was a legend in his family. He was about seventy-five years old at this time, as Judge Mathis remembered. The writer was impressed with the story and found that this old Negro was George Smith, and that his son worked for John L. Helm at the old Helm place. The son was at least fifty years old; and when acquainted with what the writer wanted, immediately claimed his kinship after the old negro fashion, telling that he had heard his father often tell the story after the negroes moved to Elizabethtown. He thought his father was born about 1788,

belonged to James Smith, husband of Sallie Gentry Smith. She was supposed to have been present at the President's birth.

A. M. BROWN AND D. C. HAYCRAFT—  
Attorneys At Law (1889).

Brown and Haycraft as a firm and individually were the oldest at the bar (Elizabethtown). Clinton Haycraft was the son of Daniel Haycraft who lived in the Mill Creek environs about three miles from Bersheba Lincoln. He knew very little about the birth of the President but could retail a good many stories which revolved around the President's family on Mill Creek.

Mr. Brown had been among the investigators of Lincoln's birth in Elizabethtown and was interested in the Lincoln stories. He was quite old at this time, at least seventy-five. This was the year I returned from college, and knowing James Kirkpatrick, formerly of the Nolin neighborhood, at whose grandfather's Mill Abraham Enlow has been long supposed to have taken that flying Sunday trip when called to do service at the birth of the President, I enlisted his services. Mr. Brown told me the Gollaher story. We drove over to see him, and after an hour's conversation, the writer concluded he could only be right about one thing, that he had attended school with Lincoln. He did not know when the President moved to Nolin Creek or to Knob Creek, but he had heard, and was sure, it was in the summer he built the cabin on Nolin, as all of the people around there said. He then admitted to Mr. Kirkpatrick after cross-examination that he did not move into the Knob Creek country until the President was about four years old.



Mr. Chas. Friend, Hodgenville lawyer in 1889, discussed with me the same story, about both Enlow and Gollaher and admitted there was nothing to either. Gus Enlow who lived in the Mill Creek country, and who belonged to the Abraham Enlow family had already exploded the Isom Enlow stories about the President's birth and the wonderful services he had rendered, as a grape vine yarn, twin of the Dennis Hanks story. These stories were built up for the purpose of sustaining the doubtful birth statement of the President; and the writer, taking the rules of evidence and of legal Psychology, and the facts, concluded they resulted largely from the fertile fermentations of Mr. Herndon's mind.

Mr. A. M. Brown also aided the writer materially in running down the theory that Tom Lincoln lived in Elizabethtown immediately after his marriage, and both concluded that this theory was not sustainable by any established fact of record that would not apply equally well to the Mill Creek farm, which was about five miles out on the Shepherdsville road. On Mill Creek he had a home; in Elizabethtown, none.

Mr. W. B. Kirkpatrick, druggist in Elizabethtown, brother of James, but much older, had been raised in the Nolin section. He was very emphatic that his forebears knew as much about President Lincoln's birth at Nolin as anyone, and they had never heard of his birth date there except from people who knew less than they knew. His grandfather and his brother had said that Lincoln had two children when he moved over there, and he gave me the names of men to interview in that section. It was covered completely, and the writer affirms as a lawyer, if he had to depend on the evidence so discovered, he would



find in behalf of the public and against the President on the evidence he produced. Most of them knew nothing of it, and it was as much news to them when President Lincoln announced it, as it was to the balance of the world, but on first thought they assumed he was right, and so asserted the fact, but when the writer read Lincoln's statement and cross-examined them, invariably they admitted the facts, on which they had based their opinion, were unfounded.

We know by the Hardin County records that Tom Lincoln was not on the tax rolls of the Nolin Creek section until 1810, and by the same token that he was at Knob Creek as early as July 1811, and by another record fact, as early as May, 1811, so that he likely went to Nolin in the summer of 1809, as stated by Thurman Thomas, and others; was there about eighteen months altogether.

If he went to Nolin in December, 1808, or before the President was born, February 12th, 1809, he would have been on the tax rolls in 1809, assessing time being before July.

This is a pretty conclusive fact against the "log cabin" birth.

In the opinion of the writer, no two greater stories have ever been perpetrated, innocently no doubt, than Thomas Lincoln's living in Elizabethtown and the President's birth on Nolin. Those who asserted it, when you put their knowledge in the melting pot, as worth while facts for fact finding, had none. The fact that he bought a pound of salt in Elizabethtown or worked a day for Sam Haycraft was put down as a fact, supporting his residence there—when nothing could be further from the truth.

You must place him where his real home was at

the moment, especially when it was so close by. Here he had a good house and a good farm.

Judge Fairleigh, who was most familiar with the era of Lincoln's fulminations in Elizabethtown, agreed with Mr. A. M. Brown that Lincoln had only purchased some lots in Elizabethtown, and one of these lots had a "coal shed" or a small log "dug out" which he said had never been habitable since his early recollection, and his information was that it was never occupied by a human being. Lincoln might have lived on the Sarah Johnston or Haycraft property but the oldest men and women, many of whom were living in his, Fairleigh's time, and Browns, knew nothing of Lincoln ever having lived there. He had always lived on the Mill Creek farm, and as that was a matter of common knowledge, certainly, if he had lived in Elizabethtown, that also was a matter of common knowledge, or in the very nature of things should have been. Fairleigh was very old and well informed. He had been both Clerk and Judge.

"No man could 'ordinarily own property in any part of the county without paying taxes, so that the fact that he may have paid taxes in 1809 on town property or the Nolin farm was not conclusive evidence that he lived at either place on February 12th, 1809." Assessment might be made in another's name and taxes paid in that name, or taxes might have been paid in the owner's name. Taxes followed assessment and not ownership, and that was a practice sometimes indulged in during the early part of the organization of the county.

However, lest we be accused of dodging the evidence in favor of the Nolin birth place, we desire to

meet that issue before we reach the main part of the actual evidence against it.

We consider Mr. Louis A. Warren the only defense counsel for that location worthy of consideration, and we will call him as a witness.

He says in his "Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood":—

"My parents being dead and my own memory not serving, I know of no means of identifying the precise locality. It was on Nolin."

Mr. Warren adds to this statement of the President.

"The positive announcement here eliminates sites other than those on Nolin Creek."

This shows his complete reliance on the President's statement.

But as a matter of fact does it eliminate anything?

The President says that his memory refuses to serve him well enough to locate it. He avers by way of affirmation and denial that his father never told him in his lifetime, covering a period of forty-one years, where he was born. Neither did his mother, in his nine years of association with her. These are the only two persons who would actually know. So we dismiss both as witnesses by the President's own word.

Then as to himself, his memory refuses to function, but "it was on Nolin."

If he could recollect that it was on Nolin Creek, why could he not recall the place? We must infer that he never heard of it from any other source, unless from Dennis Hanks, and as Dennis knew only one place on Nolin, the actual place of Lincoln's birth, which is the exact spot Lincoln could not locate, so it was not Dennis; and therefore all of the

witnesses for the present are out of the way. We must now rely upon the President in spite of his lack of memory. If he relies on himself or we depend on him to inform us, and he cannot recall the place, may he not tell us which barrel of his recollection he uses to have Nolin Creek served up by his memory. By what kind of memory magic can he recall Nolin Creek and not recall the "spot" of his birth.

There was not in his two-year old existence on Nolin another memory circumstance half so impressive to him as the actual place of his birth, at least on Nolin Creek.

But, as to the place he says, his memory does not serve, but it does serve as to Nolin Creek.

He was born February 12th, 1809, and lived on the Nolin farm two years, then moved over to Knob Creek, and on this place, he says, he has his first recollection of his existence of being anywhere on this earth; and we may assume that he was four years old before he had such memory of being able to identify spots or places, and when this faculty came to him he was on Knob Creek. Thus we must eliminate Nolin Creek from his mind as a place of memory.

Was there any circumstance on Knob Creek to tell him that he was born on Nolin Creek? There was not, because we take his word for the fact that his mother and father had never in their lives told him where he was born.

Up to, and at the time he had a serving recollection, his father did not tell him the spot on Nolin Creek, nor did his mother.

Then he is reduced to the field of pure speculation, and becomes no better witness than the writer or the average person. What did he rely on for his speculative basis? He was a mature man when he



made the statement, and he probably may have known from his father that Thomas Lincoln bought the Knob Creek farm after his birth so he could not speculate on Knob Creek without danger to his credibility.

Hence there was left only Nolin Creek, and he did not care to name a place on Nolin Creek because his memory not serving him and he might name the wrong place—a place where his father never lived nor owned, and he wanted to avoid this very fact, for he knew it was a fact the American people would want to inquire about. He was therefore put to a statement at which he was clever; what lawyers sometimes call a plea in confession and avoidance, it does both and does neither.

Then, if we accept the writer's theory, we must find some reason for the charge that it was such a plea.

At any rate, we have to accept the fact that his father, then on a Jury at Elizabethtown, and that, the regular panel when he bought the farm on Nolin, December 12th, 1808, had to get off of the jury, hustle around and build a cabin before February 12th, 1809, sixty days, and move his household equipment, his stock and his grain over to the Nolin farm in order to be prepared for the great event.

There should be some reason for this action, for it was out of the ordinary, but we have failed to find any.

Most of the witnesses say he built this house in the early summer.

However, you may find another circumstance, and that is, that if you will look up the practice of summoning juries in that day you will find that a number of names were selected from a neighborhood,



and you will find these names in this instance to be Tom Lincoln's neighbors on Mill Creek and not on Nolin. At any rate, the court did not really get him from the Assessors list of the year 1809 on the Nolin Creek farm because he had not purchased this farm on the previous July when assessment was taken, so that he had to come from either Elizabethtown or Mill Creek, but when we look the list over we find in a row, Tom Lincoln with his Mill Creek neighbors; so he was on Mill Creek in December, 1808.

Then he would have to cut the logs, hew them, put them up and plaster them, and if he could do this and travel back and forth twenty miles each day, we still would have to eliminate him from that jury service, for we know he was on it as late as March 9th, 1809, twenty-nine days after the president's birth.

What impelling reason would there be for his moving in such a hurry from Mill Creek or Elizabethtown? We leave that for the reader to answer.

His plea in confession and avoidance was to get his birth place away from Mill Creek, where the people knew of the illegitimacy of his mother and the misconduct of both of his aunts, Nancy and Lucy. On Nolin Creek they knew nothing about it, and thereby they would not embarrass him in his political career with these facts; and you will not forget Mr. Lincoln was then America's best politician.

But let us pursue the Nolin birth to see what other men found, and what was the grand reason Congress accepted the site. The principal reason was that the district had a slick trading Congressman, who lived at Hodgenville at the time of the selection.

In 1894, Mr. Dennett purchased that farm. In 1904, the Lincoln Farm Association acquired it, and then they got affidavits about it; most of them to the effect that this farm was owned by Thomas Lincoln, some of them covering facts that by any stretch of the imagination could not have been known to the affidavitors.

This was to convince Congress that it was Lincoln's birthplace, and we must admit on such occasions when men have an interest they will go far, but none of these in fact knew anything about Lincoln's residence there before February 12th, 1809, not one single one of them. They did not know when he came to it or left it.

They did not then know there was a record in the Hardin Circuit Court, unearthed by Mr. Chris M. Fraize, the then Clerk (in 1889)—and since by Mr. Warren to the affect that Tom Lincoln acquired this farm December 12th, 1808.

The writer and Mr. James Kirkpatrick canvassed this district fourteen and seventeen years before 1904, when there was no dream of Lincoln Shrines, and we failed to find any man who knew about it, and who was old enough to furnish credible evidence as to the President's birth there. Most of them said their fathers told them he lived there but a short time and moved there in the summer, and others that they had heard he had two children when he moved there.

Gollaher knew nothing; when he was asked to fix the time he moved into the neighborhood, he fixed it after Lincoln's birth date. He then insisted he went to school with the President.

Mr. Kirkpatrick interrogated most of these people, for his forebears had lived there and he knew

they should, and did know as much as any one in the section, and yet what they knew was entirely against the theory of Lincoln's birth in this world famous cabin.

Let it be remembered that during all of this time, Thomas Lincoln owned a good farm and a good house on it at Mill Creek, which he did not sell until October, 1814, when the President was nearly six years old.

Then we fall back on the statement of President Lincoln. Dennis Hanks was there, he says, yet through all of their years of association he never told the President the spot of his birthplace. If he did tell him, the President must have doubted him, or he would not have made the disputed statement.

It is also a curious fact that Dennis waited so long to come forth with this statement, as and when Mr. Herndon needed it to back up his political plans for Mr. Lincoln.

Then there is the outstanding fact, that in all of Thomas Lincoln's life in Illinois after the President was a national character he did not tell anyone where the President was born. His silence or neglect is ominous in the opinion of impartial men who have patiently examined the facts.

Is there another public man in America who reached Mr. Lincoln's prominence whose father or mother had not told him where he was born?

It was a conceded fact in the writer's family always, that the Nolin birth theory was a myth, and certainly coming from Dr. William Smith, his sister, Nancy Smith Pauley and John Smith, it had the element of truth about it because of their opportunity to know. Dr. Smith was as good a friend as

Tom Lincoln ever would have needed, and would have backed him promptly when occasion arose.

When Dennis Hanks gave out his statement for Herndon and to Herndon, he could tell all about the details of the coverlets of the bed and the color of the baby's skin, but he did not tell the President where his birth house was, and the clever Herndon kept away from that fact because he did not know whether it was purchased after February 12th, 1809, or before. That is the crucial point. Dennis may have had the serving memory but it was dangerous yet to have him serve.

When all of the evidence is considered, we think it will appear that Herndon, sharp trigger politician, trying to meet the exigencies of politics and help the President, who was torn by tender emotions for his mother, desiring not to risk his future on this turn of a card, acceded to the clever juggling by Herndon of his birth place, thereby saving himself from answering embarrassing questions.

At Mr. Cowley's request, I went to see old Mrs. Maffitt who was thought by him to possess the key information to what I wanted. I did so, but got not a warm reception, and returned to meet her at Catherine Peck's house under more favorable opportunities, in 1889. At this meeting, she was more than assured and had the advice of Catherine in putting together her recollection of facts.

She talked freely. She was related to Nancy Hanks through her mother, and Nancy and her family were intimate and friendly. She lived two miles from the Tom Lincoln farm due North. The Pecks, Williamsses, Meltons, and Smiths were closer than she.

She confirmed much that Catherine Peck had said

in my interview with her, and they argued sometimes facts and dates before they agreed.

I told her what President Lincoln had said about his birth place and she smiled and said she could not see why he said that; he must have been pretty badly off on his recollection or had some motive in making the statement, or he might actually not have known. Her mother and father both had told her positively that he was born over here at the Melton farm, and they certainly knew, as her mother went over as soon as she heard the baby was born. She found a colored woman there looking after her, one of the Smith negroes she thought it was, and Sally Gentry Smith, mother of Nancy and grandmother of Catherine Peck had been there. To this Catherine assented, as the story was told to her in her family—her father and mother. Her mother, she said, was Jane Gray and lived about two miles away or more she would say, but was not married to Dr. William Smith, her father, until 1813.

James Smith and his wife lived here at this time, father of Dr. Smith.

Mrs. Maffitt, however, did not see Nancy Smith there, though she had heard it said she had been there with her mother.

The writer then had her go over the Gray family and Smith family to test her recollection. She said, two of the Smith women married Grays, and two of the Gray women married Smiths, and two of the Smith women married Allens, Tobe Allen's sons. Nancy Smith married Jim Pauley. John Smith married Tom Williams' daughter, Elizabeth; and Wash married Hannah McWilliams, who lived up by the Miller's, Peter Millers near Elizabethtown. Washington's son, Jim, married Jane Swank, daugh-



ter of Joe Swank the year before Bersheba Lincoln died.

Catherine told the old lady that was wonderful, for that was a true statement of that family. (It was a correct statement of their marriages.)

Sallie Smith married John Gray, and she thought he was the father of William who was living in that neighborhood then. She had heard Sallie Gray say that it was a fact, her mother was present when Abe Lincoln was born.

The writer then asked her if she knew old John Nall. She promptly said she did, and that he was buried at the Owens graveyard, and was related to Owen Cowley.

His wife was probably a sister to Bill Owens. She then said that John Nall was at her house when the Civil War broke out and she heard him say on the subject of Abraham Lincoln's birth, that he was born there at Mill Creek, and that Sam Haycraft, the younger, had told him that he did not see how Lincoln could have been born on Nolin Creek, as it was the first year he was Deputy Clerk and he signed the papers when Lincoln bought the land from Isaac Bush, and that he did not buy the land in time. He was puzzled about it and said he must have been born in Elizabethtown or Mill Creek, as that was a hard winter; talked about for a long time as such; that Haycraft asked Nall if he knew about his birth, and Nall said he had heard he was born down here on the Shepherdsville road. Well, Haycraft said he was either born there or in Elizabethtown. His son, William, married Nancy Lincoln's daughter Elizabeth, when she was a young girl, and she remembered that very well. Mr. Nall, she thought, died at the close of the war about the time of Dr. Smith.

The writer informed her it was a year afterward, and she agreed that was about right. This conversation must have been in about 1860 or 1861. The war had not gone very far and they were stirred up about what Lincoln's position would be, though Mr. Nall said Lincoln did not intend to bother about freeing the slaves—even though he had said so. People talked in those times a lot about Lincoln. She was sure Nancy Hanks Lincoln was alright though she did not recollect her. Her mother thought so and said, "Nancy was more sinned against than sinning." Nancy would go over to Elizabethtown when Tom Lincoln was away, and that she thought gave rise to some talk. Folks in those days thought women ought to stay at home and do the work.

Tom Lincoln, always, she had heard, regarded the Mill Creek place as his regular home, though he did live for a "spell" at times over at Knob Creek, but she did not think Nancy ever lived in the Nolin cabin, unless it would be while they were putting in the crops. She could not say where Tom Lincoln was when Abe was born, but he was away, and he might have been on the jury, as he was a great Court House Fellow.

She had heard that the farm was never rented, but William Brumfield farmed some for Lincoln and Tom Melton also did the same thing, though she would not state this fact except on what her mother and father said. She then said she was uncertain what year she was born but thought it in 1812. If this is correct she would be in her 69th year. Her story was entirely accurate about all of the neighbors, so I am sure she had a clear recollection about Lincoln's birth story.

In summing up, this statement is so direct, it is

well here to see how much it is supported. We have a statement from Thomas Harris, whose grandfather served on the Jury with Tom Lincoln April 19th, 1804. Therefore, when Thomas quotes his father and grandfather we may know he knew what he was talking about.

John Stator makes a statement, and we find his grandfather on the Jury as late as April 25th, 1808. Therefore, Mr. Stator, the grandson, must have had pretty direct knowledge in his family. We find also John and James Pauley, the latter the husband of Nancy Smith, brothers, serving on a jury in 1804 with Thomas Lincoln. At the same time, Jacob Vertrees, Joseph Vertrees, both quoted by Frederick Tull on the Mill Creek birth, also Jackson Smith of Mill Creek, son of Washington Smith (cousin of James).

John Smith, brother of Nancy Smith Pauley, a witness for Tom Lincoln on the 25th of March, 1807; also Joseph Kirkpatrick, forebear of James and William, both quoted on the Nolin birth. On June 25th, 1816, George Redmond, one of the plaintiffs against Tom Lincoln, and his grandson, George, stated he never heard of the fact in his family that the President was born on Nolin, where the Redmonds lived, and his grandfather having a lawsuit with Lincoln, certainly he knew of his affairs.

As late as April 25th, 1808, we find John Stator, John Thomas, John Smith, Tom Williams, Jim Wilmouth, each and all neighbors of Tom Lincoln, summoned with Thomas from the Mill Creek country as jurymen, because under the assessment of the previous year veniremen were picked in localities principally, in probably not over three localities in the county.

On March 15th, 1809, in a case we find Jacob Vanmeter, Joe Swank, William McCullum, Uriah Pirtle, all Mill Creek neighbors of Lincoln with him on a panel (33 days after Thomas became the father of the President), still acting on the Jury from the Mill Creek selectmen.

As late as September the 2nd, 1811, Tom Lincoln, John Smith, Nim House, Phil Rodgers, John Austin, Sam Pearman, Joe Thomas, all Mill Creek neighbors of Tom serving on the Jury, showing that Lincoln, though he might have finished the Nolin cabin, still held Mill Creek as his residence so far as the record goes.

Then in 1807, he was appointed road Supervisor in place of Frederick Tull's father for a road, one branch of which went by his Mill Creek farm, and so far as we may say, he continued here for several years.

Wherever and whenever you point to Thomas Lincoln's movements about the time of the President's birth, you find him with all of his associations around his Mill Creek farm and his neighbors there, and rarely a name associated with him officially at this time or as matter of record, connected him with any other locality. In fact, not until he moved to the Knob Creek farm.

#### WILLIAM GRAY (1889-1890).

The writer talked to this gentleman twice, in 1889 and 1890, at the home of Silas Smith. They were first cousins. William said it was, in his opinion, a settled matter that President Lincoln was born on the Melton farm.

He had never heard, otherwise, and it was a matter in his opinion of no importance. He was born



there and had lived there all of his life, and was familiar with the story. His mother was the daughter of Sally Gentry Smith, and in his mother's lifetime he had heard it said that Lincoln was born there.

It was discussed during the Civil War, and he had seen Lincoln's statement, that he was born somewhere on Nolin Creek, but those who knew better said it was not so. Dr. Smith, his mother's brother, also said there was no truth in it. So far as he was concerned, he had no faith in him for one thing about what he was going to do about slavery when he was elected, and he did the opposite. He said he would guard the Neutrality of Kentucky and he made it the slaughter house of the nation and the abode of thievery, hence he would discount his story about where he was born about 100 per cent, in view of his record with Kentuckians. He knew Mrs. Maffitt, and would believe anything she said about it as true, if she could remember, as she was a very intelligent woman.

There was nothing in his judgment to the Lincoln statement. "Nobody ever heard old Tom lie about it in his life time. Did they?" was the parting shot he gave me.

The President visited Louisville several times. He visited Lexington, and he says he saw his grandmother but once in his life. He had lived eight years within fifteen miles of her. If he lived on Mill Creek, he was within four miles of her. Considering that his father was sufficiently devoted to his mother to build her a house on Mill Creek it would seem strange that Thomas Lincoln would not visit his mother, and stranger that he would not take his son.

Sarah Johnston, the second wife of Thomas Lin-



coln was a Bush, but she was partly raised by Elinor and John Peck, relatives, and neighbors to Tom Lincoln's mother, and very close to his Mill Creek farm. Thomas knew her before he married Nancy Hanks, had proposed marriage to her but was refused. Sarah, therefore, must have known that Abraham Lincoln was born somewhere at sometime, and she could have stated the facts without doubt, and with some degree of personal knowledge, but not a word came from her on this point.

Tom Lincoln was dead in 1860; no one could visit him and ask him personal questions about Lincoln's family or about the President's birthplace.

Therefore, through all the President's statements, he studiously avoids any reference that would lead inquiries to Mill Creek, and if we are writing his history, and not holding a brief for the President or his family, we must say it is a fact that confronts you all of the time.

William Johnston, Sarah's nephew, told the writer that it was a legend in his family that Lincoln was born on Mill Creek, and for what reason may we ask would Tom Lincoln be buying farms and building houses on them in more than temporary fashion when he owned a good farm at Mill Creek and had built a good house on it? What would keep him from living on it? We have no word or act showing that he, Tom Lincoln, did abandon it.

It was handed down in the James Pauley family that Nancy Pauley was present in the Tom Lincoln farm house on Mill Creek, and that she had said, her mother, Sallie Gentry (Smith), and herself, were called there as neighbors when the President was born, by Nancy Hanks. This story was emphatically affirmed to the writer by James Pauley, son of Nancy

in 1885. Nancy was a sister of John and William Smith and sister to the wife of Thomas Gray, a two mile neighbor, who had stated the same thing. Nancy was born in 1798.

John Smith is supposed to be responsible for the idea of the cartoon, a pen sketch in its day, of the Mill Creek birth of Tom Lincoln's son during the severe winter of 1808-09. He was Tom's intimate, according to the records of the Court in Hardin County.

But when the President located his birth somewhere on Nolin Creek, the Pauley story went to the limbo of myths, but taken with an analysis of the facts, the writer has no doubt of its truthfulness. These many events could not have occurred and concurred with Tom Lincoln's constant service on the Jury Panel at the time at Elizabethtown, without truth behind them.

But let us see if Nolin neighborhood offers any facts as to why Lincoln moved over this severe winter within sixty days, after buying the farm, while serving on the jury, and built this log cabin so that Nancy could give birth to a President there on February 12th, 1809. There was no one moving into the Mill Creek house, and probably he had collected the winter wood, and though it might be zero weather he certainly would not chance mixing mortar or plaster to cover the cracks after chinking that Nolin cabin, a system that no one else had discovered up to that time. It is unbelievable.

The writer thought of these matters in 1885 and decided to go over and interrogate these Nolin folks whose sons were still living.

He covered the neighborhood that year and re-

turned in the summer of eighty-seven to make sure that he had not missed any of them.

In 1885, he had talked to a Mr. Gollaher, referred to by numerous others, who told him how he was there and "the house was built by Lincoln in the summer time," the year before Abe was born, so as to have it ready for the great event. His stories as a whole sounded improbable and would not fit the facts in the case.

Thus, as Billy Hodgen said, if it was built in the summer it had to be built either before Abe was born, when the land had not been purchased or after he was born on the Mill Creek farm. But he said another thing very important. "His father had told him Tom Lincoln had two children when he moved there."

The Redmonds, Brownfields, Hawkins, Hubbards, Smiths, Brownlows, Enlows, Kennedys, Akers, Uptons, Starks, Harts, Highbaughs, and a dozen or more, whose names are out of the writer's memory, could give him nothing more, than that, "history said so."

Gus Enlow said he had read the Dennis Hanks story, and he regarded it as made from the whole cloth, from what his family had told him. Besides Dennis was not in high standing as a young man for truth telling, when Herndon quoted him on the birth of the "pulpy baby."

The writer and Thomas Grundy, of Springfield, visited the Burlington-Beech Fork country to run down the story of his birth there, and found some strong facts supporting it, but when these facts were put beside the ones which could not be disputed, he abandoned the theory. He also made diligent search for a record of Tom Lincoln's marriage and was

unable to find it, but in later years was advised by Mr. Grundy's son-in-law that it had been discovered. I wanted to know why Tom Lincoln had given this date to Sam Haycraft and he had written it down in his diary that way. The record shows it to have been June 12th, 1806, instead of September 22nd, 1805.

We know that Dennis Hanks, who was born in 1799, was an illegitimate, and we know that he responded to President Lincoln's wishes, and Herndon made a birth witness of him, knowing his loyalty to the President. He did not visualize that Dennis was not in the Nolin neighborhood at that time, and that it could be proven that his presence was quite improbable. His evidence has already been ruled out as wanting in substantiation.

There is little doubt that the President knew from Dennis that his mother was an illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks, and that he, Dennis, was an illegitimate son of Nancy Lincoln's aunt. Mr. Lincoln knew, that as a candidate for President, the eyes of the world would be directed to him and his birth place, and the people where he was born would be visited. If they visited Nolin Creek the neighbors would have no gossip inclinations, but if they visited Mill Creek, it would be different.

If Sallie Gentry Smith visited Nancy Hanks when President Lincoln was born and she told her son, John Smith, who was then on the Jury with Thomas, and John told the artist who made the cartoon or pen sketch, and Nancy Pauley, John's sister was with her mother, then we must say, that the Nancy Pauley story is anything but a myth.

The Nancy Hanks travail is the disagreeable part of Lincoln's life to the writer and he bears on it here



only as it relates to the President's birth statement. The question to be answered is this. Did the fact that all of Nancy Hank's neighbors on Mill Creek know her story and none knew it on Nolin Creek, influence the President's statement as to his birth? The writer thinks he was justified, in order that he might spare his mother's memory and himself, for these were bitter times, and Mill Creek would have made bitter statements. "Somewhere on Nolin Creek," was a flexible statement and was subject to revision.

The facts which follow relate materially to, and throw some light on where Thomas Lincoln lived most of his married life in Kentucky.

Much discussion has been indulged in about Mr. Lincoln's opportunities to go to school in Hardin County. Jackson Peck discussed this question.

Lincoln, in the winter of 1813, attended a subscription school on Mill Creek at the old Smith house, and he thought that Abraham Lincoln attended that school two or three times with his sister, Sarah, though he did not remember that he went to a regular school on Mill Creek, all of which were called by subscription. These schools were three months affairs, and generally cost about three dollars to the pupil. There were several school teachers in Elizabethtown, and the preachers who came into the country generally would teach a short school in the winter. He himself got what education he acquired in this way. Tom Lincoln himself had a fair education, though his wife Nancy did not. His mother had taught her some, and as he recollected, she was fond of books and learned fast. About nine years old when Lincoln was born, he did have a pretty good recollection of what transpired.



He remembered one of the Smith's came from Virginia and taught a school on Mill Creek when he was a boy. They did not have to have a license then.

Abe and another boy wanted to buy a dog that belonged to one of the Shepherds, and they were sitting on a log when James Crutcher, the merchant at Elizabethtown, came along, stopped his horse, and inquired how they were and what they were doing. Abe replied that they were trying to figure how they could buy old John Shepherd's dog. It was not a shepherd dog Abe insisted, but a coon dog. Well, Crutcher agreed to loan them two dollars, but Abe allowed a dollar would be a plenty, so that is what they got. They then made off to find the Shepherd dog, but located no one at home. The dog was tied on a block, and they released him and put the dollar under the door jam. As they left the yard, they met Mrs. Shepherd, who promptly accused them of stealing her dog. Well they were in a fix, and insisted Mr. Shepherd had offered them the dog for one dollar, but they had to give up the dog and lost the dollar, but they worked hard for ten cents each on odd jobs and caught a couple of coons in traps, and in this way were able to pay Mr. Crutcher his dollar. Tom Lincoln spent most of his winters on Mill Creek and farmed the Mill Creek farm most of the time he owned it. He lived there and knew that fact.

Abe was around here, and a very big boy for his age. He remembered him as a funny awkward kind of a boy. One of the visitors to the neighborhood asked Abe why he had such big feet and hands, and Abe's reply was that, "Pap says the Lord gave them to him, and he was trying to grow up to them."

Solomon Irwin, exactly Lincoln's age, lived about two miles north on the turnpike, and he well remem-

bered Lincoln as a boy who could "skin a cat" on a tree limb, jump and "throw a rock like a bullet." He remembered him as being funny and "in for doing anything."

Tom Lincoln had built the old distillery on Mill Creek and it was thought he operated it for a season or two. It was later known as the John Moore distillery.

These facts show clearly that Tom Lincoln was at his Mill Creek farm the major portion of young Abe's life in Kentucky.

On the wall of the old Hughes Mill on Mill Creek (sometimes called Sander's Mill), just below the Ben Irwin place, and two miles north of the Lincoln farm was the name of A. Lincoln scrawled on the wall by soap stone as though written by a beginner in the art of writing. It was said Abe wrote it there with the figures 1814. It was a well known fact that Tom Lincoln operated this old grist mill in the winter for several years.

Solomon Irwin, the father of Ben Irwin, and who knew young Abe and lived a mile from this Mill, said that he was often with Abe, and that Abe used to shoot the flat rocks on the water, and had an expression about it which is not printable. He regarded him as full of fun, somewhat full of tales for a boy, and old Solomon talked of him, in his late years as a "romancer." The writer concluded from these various investigations that Tom Lincoln lived probably altogether two years in the Knob Creek and Nolin sections, and the balance of his matured life, until he left Kentucky, on Mill Creek. He certainly rebuilt the old Stator house on his farm exactly as described.

## CHAPTER XIII

DR. WILLIAM SMITH, FRIEND OF LINCOLN.  
DEATH OF CAPTAIN LINCOLN.

No history of the Mill Creek country would be complete without mention of Billy Smith, who practised as steam doctor and a little Osteopathy. He was a most retiring modest man with sound business judgment, and a philosopher of no less ability. He was about twelve years junior to Thomas Lincoln. For the day and time in which he lived, he was the intellectual man of his section, around whom assembled men of all shades of opinion. He lived in a brick house on Mill Creek exactly two miles from Thomas Lincoln. He knew something about religious creeds, and was a man on the order of Voltaire and Thomas Paine. He could write and talk well. It is unfortunate that his diary is only to be found in scraps. This article is made from scraps from this diary, and principally from conversations of the family—sons and daughters.

While his education was secondary, he improved it to a first class position by his study. He was able to buy the best books written, and had something over two hundred volumes at the time of his death.

His daughter, Catherine Peck, may be considered a chip of the old block.

Bersheba Lincoln, who liked him, had often talked to him. She would naturally bring her counsel to

his very door, for those were times that required counsel. His father, and particularly his grandfather, had been prominent in the early counsels at Harrodsburg, and the grandfather was an Indian fighter of some renown, along with the Boones, Todds and Kenton. He was born in 1793, John, his brother, much earlier, and his father, James, in 1761.

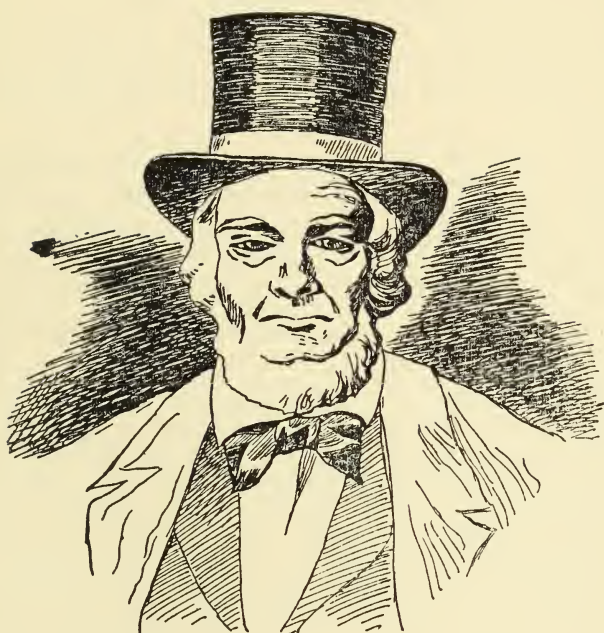
(Bersheba had told him of the death of Captain Lincoln. She saw the killing of her husband from their cabin.) An Indian, a Wabash, had called to see the Captain while he was hoeing in a corn patch close to their cabin on the Jefferson County farm. The Captain, supposing it to be a friendly visit, returned to his work, and the Indian saluted him goodbye and took off to the nearby woodland. In a few moments after he left, she heard the crack of a rifle, which the Indian had not with him when he greeted the Captain. She could see no smoke, but did see the Captain fall to his knees; knowing as she thought, that it was the Indian shooting from a secreted position in the woods, she did not run to him, but waited to see what happened. The same Indian came out of the woods, gun in hand, and walked toward the Captain. She got the Captain's rifle and called on her son Mordecai to get his—they leveled them resting on the base of the window of the cabin, and on her command, both fired. The Indian fell within a few feet of the Captain, evidently dying instantly. She remained in the cabin, thinking that other Indians might be lurking about. The shots brought their Fort neighbors, who arrived in a few minutes. No other Indians appeared. They then went to the place where they were lying, about one hundred and fifty yards away, found the Indian dead and the Captain in a dying condition. "We re-

mained in the Fort for about two days, though we felt in ample protection from the Militia Post which was stationed about where we were located in the night time. We buried Captain Lincoln there (where the old church now stands), and remained there until the crops matured. The Indians seemed to be more troublesome later in the year, and we moved over to Washington county where there was little or no trouble, we lived in that county until the Spring of 1802, and then moved to Mill Creek, where we bought land. We lived there all of the time after this; Mordecai had married, and the two girls married that year.

Thomas did not live long with us in Washington County. He came down to Hardin County with Josiah, and he worked for Jacob Van Meter before he was grown, living with him, and at times he worked for others. He wanted us to move there on Mill Creek, and after we came down he shortly afterward bought a farm from a neighbor, Mr. Stator, whose family had owned this farm, about three miles up the creek. He had been up in Cumberland County, where he had some land."

"It was thought at the time of Captain Lincoln's death a peace treaty with all the Indian tribes (in Ohio and Indiana), had been signed, and the settlers were less cautious than they were when the Indians were on the war path. At such times men and often women carried rifles to their work and to church meetings or other gatherings. The Indians were again bad in 1788. The Captain's death occurred in May, 1786—all of the children were born. Mary was about eleven years old, Nancy, about six years old. There were a number of men killed within a few days of his death by scouting bands of Indians





Dr. William Smith, son of James, grandson of old John,  
friend of all the Lincolns.

and a lot two years later. We lived at an old Fort joined together by about ten houses, in one of which we lived."

"It seems that Captain Lincoln had purchased a Treasury warrant from Myers and Crist for a plot of land by the Haycraft's farm on Mill Creek, and Mordecai had sold this, and they then bought either this land back or very close to it, and made this their home. Bill Brumfield and Thomas lived there with them."

"Mary's husband lived down on the Hardinsburg road close to Breckenridge County. Nancy told me that Thomas stopped over a few days with her before he left for Indiana. I saw her often and I will say that our folks said Bersheba was a very superior woman of Huguenot French origin, and I should say a very handsome woman in her youth."

"I am quite certain the breed of such a woman will go on. She lived somewhat for her own family, and when the children married and went away she insisted on Nancy living with her. She carried herself well and lived the most of her time in comfort, unless in her latter years living was lean. However, the neighbors were kind to her and gave her more than ordinary attention. It will be many years before so strong a woman of her trials will live among us again."

"My opinion of Thomas, her son, is quite favorable. I liked him. We played cards together many evenings, we played a little politics together, and Thomas was a good mixer, and people liked his way of greeting them. When he worked, he worked, when he played he played. His sport was hunting and he and young Abe were up and down the creek often looking for game, which was then plenty,

when they lived over there. He worked for me some before he left here, and a great deal for Jacob Van Meter, Bill Owens, John McMahan and Sam Haycraft. He was a handy man, ready and willing. I knew his wife, and while I may say she did not compare to the Lincoln women she was a spunky, likely sort of a person, doubtful perhaps about her course in life; she was good at heart, and I should say did as well by Thomas as she could."

"Josiah Lincoln I knew. He was more slender than Thomas and not so strong nor so clever. He lived the most of his life in Hardin with Squire Boone, who finally settled down on the Ohio, and later moved over into Indiana. Abe was a large boy when Thomas left Kentucky and unusually inquiring for his age. Thomas was more than an important man in Hardin County. He travelled about a great deal, ran his farms and always had a little money. I would trust Tom Lincoln anywhere."

"He did not like the Whigs any better than I did and had about my kind of religion and politics. He was in the Mill Creek house about ten years, off and on, but always farmed it. He lived over at Elizabethtown some, mostly to please Nancy, and I guess he was on the Knob Creek farm a good deal."

"It was said the Hanks women, that is Nancy's aunts, had a good many accidents during their lives, and were a loose lot, but I do not think about such matters, and they should concern no one unless he wants to attend to the other's business rather than his own."

"I considered the Hanks good people. Nancy was sharp-featured and tall, rather agreeable, without much to say. They were down here before they left to bid the neighbors good-bye as they were leaving.

They had sold the Mill Creek farm to Tom Melton. Nancy could talk about anything and had a good sensible point of view."

"I saw Nancy Lincoln Brumfield very often and have been to her house. I call her the star of the Lincolns. She was a woman of more than average mind and sense. She was liked by her neighbors, went about a great deal, and was about as unafraid as a man."

"None of the Lincolns were afraid, that I am sure of. Nancy lived here I suppose the most of her life, and she had a pretty good man in Bill Brumfield. They were helpful neighbors with a lot of good fun in them."

"I saw pictures of Abraham after he got into the papers, and he looked the man which you might have expected the boy to grow into. I am not myself wedded to slavery, and I am sure we ought to save the Union with or without slaves; in this, Abraham is clearly sound, but as a matter of principle I do not think we should go to war about the negroes any more than about the mules. Mine have been a burden to me, good enough at times to have, but to feed and keep and clothe, bad enough. As an institution it's a failure, and if continued will keep the South poor, and the man poor who owns them. That is about what the Lincolns believed, as I know their views."

"The English have too much interest in the Confederacy for me. I can say this much—free negroes and America rather than England and slavery. I have amused myself talking things I do not believe, and therefore, we may say that all that you read about what a man says, is not just what is down in his heart."

"I do not believe in all of these fantastic religions, but it is not necessary for me to fall out with them about that. They had better be Separatist Baptist than to chew tobacco, drink whiskey or have some other bad habit. They soon get through with the noise and it is over. Well, the Lincolns were sound on these matters. They could sing the old hymns as good as the next but they did not have to shout about being in partnership with God; that was a matter for him to circulate any way. So, we common folks thought as a rule, and I think it is good sound philosophy. It's too bad to be poor, and it's dangerous to be rich, so we all risk it here just as it is, and we have our share of happiness."

"I have talked very much with Bersheba and her daughter Nancy, and we think alike about these things. This being as it is, I will say Nancy Lincoln especially has good judgment about affairs in the world. She is worth listening to. She is a self-educated person, and such knowledge comes along with experience in life. We used to go over to the old church of the Cedar Creek Colony and have pretty good times together." (This was known as The Cedar Creek Colony originally when first settled.)

"I did not know much about Mary or Mordecai, but I have seen all of them except the Captain—he was before my time. Bersheba was probably an Episcopalian, but the others were more like Unitarians. We had such preachers as "Raccoon" Smith, Governor James Garrard, Rev. Harry Moulin; all here at different times to preach. They called themselves Unitarians, and a good many of us here were bitten by the same tribe. This was the third church built in Kentucky."

The balance of his views we gather entirely from



his family. He read the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and had no very high opinion of Douglas.

He bitterly resented Stephen Burbridge's campaign against the real Union men of Kentucky as rebels. Burbridge was the first Martial Law governor in western Kentucky, General Palmer the second, and Jefferson C. Davis the third. He made an unceasing campaign to Lincoln against General Burbridge and surely kept Lincoln well informed. In spite of the fact that he was friendly to Abraham Lincoln's administration he realized its shortcomings and was particularly critical of his Proclamation.

"If," he wrote, "there is virtue in the President's philosophy or reasoning, that the negroes are property and like any other property may be conscripted for war purposes under the war clause of the Constitution, then they are not property after they are freed by his Proclamation, and they must be recognized as human beings and not property. Admitting that they are conscriptable as such, the President must take an entirely different attitude. If they are property he must make some arrangement with their owners for their payment just as he must make such arrangement for payment of our hogs and beef cattle which he has taken and allowed us pay for them, at a price fixed by his War Board. He says nothing about doing this. If property, then under an orderly government, the constitutional right to payment must be recognized. If, on the other hand, he has the power to conscript them as human beings, must he not wait until they are recognized as such under the law of the land; and taking his view of the law at this late day, that cannot come about until his ratification Amendment is submitted and becomes a part of the Constitution. That, he admits, cannot come

about right now because his position is that this Amendment must be ratified by the states of the South, because such states have not in legal parlance departed from the Compact or the Union, and cannot do so until a majority of the states so agree, and he admits they will not so agree. They are out in the open attempting to prevent such action by force of arms."

"I have said that this Proclamation is a sham and a pretense for raising negro soldiers to oppress and insult the white people of the South, and it has wrought no end of misery and disaster to the Union and to all concerned. It is a blot on our civilization and must always be so regarded. I have high regard for the President's dilemma, but that dilemma will not be helped by giving false reasons and taking a position that is indefensible in morals or fact. The truth is that Lincoln is hard pressed and his Cabinet of dishonest men have forced him to do something that his better judgment in after years is bound to condemn. I am not a lawyer, but I think the position I take is sustainable and sound."

The old Mill Creek Church may be said to have been the most important church in the west at one time. It was a Van Meter, Haycraft, Owens church at one time, of the Baptist liberal persuasion. All of these men were pretty strong Baptists, Jacob having founded also the forks of Otter Creek Church, where he lived most of his life, and where he died.

Crist and Spears engaged in their celebrated fight with one hundred and twenty Indians for more than a day up Salt River about five miles from this Church.

Billy Smith took part in many important discus-

sions involving President Lincoln's administration of Kentucky during the Civil War period. No little reliance was placed at times on his wisdom. That was a reign of terror lasting three years. From the time Stanton became Secretary of War, January 20th, 1862.

He protested Burbridge's policy to blaspheme every General who did not believe in a policy of levying tribute on the citizens for what masquerading bands might steal in Kentucky. He denied that the Federal Government had any right to suspend the civil authority, organize negro bands to over-ride and shoot white people on one pretext and another. Captain Jarrett, he argued, was no worse than Burbridge. Frank Wolford, Federal Colonel of Cavalry, was suspended by Burbridge and disgraced for denouncing the enrollment of negro regiments in Kentucky to police over white citizens. He influenced him to go to Washington to see Lincoln. Wolford went, and Lincoln ordered a trial immediately, an impartial and fair tribunal, and Wolford was acquitted and restored to his place in the army. General Buell was also suspended for refusal to draft negro regiments for this duty; he again appealed to the President, and a trial was ordered, which promptly acquitted Buell. Governor Bramlette elected as a Union candidate, pro-Lincoln in 1862, also joined in the denunciation at Washington. Lincoln responded, that thieves of the people's property would not be rewarded with military protection. An unceasing campaign was made to Washington to avert the severe and savage military restrictions placed on business and the rights of the people—each time the President responded in some manner. Sailing across

Hardin County was one band of military desperadoes after another, wearing the Federal uniform when he fired into Washington this—"you are here to protect the people, and not to oppress them." Colonel Jacobs was arrested for saying that the authority of the government exercised to take property by soldiered organizations was against every good Union man's judgment in Kentucky—though he was Lieutenant Governor at this time, elected on the Union ticket, he was promptly arrested and escorted out of the state. Again he appealed to Lincoln, and Jacobs was ordered returned and tried, by the civil authorities, and acquitted. He assumed his civil position.

The Federal Court at Louisville issued a habeas corpus writ, and ordered three citizens and General Palmer before it after the fall of Burbridge, but General Palmer refused to obey the writ. He was cited for contempt and arrested but refused to obey, again his appeal was heard in Washington, and Palmer gave bond, but his case was finally settled on an abandonment of the policy.

When his son, Silas, was about to be hung for refusing to pay a tax levied by military authority, he flew at Palmer with a denunciation that swept the state. Lincoln ordered, "that it was not in the power of the Martial authority of the United States to make the citizen responsible for the act of an illegal band, neither were the citizens the keepers of the peace, nor was it their duty to fight guerrillas, but the duty of the United States forces to keep the state clear of them and protect the citizens."

Thus the old man with everlasting courage, and a faith in the final triumph of justice kept up the battle, fearless and unafraid of consequences. None



dared molest him, lest the President took a strong hand, and thus was the President rightly guided by justice in every case, serving the friend of his father, and the guardian and friend of his aunt, Nancy Lincoln.

But when Stanton again ordered that the negroes, former slaves, be recruited in spite of the fact that the Thirteenth Amendment had not been constitutionally ratified, it was the last straw that broke the Camel's back.

The net result of negro recruiting and persecution of the white people by negro killings, negro pickets, superseding Police and Sheriff authority, aroused the people generally in Kentucky, bringing forth bands of guerrillas that shot many innocent negroes and killed Federal police officials wherever they were found. Negroes were encouraged by Jarrett's band to carry on a destructive plan including murder of all whites, who had ever offered any resistance to negro recruiting.

Assaulting of his granddaughter and killing of her son brought forth a veritable round robin from the old man, backed up by Governor Bramlette and half of the Union Generals in Kentucky. President Lincoln issued an order that final power of arrest of citizens and trial should be placed in the hands of General Thomas, then located in Tennessee, in all matters pertaining to civilian offense in the district where Martial Law was extended.

The old man demanded straightforward that this infamous soldier should be shot by the Federal soldiers at sunrise; his voice was heard so quickly by the inner resources of President Lincoln that all Kentucky was surprised, as they had been shocked by the crime, to learn that a Michigan regiment had taken the



brute out at sunrise, and while he was hanging, riddled his body with a thousand bullets. To witness a thousand Michigan soldiers cheering a helpless and dying wretch was a sight that made the nerves of strong men tingle.

His resolute and determined character, his certainty of view-point, his high sense of justice, his devotion to the Union, gave him such standing and force with the President, that Mr. Lincoln announced that, "the government could not take over the government of Kentucky for the redress of private wrongs without seriously hampering the furtherance of the war," and he called upon all the people to abide the final sense of justice of General Thomas, to review all disputes between citizens and the soldiery. His statement brought forth a strong reply from Governor Bramlette that the trouble could be ended by refusing to recruit another negro soldier, and an order that all negro soldiers now recruited be sent to the South or to the North. And the old man wrote: "Unless, sir, you can dismiss from your mind the necessity of negro domination to end a war instituted to free them, you might as well expect to see the last drop of blood of a proud people flow through the highways of Kentucky, for it will be asking more than man or God's restraint to expect us to stand in front of this racial outrage and insult, and keep our lips closed and our arms folded. It will not be done."

And again he wrote: "So long as this damnable imposition must come to our door, that we feel the blood of our darling babes dashed in our faces, from the blows of ignorant and unconscionable slaves, then we must forget there is law to respect or a constitution to protect. We must conclude that justice has

fled and cruel men with beastly appetites are to finally drink and quaff our own blood to satiate their fearful lust and vengeance."

His bitter eloquence, his poised and strong position touched humanity's cord everywhere in Kentucky, but in the end it broke. He saw all that he had asked for, come about, but he also saw that Kentucky, broken and bleeding had no more resistance; and the people were starving.

His tottering frame now bent more than ever. The light and fire of his eye began to fade, his voice was that of one who had said effectively his last word on earth—he was on the road to the end, he was passing and before the clarion notes of the mighty Lee were heard around the world, "I surrender," the old patriot had delivered his accounting and bid a lasting farewell to those he had served and those he loved.

But to the last, he was a friend of Lincoln, and Lincoln somewhere within him felt the cord of his own soul that bound him to the words flashed to him by the man he knew as a boy. Lincoln had been his friend, and Lincoln had furthered the plans of justice he knew was in the old man's heart. He died in 1864.

To the ages Lincoln belongs, but to men who think and are thinkers, Lincoln will ever hold his greatest appeal, because his was a mind always open to hear the counsel of reason and appeal.

The old man is reputed to have written this on October 10th, 1833:

"In these autumn days it has pleased the All Powerful to take from our midst Bersheba Lincoln, neighbor and friend, a woman of no ordinary merit. Daughter of the forest, forerunner of a civilization—the East's contribution to the West. But she has

passed, and the storm of her life has receded for the calm that comes afterward. Her passing reminds us that Destiny, casting a load upon the shoulders of she who never shirked, has not impartially placed its burden where equal honors fall. The mother builded her house in the wilderness, for the same reason the eagle did; to do her work, though it cost her a life of ease. She was to give forth children, she was to bare her breast for their sake, and as the deadly Red passed her by she was to say to her God, "Remember these are mine." The sun might shine in other homes, but she would toil and await its coming, for God's adjustment and life's eternal rewards, if such there be. And now on the banks of the old stone bound creek, she lies, to rest her proud spirit, to go on, never, never to surrender. In that future world it may be her voice will ring again, for God may touch the spires of heaven, and his esquire will write in the great book, the name of a Lincoln—Bersheba Lincoln."

He freed all of his negroes the day after the issuance of the Proclamation by President Lincoln. He called them together, saying: "You have been freed by the President, which however cannot take effect until ratified by three-fourths of the states, but I give you your freedom from this day on. You must earn your own living, you can no longer depend on me. When you want to come back here to visit me, you are welcome, and I will be glad to see you. The cabins you may use as your homes.

"You are free to go, but your responsibility you must assume as a citizen by paying taxes. What I have taught you in your relation to others, I wish that you may observe with the strictest discipline of yourselves, if you wish to get on."

"I shall feel friendly and near to you, and so far as it is in my power, I will help you, but I am an old man now, pretty well broken down in health and means."

"The war may end soon or not, no man can tell, but I wish that you would always act according to the principles of honesty; if you do, the white people will respect you, and your success will be assured. May the good Lord bless you and keep you safe from trouble and harm."

Such a scene had rarely been witnessed. The few old negroes pleaded to remain as before. They were weeping and sorrowing for days, because they were out in the world, with no work and no future.

## CHAPTER XIV

### CAPTAIN THOMAS H. HINES OF MORGAN'S CONFEDERATE CAVALRY AND BILL AUSTIN, LINCOLN SPY.

Thomas Hines had probably read more books than any other man in the Southern Army. From teacher to soldier, soldier to lawyer and Chief Justice of the highest court of Kentucky, commanding popular support, Hines had never made a speech, and never submitted to an interview—he was just Hines.

Hines and Mark Smith, the fastest big man in Morgan's Command, were riding along one day in Tennessee, looking for a likely place to forage, when they saw three Federal outposts riding in their direction. Hines told Smith to ride down in a dry basin, hid by foliage, and come out quickly when he blew his bugle. Smith and Hines rode thoroughbred mares and could leave an ordinary cavalryman of the Federal troops far behind. The three Federals finally rode up in front of Hines and commanded him to halt, telling him that he was under arrest and to dismount.

"I have just mounted," said Hines, "I was taking my thoroughbred mare out for a little airing, and I thought I might practice playing Dixie on my little horn out here away from Morgan's men; now just let me show you how I have progressed." And he started tooting away on his bugle much to their sur-



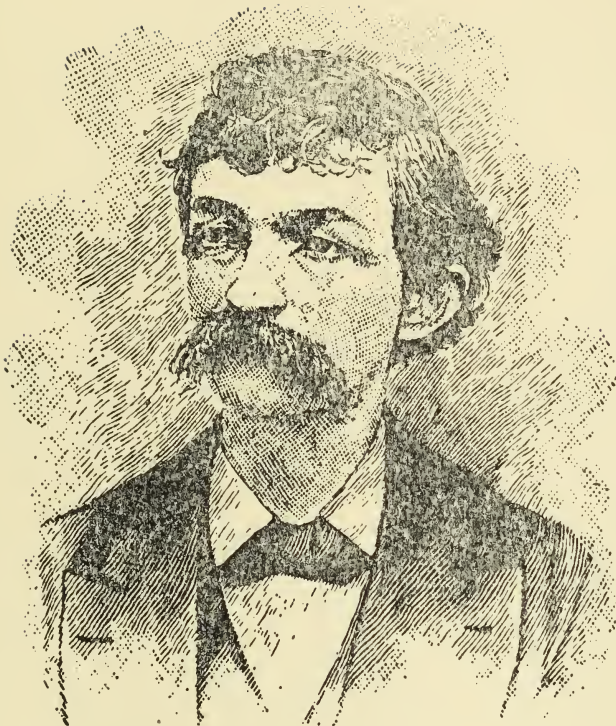
prise, paying no attention to the order to dismount.

They looked at him in astonishment—he was so small that he looked like a mere boy. On hearing the bugle, Smith came dashing out of the woods, fell upon two of the men, slashed them off their horses with his sword before they could gather themselves together from the surprise of Hines' conduct.

The immense Smith was about to dispatch the third, when Hines commanded him to stay his hand—"You're about to kill a boy," he said. Smith reached over and dragged the astonished Federal soldier from his horse on to the horn of his saddle, as though he intended to spank him with his already bloody sword. Smith insisted he would finish him in spite of Hines' command, when Hines said to him in a roaring laugh—"this is the first dam Jew I ever captured during this war and I am going to take him back and exhibit him to John Morgan'."

The Jew turned out to be of national prominence since the Civil War, head of a great firm in Chicago. For many years the story went the rounds of the inner circles of Chicago, always applauded by the victim.

Hines undoubtedly planned Morgan's escape from Columbus near the close of the war. He told me in 1890 the facts were just as published throughout the country by the *Century Magazine*, but it was commonly asserted at the time, and after the war, that Hines, by some mysterious hokus-pokus, had influenced President Lincoln to convey to the officials of Columbus the information that the government would wink at their escape. This story was bruited about Kentucky as late as 1887. Hines was then Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. The *Courier Journal* and Marse Henry Watterson,



Judge Thomas H. Hines, Captain of Cavalry  
with General John Morgan.

then the ever-ready mouthpiece editorially and as a matter of news, of reactionary legislation, and reactionary judicial decrees, were not enamored of the Hines decision in a certain case involving large interests, and Mr. Watterson had directed its Frankfort correspondent to prepare an article depreciating and reflecting on Hines. This article went back to war time, and insinuated that Hines had been influenced as a member of the Court of Appeals, that his conduct during the war was duplicitous. This came to Hines' ears, and he proceeded at once to the press room of the old Capitol Hotel, called on the correspondent, who admitted that he had sent such an article to the *Courier-Journal*; that it was already printed and could not be recalled.

Hines said to him: "Tell your chief, Henry Watterson, if that article appears in the *Courier-Journal*, I will kill you first and kill him next, and he knows me well enough to know whether I mean what I say." He turned and walked out. The frantic correspondent communicated immediately with Mr. Watterson, who sat in his editorial rooms at Louisville. Many thousand papers had already been run off the press; the presses were stopped, the papers were destroyed and the article never appeared. Watterson lived to a ripe old age, but Watterson knew Hines and he knew that Hines would kill him with impunity, and be exonerated by Kentuckians everywhere.

When Hines escaped from Columbus, he was sitting in the coach of a train travelling to Cincinnati, sharing his seat with another, who was talking to two men in front of him and exhibiting the Cincinnati "*Gazette*," telling all about Morgan and Hines' escape from the penitentiary. They were telling

that the terrible Hines would never get to Cincinnati and that they would certainly like to meet up with him. Hines joined in the conversation and was vehement in denouncing the officials of the government for permitting the escape, and when they were about to leave the train at Cincinnati, they invited Hines to join them at the police station in a hunt for Morgan and Hines. Hines readily agreed, bade them the pleasure of the day, telling them that he had an engagement and would meet them in less than an hour at the office of the Chief of Police of Cincinnati, where he would be delighted to join them in a search for the notorious pair. In one hour he was on his road to Louisville as a coal heaver on a tug boat, joking with an old Irish pal, named Peter McGinnis.

When Hines arrived at Louisville, he travelled rapidly to the house of Nancy Lincoln and in less than twenty-four hours Bill Austin had cleared the way for himself and Morgan into Tennessee.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner was then (1890) a member of the Constitutional Convention and Governor of the State. He verified in part Hines' story concerning the notorious Captain Jarrett. He said that he had discussed the matter in after years with General Palmer, and that Palmer had wondered just what Jarrett's real connection was with the War Department. Buckner afterwards made the race for Vice-President in 1896 with General Palmer for President.

Jarrett knew General Morgan had issued orders to get Jarrett dead or alive. At the time he shot Van Meter and companions, he had gone to Nancy Lincoln Brumfield's house enroute to Bullitt County to discuss with her plans for discovering and trapping



those who were denouncing President Lincoln. He expected her to find out through Austin what was going on. It is quite sure that he did not know Austin's relation to the President. She then, at her advanced age, was shrewd enough to make Jarrett believe she would do it, but in less than thirty minutes from the time Jarrett left her, Austin was on Jarrett's trail to see just how Van Meter, Settles and Vertrees were to be killed.

Jarrett ordered his soldiers to tie them separately to different trees and they were shot face forward, unblindfolded and helpless.

Austin returned and reported to their families, "What a terrible villain he is to wear a Federal uniform"—said Nancy Lincoln, and she attempted to communicate the facts to the President at once.

Three days prior to the time of the raid of Muldraughs Hill, Hines was secreted in the house of Hannah Rodman Smith in Vine Grove (which still stands) unknown to her husband. When Hines and Austin were ready to spring the trap at Muldraughs Hill, not a soul, outside of their companions and this woman, knew what was going on. Hines had met Austin and his confederates at Wiggington's Woods, within a mile of Jarrett's rendezvous.

When Jarrett had arrested the three men, whom he shot in Bullitt County, he had taken them to this same Hoosier John Smith's house, herded them during the night in his corn crib, close to the house, ordered his wife to cook supper for himself and his men, which she refused to do, telling Jarrett that her dough was made for the express purpose of throwing in his face. He drew his gun and ordered her to comply, but she tore open the bosom of her dress and told him he was too big a coward to shoot at her



—a defenseless woman. Her husband and the writer's mother, her daughter-in-law, took her upstairs after this scene and locked her in a room, then with a colored servant, cooked supper for Jarrett and all his men.

Tom Hines all the while had a secret code from a Confederate spy in Washington showing that Jarrett was making reports to the War Department as a spy on three Union Generals in Kentucky, Buell, Harlan and Palmer. These men were all located in Kentucky and Tennessee with armies of approximately 125,000. It also gave the names passed to him for investigation in that section. These investigations not only bore upon individuals disconnected with the armies, but upon important situations and officers of the respective armies. There was no doubt that Jarrett was an investigator for some one in that department. There was no doubt that Stanton knew all about Jarrett. Hines and Austin passed the word to these people by and through their neighbors; thus they were enabled to keep on Jarrett's trail, and Austin kept General Palmer constantly informed, but Jarrett was a sly fox with all of his drinking and wickedness. He calmly laid his wires and kept in the background so that in the massacre at Muldraughs Hill the wily Jarrett had eluded Hines. Morgan's Army was in Tennessee and at that time, it took two days and nights to reach him by horseback.

General Harlan was camped with 50,000 men around Bowling Green; Buell's Army was at Nashville; Palmer was military Governor at Louisville, but Hines or his Lieutenant were every day in touch with Jarrett's movements, but at no time was their

strategy sufficient to get Jarrett without exposing their own hands.

These facts were generally known to Owen Cowley and the situation stirred his blood. He was in and out of his saddle, following the trail of the busy Austin, who seemed to be everywhere and nowhere in particular except at home. Now and then one of Jarrett's lieutenants disappeared, never again to be heard of. The midnight man who took him off was unknown.

It was evident that Lincoln trusted General Palmer and his Illinois troops, that Stanton did not, but he was attempting to obscure his distrust of General Palmer from the President.

Through all of these multifarious transactions, Hines used Austin and Austin used Hines. Their entire movements involved plots and superplots, but the ingenious Hines found nothing but praise for the high character of President Lincoln and grounds for the most damning criticism of Stanton.

"Little Hines," as Nancy Lincoln called him, was the spear head that stalled the villainous Jarrett throughout the balance of his career. It seemed only a question of time until Jarrett would meet his Waterloo, but his character and his vocation changed so often that he always escaped. In the meantime, more than 500,000 men had passed down this terrain to the South, the suffering of the people of this section was intense and they had not bread to eat. What food they were able to conserve was buried in the ground in order to prevent its detection and when they partook of their meals, sentinels stood in the yards of their homes to protect them.

Bill Austin has no mark in history—he belongs to the Lincoln family. No more daring character lived

in Civil War times. He was the counterpart of his master, Tom Hines. He was the mystery man who rode at night and farmed in day time under the simple tutelage of Nancy Lincoln Brumfield. He shot to kill and never missed his mark. He was the cousin of the President of the United States; he was the man Abe Lincoln knew as a truth getter; his dual character only the President, Hines and his immediate family knew. He was the sharp poignard of Captain Hines. He was the friend of General Ben Hardin Helm, brother-in-law to Lincoln and husband of Emily Todd.

Austin knew every move that Stanton and Chase made in Kentucky. Two Governors had been forced to resign in three years during the war as a result of the machinations of Stanton's tricks and by-plays. Did Lincoln know? He certainly did. He knew that the resignations would be forthcoming for weeks before they matured. He knew this through the dumb farmer, Bill Austin. Austin was everything from a smiling maid in a hotel in Louisville to a rube, asking questions of military leaders. He could outride any man in his section; his smile was said to be bewitching; he had no gift for speech; he was the maximum of ignorant simplicity; he served Jarrett in his nearby hotel; he listened to Jarrett exalt himself as a shrewd man with power, and poured his whiskey with the delicacy and refinement of a finished lady. When Jarrett was drunk, he purred in front of him and got him to talk unceasingly, and Jarrett talked. He liked to talk to women. He talked about Lincoln. Jarrett considered that Lincoln was a farmer, born of the dumb poor and had to be piloted and directed by brilliant men like Stanton. Austin listened. He wound his black hair

around his head and dressed like a woman, attended social functions of the Federal Army at Louisville.

When the severe Chase bowed in front of the President to present his intrigue, and Stanton snorted his disgust and discouragement, Lincoln quietly looked upon both of them and heard them not, keeping his mind to himself. Lincoln, the dumb poor to Jarrett; Bill Austin the agreeable maid to Jarrett; Bill Austin, the Morgan spy. How easily might the maid have strangled the bloody Jarrett and fled to his lair with unctious joy, but no, Jarrett was his prey for more reasons than one. To Palmer and Harlan and Buell, he was Lincoln's cousin, son-in-law of old Tom Lincoln's favorite sister. How he would have delighted in shooting Jarrett through the heart and to wire Mr. Stanton, with the compliments of Bill Austin, farmer, but Jarrett, drunk and at play, was a barometer of news—the kind of news maybe Lincoln wanted. It is to wonder—did Lincoln know Bill Austin was Morgan's spy—Captain Hines' pupil? Somehow Bill Austin never had to hide; he passed muster with Federal Generals as a simple cousin of the President, and through the Confederate lines, as an old friend of Morgan, Duke, Hines & Company, but to Morgan and Hines—the flying horseman at night. If a Captain H—(a horse thief in a gray uniform) imposed on homefolks, Bill Austin's business was to report. If there were Yankee Armies coming, Bill Austin must know. Morgan sent a hundred or five hundred men on Bill Austin's order. Lincoln, on Austin's word, looked over every movement of Stanton and the Anti-Lincoln Clique in Washington. General Palmer listened to Bill Austin, for he knew Lincoln's confidence in his rural cousin, and Major Generals waited in the corridors of

Palmer's headquarters, and flying messengers covered with dust, delayed their orders until Austin took his leave, but they wondered who the simple relation of the President was, and laughed and joked that he took himself so seriously. The remark jocularly passed around, "ah well, that's Lincoln's country cousin."

If Lincoln wanted Stanton's literal dispatch to fall into Austin's hands, he found a way, for he knew he could trust Bill with his tricks, and Lincoln always himself had a few up his sleeve. Bill turned the cards and Lincoln read them. But through all this, Hines says he never betrayed Lincoln, and he never betrayed Morgan or his men, nor did Morgan ever misuse Bill Austin's confidence: War was one thing, honor among men another.

When Morgan and Hines languished in prison, Bill Austin's anguish of mind was more than theirs. When Morgan and Hines escaped Bill Austin cleared the way for their escape into Tennessee—the Federal spies and redoubts recognized Bill Austin's signs and countersigns, though they asked no questions.

Everywhere in the day time, he was the simple cousin of the President, and at night he did his work—he was a flying horseman to them, doing his terrible task.

He passed sentinels who halted him for a moment, saluted, and bid him pass on.

If he needed a fresh horse, it was saddled, and he leaped from one to the other as if on the errand of one doing a marathon ride. What a life was this cousin of old Abraham leading, and what a duty he had to perform, but the machine of the mysterious character clicked always, the man nobody really knew.



The war's end at last was in sight, in Bill Austin's mind—the tragedies would soon be over.

Hardly had Morgan passed to his retreat than he was betrayed by a woman and treacherously shot to death, his body dragged and kicked through the gutters of a Tennessee town. The silent Hines and Bill Austin had met and grieved together; the shouting was near, the works were dismantled.

They talked about the trail of blood, they visited with the spirits of their departed friends, but lo, the greatest tragedy of all was on the road; a derringer cracked in Ford's Theater and resounded around the world. A horseman passed across the blue imaginative sky, their dreams were shattered, and the friend they both knew, one only by his power, had fallen too, to arise again as the man of all the ages.

Lincoln was dead, and the dreaded thing Hines knew would happen, was a front page line in the news of the world. The last great soldier had sheathed his sword, the work of spies, assassins was over; Lincoln had taken the road Morgan had already commenced to ride, their Jerusalem was the insoluble task of mankind. But the important thing had transpired—the Union was saved and peace would regain its place throughout the land; the sword was broken and the plough share would come forth.

Now Bill Austin went to his humble home, his old saddle that hung in the shed of the house of Nancy Lincoln, he took it down, placed it gently on the back of his white faced horse, kissed the old woman good-bye, embraced her daughter, his wife, Mary Lincoln Brumfield Austin, saying that he would go over and see his old friend, Owen Cowley,

—the friend of his youth and a life time. The man who knew his heart pulse.

The sun had set, the rays of daylight were disappearing from the rocky banks of old Mill Creek when he dismounted in Owen Cowley's yard. "Well," said Owen, "Lincoln is the last." "Yes," said Bill, and the tears rolled down their cheeks as they choked back the words. The tanned face of Abe Lincoln's boyhood friend, strained and changed as if he was in agony, and they both stood silently, looking into the face of each other. For hours they talked, and at last Bill Austin rose and said, "Owen I am going away, Good-bye"; and the terrible horseman mounted his horse and rode away like mad. Bill Austin disappeared forever, and to this day his body lies, no one knows where. But his devoted wife and mother-in-law lie in unmarked graves, the sorry, neglected remains of a nation that has forgotten.

Perhaps somewhere the spirit of the two great horsemen, Tom Hines and Bill Austin, have dismounted, doffed their hats to the Great Chief who recognized these valorous men with the gentle admonition,—“this government of ours, born of our fathers' blood, sanctified by our mothers' tears, shall never, never pass away.”

### INTERVIEW (1890)

Let Hines tell the story of the Muldraughs Hill fight.

“For many months it came to Morgan through Austin, that Jarrett's men were stealing horses in this fashion. They would go to a farmer, tell him that the government needed horses, and it had been reported that the farmer was saving this particular

horse for Morgan's men. It would be better in the end for him to turn the horse over to the United States in order to get pay for it and to prevent being under suspicion. The particular horse thief would sign an O.K., a piece of paper, which was a receipt, after a fashion, that would entitle the holder to get his pay from the Quartermaster.

The horse would be surrendered, and sometime during the night a different man would come for the horse, sometimes two or three. These horses were tied in a big bowl up the gulch near the turn pike between West Point and what was known as Wigginton Woods, just at the rise of the turnpike going south, a distance of three miles. This main gulch was intersected with other gulches and secreted by small hills. Here they kept these horses, sent them on army buying days down the Ohio river by boat in charge of what was called an employee of the government, who would present them for sale and receive pay. No questions so far as I ever knew were asked him. It might have been the buyers were his confederates. Many complaints were made about it, so Austin made a full report to me and I in turn decided we would intercept the game. This gang allegedly were keeping the peace and protecting the citizens from guerrilla warfare.

We collected five men and laid our plans, stretching our line on both sides of the top of the main gulch. But prior to this time Austin was to scout for the incoming train of horses and men. About four in the morning, they came in, with about thirty horses. There were probably some fifty or sixty men, but a camp was maintained down toward West Point near the Pike or turn in the road. Here would re-

main about twenty men as usual. We had the ground mapped by both Austin and Hawkins.

The horses in the bowl were to be cut loose deftly after we thought the incoming men were up into the center of the gulch and before they got over the hill to the bowl or on the plateau between the bowl and the gulch. Here we caught them and opened fire, well and doubly armed. Austin commanded the North side and I kept the South side. Our horses were within easy access, a half mile of us. It was a "moonshine night"—the moon lighted the bottom of the gulch so we could see the individual man pretty well. We picked the rear and front men first and then followed our own individual inclination afterward. I could see Austin on the North side when he ran down the side of the hill and mixed the fight close to where men were falling and horses running and neighing. He and Hawkins were opening a deadly fire at close range. The horses and men were excited and seemed to be running around with no place to go. The horses came out of the bowl in large numbers endeavoring to find their way out. Men were yelling and were being run over all the way down the gulch to which end we worked our way where we could load and fire at much closer range. Austin matched a hand to hand fight, it seemed to me about one hundred yards from where I was and both he and Hawkins, both big men bayonnetted and slashed many men off of their horses.

Nobody gave orders, we executed as fast as possible. Up the gulch they would go for a half mile and a shot from where our horses were guarded would bring them back. The horses were now the real commanders of the situation, and the few men left were almost, if not entirely helpless. We grad-

ually cut them to pieces, and I cannot believe many of them got away alive.

We went back to our horses up the side of the gulch and found a number of dead men on the way. Except a few scars, none of us were hurt but thoroughly worn out. I would say the battle lasted an hour.

With one exception, none of the men were soldiers. When we got to the top of the hill and were about to separate, Hawkins said, "h—, I could'n't miss 'em." I rode into the Vine Grove section, remained for two days, and returned to my regiment. Austin and Hawkins and the others disappeared into the Salt River hills, and no doubt were soundly asleep by daylight. Hawkins is the man who slashed his way out of Secretary Seward's room—April 14th, 1865.

I heard the next day they were burying men and hunting through the country for "Confederate Guerrillas," who had massacred about fifty men.

Our forces were estimated to be from one hundred to three hundred men. There were seven in all. Austin afterward told me about riding into Louisville the next two days. He had to stop at West Point, and the soldiers along the route were telling him about the "Morgan Guerrillas," and their terrible execution in the hills. Austin, in the most surprised fashion, would utter some whimsical phrase, innocent like and sometimes idiotic, but always of such character as to relieve him of the slightest suspicion. Austin loved his home people, and he hated a thief. He was no less loyal to Lincoln.

He had formed a habit of foolish expression, so that at times when he was talking to me he would unconsciously drift into it. But his mind was a power



house of moving thoughts, and when he finished the subject, it was well organized and he was ready to execute its plans.

It was not until just before Lee's surrender that he was found out, and then he was known only in a very limited military circle. At this time he was most completely in the confidence of Lincoln. I doubt if he ever stated a fact or a situation that Lincoln did not find it exactly that way, and Austin saved Lincoln some very hard falls in Kentucky. He was a man up in years, older than Lincoln, but as handsome a picture in his saddle as Robert E. Lee.

The last time Austin saw Lincoln, he said, putting his arm around his shoulder before saying good bye; "Austin, it was once my ambition to be President of the United States. I am that. It is my wish that the cruelties of this war end. If I could save the Union tomorrow, I would walk out of here, and leave the glory to others; I would go back to the country with you and be content to live the simple life of my fathers.

But God has decreed the destinies of men, and this torture and suffering is my lot. I will suffer the end of that service bearing the cross for the people I love, and finally what is my lot matters not, but I trust they will be happy and love and peace again will prevail in the land."

One of the episodes in Austin's career during the war occurred in Louisville in 1863. He had appeared during the day at Military headquarters as the simple cousin of Abe Lincoln. It became necessary for him to change his appearance and sleuth at a social function as a representative of large contractors in connection with war supplies. During the evening, he was thrown in the company of a very talkative Gen-

eral's wife. She discussed the affairs of her husband and President Lincoln and as is often the case, covered the field of mental adventure within her limited scope. She criticised the poor manners of Mr. Lincoln and related the circumstance of one of his kin who annoyed her husband so much by coming around at headquarters. No one of course could blame the President for being friendly to his ignorant kin and no one could expect all of their relatives to be brilliant, but the terrible person she spoke of was impossible.

Austin listened attentively, enjoyed her huge ignorance and eventually escaped her toils.

At another time the President desired to find out how the War Department was carrying on the Commissary Department at Louisville. Austin appeared to a Commissary agent to sell a few "shoats" and was offered less than the price fixed by the department. Austin complained about it, and the agent made out his slip for more than the actual weight, and intimated Austin should bring him back the difference.

So Austin appeared in due time with the difference. He then made a deal to buy hogs for the agent and invariably the excessive weight or lower price racket was worked on the farmers. Lincoln got all of the evidence and filed it away in his vast vocabulary of things unsaid against Stanton.

An agent once disclosed to Austin that the President was a very ordinary person, had no manners and was nothing in the management of the war. Then he told Austin how well Lincoln liked the ladies, but he had very little opportunity to take advantage of such good chances as he had presented to him.

"Well, I guess he puts on a few airs, anyway.

Don't he?" inquired the innocent Austin. "Surely," came the quick reply, as to how Lincoln cracked his high jokes with half naked women on the quiet and drank his fine imported champagnes. The point was, he liked ginger cake and got less of it than any boy who ever had such fine chances; and as a man he had the best of opportunities, and he would have liked to take advantage of them, but there was the ginger cake philosophy that handicapped him. Austin "cackled" and "lowed he'd have to tell old Nancy Lincoln that story about her 'prim' nephew."

Thus intrigue as well as murder went on, both against Lincoln, all the while, even in Kentucky, but the "crude" Lincoln was not always in the dark about it.

Once a man, who had seen Austin faking the old man, came to him. A soldier had committed an outrage on his daughter at the point of a gun, and inquired of young Bill where his father was, and Bill told him his father had departed on a visit. The old man had seen him on parade, and was impressed with his reality—old man Austin. Bill inquired if he could do anything for him and he told his story. Bill insisted he would inform the old man about it and see if anything could be done. At the opportune time Bill, the mysterious night rider, met the young man at the appointed rendez-vous with the daughter, shot a good hole in his uniform, rolled him into a ditch, and left him for future observation.

In the military barracks, he heard a story about a certain old man Booth, who lived on the Bardstown pike with a beautiful daughter, and no one had yet been able to settle the affections of the young lady or get any money out of the old man, so these aspiring youngsters were asking Bill if he knew any-

thing about the lay of the land out there and Bill insisted he did.

Whereupon they informed him, they would appear and check up the old man for noisy talk about the government enlisting negroes. They would appear in early morning, Austin believed, as a mere guess, suspecting that they wanted the girl as much as they wanted money and would probably in the end, go after both.

He timed them about right, went home on Mill Creek, picked up a couple of "Tigers" and spent the preceding night in the woods near by. About daybreak there came galloping along, the noble five, and they halted in front of old Booth's house.

Austin and his companions crept closely up a hedge near the house, and there observed three of the men keeping guard outside while two went in. The light shown out of the window in their faces. Now and then they heard the old man protest, and the daughter begging, and in tears. Austin gave the word, and over the hedge fence three deadly rifle volleys cracked, and three marauders fell dead. The two remaining in the house immediately came out in the yard to see what had happened, and there found their three comrades dying and on the ground. Crack! crack! and the twin rifle balls went over the hedge and lodged in the bodies of the two remaining romancers, who fell in the great cause (?) with their brothers.

Austin commanded the horses to the road, and he leaped the hedge and called for the father and daughter to come forth, a friend was on hand. Scared and almost lifeless, he carried the daughter under his arm and led the old man down to the pike where his companions waited with the horses.

Mounting his horse, he took the reviving girl in his lap and they all rode hastily up the road to a neighbor.

When they arrived, Austin said to the girl, tell no story about being assaulted, only that a band of guerrillas chased these five poor soldiers into your yard and there shot them to death, but do not make your report for an hour—we will then be on our way." There is one request I have to make of you, said the young woman, amid the profuse thanks of her father. "Ask it and I will grant it," said the boiling Austin. "I want to kiss you," she said; "A thousand times if you will," replied the gallant Austin, and the beautiful girl, her face wet with tears, flung her arms around him and kissed him as if he had been a Saviour from the world above. Austin and his companions rode into the Mill Creek hills and were asleep before the sun had kissed the dew from the leaves of the wild grass as it awakened from its nightly slumber.

The next day the numerous squads of soldiers were searching the country for guerrillas when they crossed the path of Austin going to camp at West Point.

"Have you seen any guerrillas around here of late," they inquired. "Nope," replied Bill, "I ain't seed a guerrilla for so long I couldn't tell you what that thar animal looks like." And so no guerrillas were found."

Years passed, Father Time had long ago kicked his dust over Bill Austin's grave. A handsome middle-aged woman was introduced to the writer in 1888 at a social gathering in Louisville, and she desired to, and did bring forth her son, a bright lad of eighteen and introduced him. There we sat and



talked, about the future young man, the war, and she told me her experience.

I could see her pulling back the tears as she told of the marvellous handsome Knight who had saved her honor and her father's life. What had become of him?

In her life he had ever been a present picture, the man on a horse. I told her I had heard the story from the lips of Thomas Hines and John Headly—the man's name was Bill Austin, and he was Lincoln's spy and first cousin, the friend of Captain Hines. Imagine the picture as it now appeared to her after thirty years; and strange as it may seem, not a word was uttered by either of us for a few moments, but in front of me there appeared a man in a slouched black hat riding a dashing chestnut horse, who stopped in front of the woman and saluted. It was his shadow perhaps, but to her it was the real man. In awe, she almost shrieked and fled from the room.

Perhaps Bill Austin, still riding in the spirit world, came back to say that through all the years he desired to speak to her, to tell her what might have been in his heart, and up there he could, and he would, guide her footsteps through the material world until the gates ajar might open.

Down near the turn of the pike before you get into the Muldraugh Hills lived a little boy who had a dog, the only partner he had. One day the soldiers shot him; the lad took sick and had been many weeks in bed. His case was peculiar, the doctor said.

Austin reined in his horse one day to see him. The boy told his story.

Old Bill diagnosed his case. He mounted his horse and on his way to Louisville met a caravan of

supplies; perched high on one load was a half grown pup poking his nose now and then out for air. Austin spied him and persuaded the commissary to give him the lonely dog. Taking him under his arm, he galloped back two miles to the boys house by the roadside, went in to see him, and told him he was a doctor and would cure him of his sickness. "First, you are going to get well, and I am going to give you my dog to keep you company." "What's his name?" inquired the youngster. "He has no name," replied the Doctor. "What's your name?" demanded the youngster. "My name is Bill," said Austin. "Then, we will call him, Bill," snorted the youngster, in glee.

The Doctor rose to go, and the boy said, "I am feeling better, but I was pretty sick, I tell you, Doctor, but I think I will get out of here this week."

"Good bye, old man," said Austin and rode away.

Forty years after this time, that old man told me the story in the Hotel Seelbach, at Louisville. He had many times dreamed of seeing that Doctor again. The war was a memory. He inquired, but no one could tell him anything, except he was a man who rode a sorrel horse.

"I learned just recently it was Bill Austin, Lincoln's spy," he said.

He looked out into space, holding back the tears with his quivering eyelids. "Maybe some time we will see Bill Austin or the Doctor, and maybe we will see the pup, who knows."

Once a lonely old lady with two girls, living in the Camp Knox country, came over to see old man Austin and complained about an attack on one of her daughters, "and now," she said, "he comes and makes her go with him away, and he keeps her a day or so

and brings her back—she has told me her story. Can I not do anything about it, Mr. Austin?" "Well, madame, I do not know, you see I am a cousin of Abe Lincoln, but down here we poor folks don't have much influence over there, but maybe something will happen anyway."

Something happened. The next rendez-vous found the man and the girl riding together about a mile away from her home; the sun had long ago set, night was coming on; a horseman rode into a clump of woods at the foot hills of old Muldraugh, and waited; he did not have to wait long, his prey arrived. One crack of his rifle and the gallant romancer tumbled from his horse dead. The girl was haled into headquarters, and she told her story; a story that could have often been duplicated, without a gallant headsman to rid the girl of her trouble.

Memories of Austin; they would fill pages of such stories, who, now nearing his sixtieth year, young and lithe as a boy of thirty, had no destiny except to save his people and serve Abraham Lincoln. Austin never thought of himself; Austin never dreamed of a palace built by other's money or built by honest money. Austin lived for the cause of others, and his happiness was in service, even though he violated the Golden Rule to render that service. Bill Austin, Dr. Austin, old man Austin and Abe Lincoln—the inseparables.

It was in 1890, during the session of the Constitutional Convention, when General Don Carlos Buell visited, at its invitation, the Convention.

Buell was entertained by Gov. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Captain Thomas Hines, Ex-Gov. J. Proctor Knott and the writer. In the afternoon, we repaired to the Haley Salon, an Annex to Mike Ha-

ley's famous repertoire for fine cocktails; and it is not to be forgotten that this famous white-haired host was an Irishman of no mean virtues himself.

Buell was a stocky mountaineer, with a large head and deep blue eyes, as blue and as deep as the ocean. He told how he had, by extraordinary marches, reached the battle of Shiloh in order to save Grant and cut off Forrest's army of forty thousand, which had all but driven Grant into the Tennessee River. After desperate fighting for twenty-four hours, the battle was a draw. Buell had saved Grant's Army and Grant's reputation; and so Buckner agreed, that but for Buell, Grant would have gone down in history as a failure.

When the writer asked him to tell how he came to be restored to his command, after his removal by Stanton, he snapped back, "Lincoln, Abe Lincoln and the Lincoln family." Then he started to explain that Lincoln relied on his remarkable cousin to get the low down on Buell. "Austin, was the fellow's name, a damnder fool you would not want to see, I thought, when he came to me at Louisville and said, "General, I believe I can help you in this matter." I had no intention of seeing Lincoln, but he set me thinking and, as sure as you live, this fellow had two natures, one was towering, when he asserted himself, and the other bordered on idiocy."

"I thought I would take the chance, and in less than twenty hours he had arranged my conference with President Lincoln. What he had said to Lincoln or how he said it, I will never be able to tell you, but when I arrived at the White House, I found the President waiting for me. He did not even mention Austin's name—merely said, as he rose, "General, I am only too happy to see you—we must win the



war, and it will take men like you to win it." I knew I was on safe ground. Then I went over the causes of my removal and reviewed the conditions. He listened intently, without a word, looking sometimes at me and sometimes out the window. When I had concluded he said: "Next to Grant, you are my man. I will arrange with Thomas that you have a fair Military trial." "Winning the war is partly balancing the job up here, but we must have Generals, and I want you to know that I regard you as a courageous man and loyal to the Union cause."

With this remark, he rose, and I knew I was to go, but my heart was thenceforth for Lincoln; I had confidence in his sense of Justice and his courage. I was tried and acquitted, and rejoined my command.

"I never say Austin for sometime, but I knew he was around, and the result of his work was quite apparent. Reliance on him was a certain thing, by President Lincoln, and I knew enough to ask no questions."

Hines, the silent man, who looked at the floor while Buell was talking, opened his mouth for the first time during the afternoon. The cocktails had loosened the conversation.

"General, I knew this fellow. He had the greatest cunning, the finest imagination, the best courage of any man I met during the war of the Rebellion. He would have been a great actor. I knew old John Austin his father, a woodsman, the equal of Boone. Bill Austin was an actor, had he been trained for the stage he could have reached fame as a comedian or a tragedian; he had it in his blood, and he had a fifth wheel sense about men and events. Once he made up his mind and cleared the decks for action, there was no stopping him. I think he showed



the strong side of his character to Lincoln. The President knew only one Bill Austin, out here in Kentucky we knew also the clown—the simple clown, who clowned the real man to perfection.

When Morgan and my companions were getting through Kentucky, Austin had been everywhere and nowhere—it is enough to say the way was clear. And all that he ever said to me was, “you have arrived!”

At the close of the war, I tried to tell him that Lincoln was in danger of assassination, and he should go to Washington. He replied, “when Lincoln wants me, he will send for me.”

And the last word I ever spoke to him was when the war was at an end. He said, “Captain, all I have against Abe Lincoln is that he kept me from shooting old Jarrett.”

Then, General Buckner said, “Tom, I understand all too well how you got your reputation for going through the lines—you had Austin at your elbow, and that meant Lincoln.”

Hines said: “It only meant that if Lincoln’s cause was involved, Austin was willing to perform his service, and if Lincoln’s cause was not at stake, I only had to show him where he could serve justice and a square deal and he was at my command. I call him a woodsman, but no man living during that war had his ability for doing certain things, and I doubt if he ever shot a man that did not well deserve to be shot, and I would not like to count all of them he shot. It would have been his pleasure to shoot Jarrett or Stanton, and had he had the freedom to do so, I doubt not he would have done both; and who is to track him and find out—nobody.”

J. Proctor Knott, probably the greatest American

the writer has known in his time, re-told the story of the destruction of James G. Blaine. How the Democrats expected him to repeat his Duluth onslaught again and ridicule Blaine out of public life, on account of his connection with the Star Route cases.

"James G. Blaine had many of the elements of a great man; he was weak in dealing with his friends, he had been poor, and he wanted to make money. He was as cold as the snows of Maine, but no man could say Jim Blaine was dishonest. I talked it over with my wife, and she said, 'well, Proctor, you have the ability, the power and the opportunity to ruin James G. Blaine by your speech in Congress. Now, if you think he is honest, are you going to do it, because the Democrats expect you to do it?'"

"That was a fair question," I said, "Becca, you and I can live a long time without ruining any man, and I guess we will stay on the old course. I will file the report, and say, that the House may do with it, what it likes. That is what I did, and instead of Blaine being the ruined man, I was the one who fell under the debris. Cleveland would have appointed me to the Supreme Bench but the Democrats said, I either sold out or was afraid of Jim Blaine, and in either case, Mr. Cleveland concluded I was unfit for the Bench, and refused my appointment. Melville Fuller was named in my stead, after Cleveland had promised the Kentucky delegation I would be appointed."

Many summers have passed since that good day in 1890; these men have joined Bill Austin in the mighty somewhere, and of that conference the writer remains, to have seen a new world of men, a new era of despotism ringed around with Democra-

tic skies, but nowhere is there pointed the road to the end of the rainbow.

Peace to the proud spirits, their ashes are the inheritance only that we pride ourselves in; history has done a poor job by each.

Tom Hines was Bill Austin's Captain, but Tom Hines somewhat lowered his Confederate flag in recognizing Abraham Lincoln as the General of both.

Once Austin listened indifferently to a Jarrett Lieutenant tell his story in a grocery and rum shop down on the Turnpike near Austin's home. The Lieutenant wanted to take over and possess the handsome daughter of old man Day, one of Austin's friends. He had to dispose of the father before he captured the daughter. So, one day, on no great provocation, he shot the father. He, of course, shot him because he was a traitor to the great Union of states. Austin listened to his animated story, the net result of which was he had captured the old man's daughter; romance or no romance; she was in his possession, and possession was nine points in law. He could well use her during his stay in Kentucky, and the dumb Austin allowed, that was real bravery to shoot the old Rebel and take the girl. It did not matter much about the girl or the old man, the thing was to save the Union and get some boot in the saving.

It happened that Day, the father, was Austin's friend, and that proved bad for the romance loving Lieutenant.

Austin took his drink, bid his new acquaintance good day, mounted his horse, rode off up the lane to the west, and in less than thirty minutes took a "bead" on the noble Lieutenant (who continued to imbibe), through the one little window in the rear

of the grog shop. He tore a window light in the Lieutenant's head large enough, that the undertaker had no doubt he came to his death by a bullet wound. In less than thirty more minutes Austin's horse was in Nancy Lincoln's barn and Austin had his feet under Nancy Lincoln's supper table, as though nothing had happened.

The next day, he heard the rumor that Jarrett's men were arresting all women and men in the neighborhood, trying to find the murderer of the dead Lieutenant. The keeper of the shop was telling Austin in a few days just how the mysterious thing happened, and Austin cleared it up by telling him that it no doubt was done by one of Hines' guerrillas, for, it was a fact he had seen a band of them roaming the Wigginton Woods prior to that time.

"But who wants to tackle that gang," interrupted the grog shop keeper; and to this, Austin agreed, they were a bad lot. Following this information, all the women and men arrested were released. If Bill Austin had seen them, then they were there, and if they were there, they would take pleasure in shooting one of Jarrett's men without cause. Jarrett's men had no desire to mix a fight with that Hines' gang after dark—they were always after-dark fighters, and you could never hear of them after the fight was over.

Day was a friend of Austin, and Austin took care of his friends. He cut another notch on the back log he was saving for next winter.

When Austin saw Hines, he told him he had another murder charged up to his guerrillas; he had heard that they had sent a Jarrett Lieutenant to the spirit world where he hoped some good day to send Jarrett. Thomas replied, "that the real chosen spirit

of the Lord never missed a target, and it was one more star in their crown."

Once, a band of Confederate guerrillas rode up to Nancy Lincoln's house and demanded a feed, whereupon the old lady told them if she fed one of them her house would be burned the next day, because she was an aunt of the President and her son-in-law Bill Austin was his trusted friend. The Chief bowed his compliments on hearing the magic name of Austin, bid her the blessings of the day for having such a nephew and such a noble son-in-law.

France had her Musketeers, but neither France nor the old world ever produced two such dumb animals as Bill Austin and Tom Hines: They would not have spoken a word during the civil war unless they were required in the presence of their chiefs, or met, themselves on a lonely highway to compare notes.

"How is Morgan?" Austin would say. "How is Lincoln?" Hines would ask. That ended the conversation.

No two more ingenious men ever astrided a horse, and never was more courage wrapped in two such human hides.

General Buell insisted that he tell me the story of Tom Hines' capture in the hills of Tennessee.

"Hines was the intellectual of General John Morgan's command, that fact I think was quite well understood. Hines was on a scouting trip in the hills around the Gallatin country. To save his plans he braved a trip alone in the midst of some of my scouts. Five of my men captured him in the woods, and they were about to dismiss him when he told a story about looking for his mother's cows. Well, the cow story was alright, but Hines rode a very excellent horse and had his feet hooked into a very natty pair of



spurs. One of my men said to him, "boy, where did you get the spurs, and where did you get the thoroughbred mare?" That question Hines could not answer so well, and they arrested him, took him along with them, stopping at an old cabin in the woods where they were making their quarters for the time. Hines alighted, and they searched him but found nothing except a "jewsharp" which he could play very well.

They hitched their horses and started to cook a fine meal on the logs of the fire they built up in the fire place of the old house. Hines showed them a sample of his mother's cooking, seeming not to bother about the fact he had failed to find his mother's cows.

Well, the evening went along, and Hines played the "jewsharp" and danced a few jigs. Then he commenced to tell them that he had been a year in France; about all the wonderful things he had seen in France. He spoke and wrote French very well, and was full of French war stories, which he reeled off by the yard.

He finally got down to the point where he insisted they drink all the liquor they had, and he knew of a still where they could get plenty good liquor in the morning. These men, of course, enjoyed him. He told the story of the three Musketeers; how they fought many wonderful duels and saved the throne of Louis the Thirteenth and his father, and how they drank and loved and spread.

He got down to the point where Athos was the great hero of the Musketeers, and he reeled off the story of his love affairs, and what his great son, who was an illegitimate had done; and how Athos had broken his sword and thrown it at the King's feet in

defiance of his authority. They had never heard anything more charming and entertaining in their lives.

He told how Athos had been dodging around to spy on the Bourbons, and for safety was driven to hide in a wine cellar. There he decided to play crazy to save himself from arrest, and he took one of the men's six shooter and repeated several times the motions Athos went through to prove that he was really crazy.

He was very real and dramatic about it, and then he extolled the wonderful Frenchman in many ways, all the while mimicking the brilliant Musketeer.

At last, when he had about put them under his hypnotic influence, one of my boys said to him in blunt curiosity, "How did he get away from that cellar I would like to know?"

Hines replied, "Wait a moment, and I will show you."

At this, he ran around the room as though he was trying to climb the wall, and then dashed out of the door, saying, "this is the way he did it," dashing from the room, shouting in a dramatic voice, "I am a Frenchman who loves the cause of the Bourbons, and I will kill the tyrant who sits on the throne of a Bourbon."

Before they realized it was not all play, he had reached his horse, cut the tie strap of his mare, mounted, wheeled, and was flying through the woods before they could get their pistols and get to their horses. The mother's cow hunter was gone, and they realized that it must have been the devil they had been looking for—Tommy Hines.

When they reported the fact, they were about the worst looking five soldiers I had ever looked at.

Hines, who spoke few words to his companions during his entire service with Morgan, was a marvel at action as well as speech. I suppose this is an old story to you, many times published, but never exactly as it was related to me by the men. They got the guard house for losing one of the valuable finds of the war."

General Forrest, the great genius of the war, was prevented from crushing Federals by General Bragg according to both Buckner and Buell.

Forrest had told Bragg he was a coward, ordered him never to interfere with him during the war on the penalty of death. Bragg was called to Richmond by President Davis, and was busy during the balance of the war thwarting Forrest's plans. Davis distrusted Forrest on account of Bragg's influence.

Had Austin not secured the restoration of Buell, he would not have gone to Grant's rescue at Shiloh. Johnston, Forrest and Hood would have driven Grant to surrender in order to save his Army. Buell by the most extraordinary forced marches arrived in the niche of time. Grant was preparing to surrender.

Forrest's plan was to capture Grant's Army, and he left Morgan to harrass General Buell's rear. It was Lincoln who ordered Buell to go to Grant's rescue.

Once Grant was out of the way, Forrest, Morgan, Hood and Johnston would have crossed Tennessee and Thomas would have been crushed between Johnston's Army in the South and the invading armies of the four Generals. This plan would have succeeded without doubt.

This would have released these armies to make a junction with Joseph Johnston north of Atlanta and Lee's Army in Virginia, enveloping the Federal

Army of the Potomac with an iron circle of the two southern armies of Albert Sidney Johnson and Joseph Johnston. Morgan would have been left to harrass Buell's army in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Lee on the East, Hood and Johnston with Forrest on the West, would have quickly ended the war. The strategy of this move was put up to Lincoln both by Austin and General Buell.

Such in brief was the tremendous influence of the simple Austin, who saw the impending fate of the Union Armies. Stanton had blundered into removing General Buell, and there stood his mighty Army sulking and leaderless.

Who can value the genius of this simple country cousin of President Lincoln. Wise and far seeing, Lincoln acted at once, and Buell was again inspired to save the Union as he knew he must. Austin had detailed this plan to Buell, whose pride would not permit him to go to Washington. And Lincoln seeing the tragedy, said to Buell—"Next to Grant, you are my man." It was Buell who saved the battle at Shiloh.

In a sentence, he saved Grant's reputation, and made Buell his enthusiastic arm to win the war. Thus did Lincoln again show that magnificent judgment which alone was his, of the magnitude of men and events. Thus did he arise to see and know that, against the brilliant Forrest, he had the equally brilliant Austin.

Buell, in his old age, long after the strife, shook hands with Buckner in this little cafe at the capital of Kentucky, to re-new their knowledge of the mightiest events of the war.

It was the "towering" mind of Bill Austin that told the disaster of Grant to Buell and made Buell

feel the great importance of seeing Lincoln. Once Buell had told Lincoln what Austin saw, Lincoln was aroused. Hines and Austin maybe, discussed the movement of war on the chess board. Who knows; and were there two greater geniuses of war than these two men, neither of whom perhaps quite understood that the brain storm that came to them struck from the clock of that imperial place which controls the destinies of men and nations.



## CHAPTER XV

### PLANNED ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN'S CABINET.

A CONFEDERATE soldier captured two wounded Federals at the battle of Murphresboro, Tennessee. He would have shot them, but they begged him to spare them, that they might get back to their lines and to a hospital. Fortunately, the Confederate boy was close to his home and decided he would secrete them in his mother's care after dark, when all chance of detection would likely be gone, but he said he knew, if he were caught, it would mean death.

He took them at nightfall to his mother's home. There she nursed them back to a point where they would be able to travel, and gave them the last horse she had on the farm. They had instructions to put on gray uniforms, which the son picked from the battlefield. It would pass them to Bowling Green in safety. When they reached the Federal lines at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, they took their blue uniforms from under their saddle, put them on and threw away the ones they were wearing. They were trying to make Louisville, where they would report and where they would be able to identify their Michigan Regiment and receive money from home. They were captured by Captain Jarrett near Vine Grove and taken to John Smith's house for the night.

Nothing they could say or do would convince

Jarrett that they were anything other than spies of John Morgan. Their blue uniforms and wounds convinced him that they were Confederate guerrillas masquerading under Federal colors; the penalty was death. They were boys under twenty. Their pleas were re-inforced by neighbors, who believed their story—a very truthful and a very likely story, and after the war, proved to be true in every detail. The older exhibited a letter from his mother in Michigan, which completely identified him, but Jarrett would not listen. In the eyes of Jarrett they were spies, or they would be attached to some army, which they could not prove without getting into Louisville. Their youth and appeals were pitiful, but in the breast of old Jarrett there was not a spark of humanity. The neighbors proposed to wire for intervention at Washington, but there was no time. When they arrived at Garnettsville, a nearby town, a posse of men undertook to rescue them, and a fight ensued—these citizens were killed, and the two young men were shot to death.

Years after the war, the mother of the oldest came to find and mark her son's grave, and the sad fate which the citizens had to relate changed her opinion of the people of the South. This cruel murder was the result of the "black flag" order of Jeffrys Burbridge, super-scoundrel, and cruelly inhuman.

The assassination of Mr. Lincoln was never proposed by the adventurous Kentuckians, but as matter of fact, the plan included his abduction, which was believed to be the most feasible, but both Hines and Young knew that the whole matter might result in his assassination. He was, as soon as they reached Washington, subject to their plan of retaliation for the crimes committed in Kentucky.

Booth, undoubtedly, expected to convince them of the feasibility of his scheme, which was refused by them when they arrived in Washington. He did not, however, lose hope, because he followed them to Canada, and there got no support, except from Hawkins, who had not been arrested in Canada. He, however, aided Booth later, and joined in his conspiracy after the St. Albans episode.

Sue Munday, who was the chief spirit of this enterprise, was captured in Kentucky and was shot without trial or ceremony for earlier guerrilla escapades.

The plans would have undoubtedly resulted in the kidnapping of the President, and the probable assassination of the balance of the Cabinet.

Mr. Young refused to participate in any plan except the kidnapping of the President.

Hawkins, by a remarkable twisting of fate, escaped the death that would have been his, and died in the Salt river country, with very few men ever knowing just what was his connection with the entire matter; there seems to have been little doubt that he assaulted Seward, and not the man who suffered execution for the crime.

Captain Hines knew what had occurred in Kentucky prior to the departure of the adventurers, and it was fear of the outcome of their visit to Washington that induced him to urge Austin to go to Lincoln's rescue. Austin's disappearance may have resulted from his mortification or remorse, when it was brought home to him that he had failed to save Lincoln's life.

The writer visited Hawkins in his life time, but was warned by Young not to discuss this question with him.

Hawkins was known by his neighbors to have had narrow escapes during the war, but they had no real knowledge of the actual dramatic life he had led.

Young and Tevis and the others did not return to America until after they were pardoned, and of course had no knowledge of what Booth really intended to do, but Hawkins had not been arrested, and after the trial, or prior to that time, came into the United States and joined Booth at Washington. These facts, in part, were well known to Captain Hines, who like Young, kept them a secret the major portion of his life.

The two chapters that follow will give some of the details of this escapade.

The imagination of a young man is easily fired. The bloody murders, atrocious acts of rapine, assault and thievery, justified any form of retaliation. It was not surprising when a small number of young gentlemen met in Louisville and decided something desperate must be done. The Treasury was to be blown up, that all the money in the hands of the government might be destroyed. That duty was assigned to Mark Smith. Towns in the East were to be burned by Captain Hawkins and Lieutenant Bennett Young. Reprisals at home were to be under Sue Munday. We will read the story of Sue Munday, who was shot without a trial.

Mark Smith and Lieutenant Young went to Washington, Hawkins to Philadelphia. It did not take Mark long to get started. He did not even wait until he could cultivate the acquaintance of the best bombers in the Capitol. Perhaps, he did not see John Wilkes Booth or any number of characters who could have told him in lurid language what a tyrant sat in the White House. He went about his busi-

ness, set his powder and lighted his match. The Treasury was hard to blow. It was not a success, but Mark was on his way soon to destroy another city, or join his comrades in sacking and burning the town of St. Albans, Vermont. Twenty-seven of these doughty souls headed in at nightfall on the hills of Vermont's good old town. Let Judge J. W. Bailey of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, tell the story. (In 1898.)

"At nightfall we saw burning fires on the hills above the city, it looked like the encampment of a large army. During the night, we heard them drilling. It seemed like several thousand men were up there. There were only about five hundred soldiers in the town, of which I was one. We evacuated the town so that the fight would be on the outside, when they started their assault, as we expected about daylight. Morgan's men were supposed to be collecting by train to carry some sudden assault in the East. All kinds of stories were woven about him and his daring men. Well, here was Morgan, that was our conclusion.

"At about daylight some twenty-five horsemen, the advance scouting cavalry, as we thought, rode into the town, blew the banks, robbed them, set fire to the town and departed, with over \$200,000 in cash. The damage ran into a million dollars. At the head of the flashing horsemen was a young man afterward identified by me as Lieutenant Young. He could not have been over twenty. How did they get their horses? They were home guard soldiers, and sacked these horses from the farmers the day before giving Quartermaster Generals vouchers for them. These were identical with those used by the United States army.

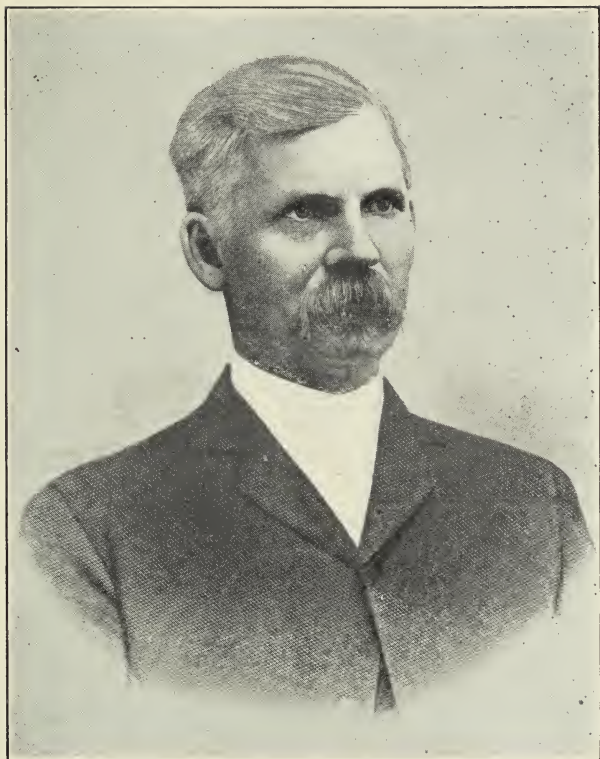


The citizens and soldiery were busy saving the town, and the entire gang got away; Young, Hutchinson and Hawkins, I believe, got into Canada. That is the story, and it is true."

Once on the Canadian side, Bennett Young's case was one of International importance. It was a front page story for years. The court had been equally divided. Young was the dashing and handsome prince to all of the young fluttering hearts in Montreal and Ottawa. He had D'Artagnan outdone a thousand ways.

Among these young ladies was the daughter of the Chief Presiding Justice. After his capture, she and her friends visited the jail every day to see the handsome Lieutenant. They sent flowers. They cooked the delicacies of the market that he might live as a Prince deserved. Poems were written and passed to him with the inspiring notes of love converted into songlets. He was the hero of all Canada and England.

The Court was about to decide that he was extraditable. Senator George Edmunds, Attorney General of the United States made two arguments, one on re-hearing. Did he and his Confederates have a Commission from the Confederate States of America, and was it an act of war? That was the sole question. Well, the everlasting Hawkins, he of the great base voice, would see, between the date of the ruling and the time for the second hearing, that all papers would be forthcoming; back to the "Salt River Tigers" he came, and back to the ingenious Hines. Ere long the mighty Hawkins returned to Canada, certified copies and all, and into the bodice of the Honorable Presiding Justice's daughter they were lodged, and on the first opportunity they were produced into



Bennett H. Young, leader of the twenty-seven who raided and set fire to St. Albans, Vermont; who planned to kidnap Lincoln, and who refused to join Booth in his assassination scheme.



the proper niche of Lieutenant Young's cell where he had lost them. He knew he had them, they must have been lost in the raid at St. Albans. They were produced in Court. That was important, but not entirely convincing to the Chief Presiding Justice, who lent himself to the idea that Young's act was not one of war.

That question was not plain to him; he halted; the court was still divided.

He had decided to give up Young. The daughter was the first to know it, even before his associates. She was the darling of the old man's heart; and how she loved the magnificent young Lieutenant. It would be the joy of her life some day to march into the Queen of all the British possessions, and on the arm of this magnificent man, present herself to this court, escorted by the most daring Cavalier of the ages. It occurred to her that she would pour out her heart to her father, and she did. He refused, and there was more grief, and threats of suicide. Her tears and sobs stirred the household. What did the great Judge do? He was human, that was his daughter, and that would be his handsome son-in-law. So he turned the law hair the other way; and thus a famous case decided on other than points of law. The daughter won; extradition was refused. Young, in his turn, now went to England, returning to America four years after the war, pardoned by General Grant. There was, waiting on the steps of a Castle in Kentucky, the proud daughter of Stuart Robinson, the great preacher, and the Lieutenant became the wedded lover and redeemer of that immortal pledge, made in 1860. We are sorry to spoil the picture. Here is a clipping from the press of the day, containing the indictment:

"Confederate soldiers in Canada, did by First Lieutenant Young of Kentucky, acting under orders from the Confederate states, Secretary of War, who authorized it in retaliation for the disgraceful burning of farm houses and dwellings, and pillaging, and other outrages, in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia by the direct act of General Phil Sheridan—make raid upon the town of St. Albans in Vermont, on the Central Railroad about fifteen miles from the Canadian frontier, for three quarters of an hour, hold the citizens prisoners of war; seize all of the money in three banks, \$211,150.00 and a number of horses, killing one man who resisted, and attempted to set fire to the town, but failed in this. Immense alarm all along the Canadian border, militia enlisted, arms and troops sent from New York, and a patrol kept up for some time. The Canadian government proves very prompt in arresting the raiders and securing their money, acting as United States Secretary, W. H. Seward, says—"in entire conformity with the wishes of the United States."

Under the proceedings in Court for their extradition as burglars and murderers, they are discharged by Judge Coursol on a technical defect in the indictment under which they are tried, released from custody and money restored.

Their release provokes a "blood and thunder" proclamation from Major General John A. Dix of New York, who orders any more such marauders to be shot down if possible while in the very act, but by all means to be followed into Canada if necessary and there arrested and brought back.

President Lincoln is alarmed by the stupid blunder of General Dix, and on December 17th, modifies the order so as to require military Commanders to report



to headquarters at New York for instructions before crossing the boundary line in pursuit of guilty parties.

The claim was subsequently renewed under the treaty with Great Britain, for the delivery of Lieutenant Young, Wallace, Spurr, Tevis, Hunter and seventeen others, his Kentucky companions in the St. Albans raid; but Mr. Justice Smith speaking for the Court, held that,—

“The said attack was a hostile expedition undertaken and carried out under the authority of the so-called Confederate states, by one of the officers of their army; and being both a belligerent act of hostility and a political offense, quoad the state, now demanding extradition, was not controlled by the Ashburton Treaty nor by the statutes of Canada—for neither authorized the extradition of belligerents or political offenders; therefore, the prisoners are discharged.”

The sensational trial once at an end, the difficulty arose, how would they come back into the jurisdiction of the United States. Some of them went to England, others slipped into the states under other names, and some did not return until after President Grant's election. He was known to be friendly, treating it as an act of war.

What happened to poor Mark Smith? As the trip East had largely been a failure, the next best job would be in Buffalo where he went to unswitch a frog and turn over a trainload of soldiers. That he did, but only killed a dozen or so and finally in the getaway was shot to death for his pains, while crossing into Canada to rejoin his companions.

Young and his partners survived. Hawkins, it is said, after Booth's visit, went to Washington to dissuade Booth from killing, but to kidnap Lincoln and

carry him into Richmond where they might hold him as a hostage under the threat of death until they could make a good compromise for the South. Vain and visionary dream of youth.

In Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln" he, no doubt, had heard of the black magic somewhere in his movements. He says:—

"After the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, he, Booth, visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said, conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him into Richmond."

But Bennett Young told the writer, in 1890, that there was never any serious plan to kill Lincoln by the Kentuckians; that, however, they would, on reaching Washington, have entertained a scheme of kidnapping him and carrying him by forced ride into the hills of Virginia, there to remain under their care until the terms had been reached between the South and the North. He did not entertain a high regard for Booth, though he believed him a young man of unquestioned courage, and of insane, though theatric devotion to the South. Hawkins, without doubt, was the man who assaulted Seward, but escaped without serious suspicion on the part of the government officials.

Many of these young men who had gotten away with a fair job and arrived in Canada safely were willing to entertain any scheme to revenge the bloody deeds of the administration, but they thought that the death of the President would have harmed their cause, and though they were actuated by revengeful motives, they had no desire to punish the South and Southern people, which must have resulted from the assassination of the President.

He described Booth as a man of rare good looks, twenty-six years old and daring to the point of absolute fearlessness.

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The arrest of Silas Smith in Kentucky prior to this exploit at St. Albans was an event of some tragedy, though it followed one of similar character daily. General Nelson had severely criticised General Jefferson C. Davis of Indiana for the interference of his men and disapproval of their act. Words followed, and Davis told Nelson to defend himself, fired on him, killing him instantly. That gave it national incidence.

Captain Jarrett, notorious Spy of Stanton, rode into Silas Smith's house one morning and ordered his breakfast cooked forthwith. Perhaps it was not an order of Quaker Oats or Aunt Jemimah cakes, he wanted, but liquor. At any rate, he ordered his men to take Mr. Smith down the road and hang him while he and his horse guest enjoyed their morning repast, oats for the horse, liquor and pancakes for the Captain. The soldiers, not to be outdone, stopped at Cephas Smith's grocery for liquor; seeing the prey they had with them, he informed them he had his liquor hid in the orchard—to which they ordered him immediately. Cephas found it convenient to whisper to his wife, who put a boy on horseback to ride to Louisville and inform the Governor of Militia, but he only reached West Point, and there found one of Davis' Lieutenants on his way to Elizabethtown, accompanied by a detachment of soldiers. The murdering scoundrels, however, got their prey to a great oak, and after drawing him up and down until he was limp, were confronted with the Davis Lieutenant who arrested them. The Lieutenant took them to

Louisville, and after Stanton got in action they were released and suffered not for their adventure. Silas Smith had been a forty-sevener. With thirty other men he had travelled the plains to the Gulf, crossing Mexico to the coast, and there he took a ship for the promised land. Lincoln was to go but he was then in Congress.

Silas Smith had two reputations in Hardin County. He had more money than any man in it, resulting from mining operations in California, and he was the best poker player on the Louisville and Nashville Pike between the two cities.

Jarrett was intending to levy money tributes. He needed the cash. The government had no money to buy the Cavalry horses, and its O.K. was as good as gold. But Silas Smith had no money to pass out on O.K.'s. He had seen it done in the mining camps of California and invariably the money never came back. He indulged in some doubt about Jarrett's promises.

Jarrett made up his mind that he would succeed in the enterprise by hanging him.

His daughter, Mary E. Smith, lived a mile away on Mill Creek. She was twenty-one. She had two children. Known as a woman of more than average personality, and to have been a favorite of her father's and old grandfather Billy Smith, she was thought to be the source of the true route to Silas' pocket-book. Well, what difference did it make, that Silas was a Union man; he had the money, and what was the Union to Jarrett and his men. Just a cloak to grab the cash with a few murders thrown in.

Negro soldiers were assembling everywhere. Why not send an ignorant soldier of the negroes to do the job.

So at one sunset the negro soldier appeared. He



came to the house and wanted to know if there were any men about the farm, he wanted to buy some feed for the soldier's horses.

Mrs. Smith replied, "Yes, there are men in the fields." He went away and wandered about the place, he saw no men, it was beginning to get dark; night had settled in the little valley. What a fine advantage then to have had a telephone, when she could have summoned the neighbors, but she dared not leave these children. Finally he came back toward the house. She closed and locked the door. He demanded she open it; she refused, he battered it down with the butt of his rifle, and in he came. First, he struck her with his rifle, and she then knowing it was a question of death, or of quicker wit, fainted to deceive him, and seizing a poker she struck with all her might and floored him. She then attempted to take his rifle from him and shoot him, but he held on to it, rose and knocked her senseless to the floor. He then jerked the baby from the cradle in which he lay, and holding him by the heels, walked out of the house, around the big chimney, hurled his little head against it, scattering his brains all over the yard. The agonized insensible mother could not utter a cry, but it seemed to her that the stars had gone out of the heavens and God had turned loose the minions of Hell to do their bloody work.

The elder child, three and a half years old, with superhuman presence of mind, ran into the back yard and jumped into an old well, where she stood for many hours.

But the unsatiated brute returned, and taking his victim by the hair, dragged her around in the yard, stopping now and then to stamp his rough military boots into her face and breast. Her jaws and nose



were broken; her breast bone and ribs were broken, and blood had literally soaked her hair and the ground around over the yard, but gamely and fiercely had she fought and gamely would she survive. He had fled, on hearing a voice far away; the ghost of distant sounds seems to an ignorant negro like the demon's approach from the caves of the inferno. She crawled around, and finally gained consciousness, she looked for the older child on hands and knees. At last, her husband, afraid himself of arrest in daytime, made his appearance, but before this she, lying in the presence of the battered and dead baby, determined she would arise out of the terrible nightmare, exercised a super will and nature to get into the house. At the nightfall, the husband returned, and the terrible smell of blood greeted the father and husband—he flew accross the fields for help, believing that others lay in wait for him; first, to the house of William Smith, then old and broken from the wrongs of the war; but the brave man came onto the scene in haste. Such rage was never before visited on a scene. The last expiring drop of blood of his race, he vowed, would descend on the scoundrels whose sole game was murder, not war. The man whose father and grandfather had stood at Washington's back, when Braddock fell and took up the cause of the broken army, had not lost the mind or courage of his race. Union or no Union, Lincoln himself must pay the crime—debt off, for he was the real power, and that power he must use, or show to him that gratitude and justice had gone out of his heart.

He knelt upon the ground wet with the blood of his race and imprecated infamy with prayers to that

great power of truth and life in which he firmly believed. His white hair waved defiance to all the wrongs of Christendom—he would avenge.

The Lincoln head, old, but firm in her step came quickly. Bill Austin, to see with the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, and with that adventurous heart of steel, came also.

The neighbors came by the hundreds, and at last the soldiers came—Lincoln's soldiers or Stanton's soldiers—that was the question of the hour. A young man by the name of Jefferson Davis came, a General in the Union Army, and Washington heard that the deed was the result of the policy of enlisting negroes and inflaming of their minds by the terrible Burbridge. Lincoln must end it or Lincoln must die, was the flaming fire that broke out in the souls of men and women who had never faltered; and from that day Lincoln was not safe. It would not end with the death of the negro soldier. Immediate trial by court martial and hanging was the verdict of soldier and layman, and all human hearts stood frozen in the bodies of men and women. The older child survived the terrible ordeal, and as the writer pens this chapter, she lives in Hardin County, in peace and happiness, as Mrs. Henry Ditto. The daring mother finally recovered, and lived many years. Three children were born afterward, who attained reasonable distinction in life, Mrs. G. E. McMurtry, wife of G. E. McMurtry, Cashier, Farmers Bank of Vine Grove, Kentucky, S. H. Smith, former counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission, now living in California, and the writer.

On the day the news was flashed, of the Jarrett murder, as it was called, the chill winds of November warmed the blood of every thinking man in Ken-

tucky, whose mind was either free or submerged. The Generals, whose consciences were yet alive, felt the moral suasion of immediate action. The Michigan soldiers at Elizabethtown held the culprit from civil authorities in violation of law. What would they do, everybody asked? They would do as the bloody butchers demanded or decided. That was the answer.

Could old Nancy Lincoln, whose voice was known as a vibrant force in Washington, circumvent the triumvirate of Jarrett, Burbridge and Paine, the Nero's of the North. Would Abraham Lincoln dare let the challenge go unaccepted? Was he not of the same race and kind? Did he have the manhood or the courage to fall on the cabal of cowards? Those Generals who were sick of the smell of blood, who despised in their hearts the hesitancy of the White House, had nothing to say. On the one hand, was the implacable Stanton, replying "this is war," and on the other, Lincoln looking with serious and determined scowl over the reports coming from Kentucky.

In their last desperate stand for right and dignity, these Generals met at the old Gault House in Louisville. That night, their wine was bitter, their food tasteless. Children had been murdered before, women had been assaulted before, but women had not been assaulted and children murdered under the form of a yankee uniform, and the murderer denied to civil law. That was a double disaster, and all men that had an ounce of manhood would curse the flag and the uniform. Why should they not rise in their might and tell Lincoln what must be done in Kentucky? Did they dare do it in Kentucky? Who would move?

Finally, there rose a slim, keen eyed, black haired

young man, who had just been made a General. His name was Davis. Jefferson C. Davis, of kin to the President of the Confederacy, but known to be a fanatic on freeing the slaves. Would Davis, excuse, would he apologize and call for one more cheer for the flag and tell them, "this is war?" If that was their conclusion, they had guessed wrong. Davis, firm, erect, flashing an eye that was unafraid, denounced the act, denounced the cowardice of the Generals that countenanced the deed, that protected the culprit out of respect to Paine and his gang. The President must act, and he must act quickly. He could not await a military report.

Sentiment will crystallize in the Army; it will mutinize the troops, for after all a common soldier is not a dog; you cannot feed him and have him bite the hand that gives him food. No, the dogs were better than the Captains who indorsed such war plans.

Davis had concluded briefly. He knew a man and called him forth to go to Washington, fast, and free of questions; the President knew him, the President would listen to him. So Davis dramatically introduced the quiet, drawling spoken Austin, and Austin as meek as the child of the forest, whitened by nature, whiter still by the terrors of his days, now stood up like a ghost from the hidden garret, and for the first time these Generals saw the mysterious friend of Lincoln, about whom they had heard in council—the enemy of Stanton and Chase.

Davis drew up the message—read it, read it three times, to make sure every name would be there necessary to carry conviction, but Davis knew that Lincoln only needed one indorsement—the name of Nancy Lincoln. He knew that it would be preserved in Bill Austin's mouth and never put on paper. But



Davis wanted to break the back of the Cabal of Stanton and Chase. He knew that Lincoln was looking for leaders, and he proposed to lead, and down on the spotless paper went the names of the Generals—there for Abe Lincoln alone to see—not Stanton nor Chase. That day Davis was made. In a few months, he became Military General of all Kentucky. Austin left. Into the White House, he dashed with a dispatch from General Davis—"messenger of General Davis carrying important dispatch to President Lincoln only—clear way." Austin hit the White House in three bounds and Lincoln, sad-eyed, grim, resolute, determined, rose and embraced the tired, white-faced raven of the night. These two men sat alone and discussed the doings in Kentucky. It was no longer the drawling Austin. It was the spirited, erect eagle-eyed Austin opening his real nature to the President, speaking as though he had the confidence of a Clay, for when truth rushed out of Bill Austin it spoke its own eloquence. Save the actor's poise, Bill Austin anywhere would have been an eagle of controversy, but in his place Bill Austin must be and he was an actor—a perfect actor of his time.

Lincoln had known him only since the war, but Lincoln put his great hand on Austin's shoulder and tears streamed down his rough cheeks, but Austin, stern and courageous, did not let the President know what went on within him. Lincoln the humane, could afford to give away, but Austin, the devil's eye to Stanton, could not afford for any human being to see that his pounds were anything but steel, not even his chief, the man he came to know and love, the blood of his own wife.

"Hang him, hang him quick, let the soldiers do it, and let it be an example that the flag is no protec-



tion to murderers within or without—give him a military trial, but if the facts are as you say, let the verdict be instant and the execution be accordingly.”

And in the mail went a letter to General Davis from the President of the United States, thanking him for “report on serious matters,” and exacting of him to call on him when he, Lincoln’s services were needed to further the ends of Justice. Months flew by and Davis heard no more, and finally in 1864 came an order superseding Palmer and appointing Davis Military Governor of Kentucky.

When Austin had received his orders, back to Louisville he went as fast as the train could carry him. He arrived at Louisville and went to Davis’ office. Quickly he was dispatched to Elizabethtown with an order of trial and before daylight the judgment of the military court was to “hang and shoot,” and in concurrence both acts of punishment took place on the hillside where now stands the little village of Claysville.

Who did it? The question passed from General to General, as each read the news. Who dared to do it? Young Davis was the chorus of answers. “No, said Davis, “it was a woman, defending one of her race—it was a Lincoln woman; mine is only the spokesman’s voice—mine is that of the interpreter—mine is the chill, swift voice of justice speaking for the voice of all ages, love for love and life for life, the law of a woman’s existence.”

Bill Austin was now somewhat uncovered, the silent man of the war. Generals took off their hats and saluted the mysterious friend of President Lincoln. Yet how and why could it be as it was—this simple Simon of the hills whose devotion was not unlike that of the Hunchback of Notre-Dame.

Nothing more need be said. He was the son-in-law of Nancy Lincoln, and what Nancy Lincoln said, this old woman of the hills also—the Mill Creek Hills,—was law henceforth to Generals. A President once persuasive and diplomatic had now taken into the velvet hand, the sword of the Muskeeteer, and he need not brandish it to have each and all know that he had asserted the arbitrary power put into his hands, as the head of the Army, for it was Lincoln and no longer Stanton who ruled the land. These were days that tried the hearts of men for love of country. The men and women equally devoted to their country would now give their last drop of blood to avenge innocence and childhood, but those who were anxious to act hastily have passed to their reward. The soul of the mighty liberator of the blacks had delivered his accounts and received judgment. The world moves to new problems, and the responsibility of a new day has arisen to stay the minds of men.

The old banks of Mill Creek are traveled by a new generation whose point of view is now beyond the deeds of crime once committed in their midst to terrify their fathers. The solemn churches that housed and heard the prayers of our fathers are still housing and holding generations whose religion looks now to life as the day of reckoning rather than to the great day of judgment pictured by their fathers. We are a day in front of the metered hour called death.

The good little mother has passed on; her hair, silvered with a happy age, and who lived to bless and be blessed in the community where she knew all, saw all, and where she loved the flowers that bloomed in their wild flavor over the hills where she

had met her first great tragedy; her work is done; her day is past.

The good Jefferson Davis, whose kind heart and high sense of duty put an end to these infamous outrages on women and children, died in high reward.

Stanton, of infamous fame in Kentucky, universally detested by its manhood, has rolled his bloody chariot from the paths of Caesar across the horizon of hell, and the keeper of thunderbolts has e'er this day crushed him into dust and nothingness. The "Salt River Tigers," civilizers of Indians, by the sword, have disintegrated, and their descendants, the La Follettes, Turners, and Woodrings, heads of the great states of the Union; their Senators, like Norris and Borah, sit in high estate, defenders of the common people; others, direct the destinies of great industrial concerns; and the pure waters of the famous old stream keeps murmuring its history over and over again by the silent graves of the great Lincoln dead. Only the noisy new Jays persist in telling you the glorious history of the once glorious country, and the blue sky alone remains to look down on the ancient trails of the Wabash bucks of one hundred and sixty years ago, smiling on the newcomer of a new race and generation of men and women, who, like the world, have forgotten its past. There is little left of the old day, and the new day has no glorious story to tell, but the march of time has not destroyed the memory of those who lived there and performed their high duty to the civilization we know and enjoy.

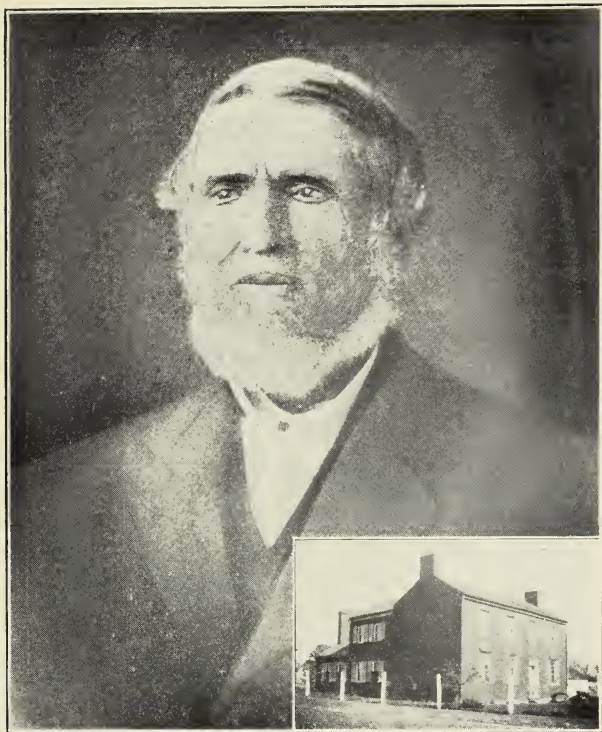
## CHAPTER XVI

### LINCOLN'S POSITION ON KENTUCKY, TROUBLE WITH STANTON.

IT is well known that President Lincoln was deeply chagrined because he received less than two thousand votes in Kentucky in 1860. This fact left him a prey to Stanton's machinations in controlling the very difficult situation in Kentucky. Lincoln himself had no heart in the destruction of his own people, so that he backed away from the responsibility and left it in his Secretary's hands. This is why there was so little interference by him in the beginning. Stanton picked Burbridge for the job of Military Governor, out of place, in view of the fact that Kentucky had chosen Bramlette, a strong Union man, after the resignation of Magoffin, for Governor.

There was no Stanton following in Kentucky. The Generals cordially hated him and he distrusted them. Stanton had no scruples about law or the Constitution; he had admitted as much. He had expressed this in connection with Lincoln's promises to the Kentuckians. He had no intention of interfering with the slavery institution as such.

Palmer, Buell, Davis, Wolford, Jacobs were antagonistic to Stanton. He attempted to get rid of them, and he was so persistent that Lincoln became suspicious of his motives. Stanton knew the Kentucky



Silas Smith who was ordered hung by Jarrett, and whose life was saved by General Davis, who killed General Miles in a quarrel about it.





situation was a powder mill and he wanted the blowing-up responsibility to be on Lincoln; and finally Lincoln understood as much. Lincoln has been bitterly arraigned because of laxity on his part relative to this situation.

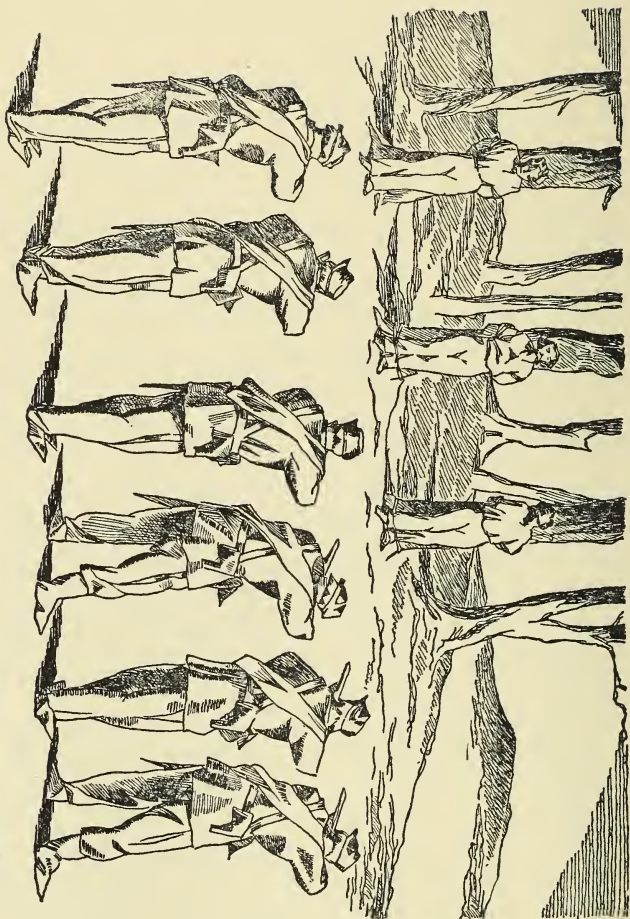
Lincoln being the titular head of the government, Stanton foresaw that it would break Lincoln and imperil the success of the war. He had a willing advisor in Salmon P. Chase. Lincoln's intense moments were devoted unselfishly to winning the war; he excused himself for inactivity on this front. They bullied him into the order enlisting the slaves, as the first rock that would break him with his leading Generals. Thus, they played an unpatriotic, as well as an unscrupulous game—the game of politics.

As the situation grew desperate, Lincoln began to look into it, and it grew so irksome that he was forced to show his hand. Stanton insisted that McClellan would be the candidate against him; and the danger was, rebellious generals headed by McClellan, and the situation would require a very drastic rule of discipline, and this looked reasonable to Lincoln; it, at least, was acceptable as a probable thing.

The Kentucky Governor was a strong and courageous man; he did not hesitate to open the fight against Stanton, and he opened it against Lincoln himself.

If Stanton took water, Bramlette forced him to do it. Stanton had no heart in winning the war, though he hated the Southerners, and he loved Stanton amazingly to the extent of intriguing for him.

The generals were afraid to move lest they get pinched in the war that was inevitable between



A. S. P. 1851

Shooting of Vanmeter, Settles and Vertrees on the order of Captain Jarrett,  
without trial, for alleged criticism of enlistment of slaves.

Stanton and the President, and thus inaction, crime and inefficiency was the rule everywhere. Lincoln came to see that it was his war, and his rise or fall would be governed by its success. He knew that an effort to impeach him for Stanton's and Chase's misdeeds would be one of the results of his failure. This resurrected the iron in his nature, and his stride from that time on was a real Lincoln stride. He moved late, but he finally moved in time to save the situation for the Union, but not in time to save himself. Murders in Kentucky, fixed military trials, no trials at all, shooting and looting by Federal officials, recruiting of negroes, putting them in a position to insult and arrest the whites, was Stanton's program. General Paine, whose trial was forced by Bramlette, proved to be the blast of a bugle that stirred Lincoln and aroused the thinking men of the state to the point where nobody's life was safe and nobody's liberty or property was respected.

Outrages that quailed the average mind were common every day. This was not required to carry on the war, and finally visionary young men decided on a campaign at Washington, which included the assassination of the entire Lincoln cabinet, though Captain Thomas Hines believed it would lead to the death of the President. Hines could see a good deal further than the oath they had taken. He wisely knew where Lincoln stood, and that Lincoln was the hope of the South in the final accounting. He tried to move Austin, but Austin was not the type of man to start anything; he executed.

Well, they went into Washington's quiet circles, and they were well guided, young as they were. The council may or may not have included Booth; this, Hines did not know, but Booth was the very

man to be happy in such company, for Hines believed that the men who were allies in Washington would put these young men to the real execution of the plans; and while death meant nothing to them it would be a terrible stain on Kentucky, as he looked at it. Finally, after a futile attempt to blow up the Treasury Building, they decided and agreed on a course to clean the Cabinet and finish with Lincoln. Booth proved intemperate, bold, unflinching and blood-thirsty. He believed his name would ring around the world. They abandoned it and went on to St. Albans, promising, it is said, they would return and finish the job. But we will see that, while the St. Albans job was well done and never exceeded in daring, it was a long way back to Washington, and there was no Canada line to cross after the job was finished. Counsel and wisdom, in the South, knowing what barely missed happening on their way East, got into action, and their projected visit to Washington was abandoned.

The war was over, and the suffering would end, but the thrill of doing the thing and standing in Brutus' place to square with the world that would acclaim Lincoln a tyrant had not left the breast of Booth and his companions, who remained behind. They took new oaths, and proposed to start with a certainty of reaching Mr. Lincoln himself. The Kentuckians would have reversed Booth's order of procedure; they would have taken Stanton, for after all, a Kentuckian has pride in another Kentuckian, and that alone would have spared Lincoln; and Lincoln had already proceeded far on the road to redress their grievances.

Bill Austin had only to appear for an order of reversal or execution, and Lincoln consulted no



cabinet, for he, with Austin, constituted a cabinet for all Kentucky.

Hines was the supreme champion of truth. He came to understand Lincoln and to value him for the South, as a factor of peace. Hines is accounted little in history, but his friendship was a guarantee of his life if a friend needed it in an extreme emergency. The writer saw him tested, and believes that Hines was one of the few great men of the war, Basil Duke who was linked to Morgan, was among the elect of Morgan after the war, but there was no comparison between the two men. Morgan himself did not stand in Hines' class, either as a man of courage or a man of extraordinary resources of mind.

Hence, Hines saw in Austin's friendship to Lincoln, the opportunity to save the South, and the people of Kentucky, and he was unwilling to use Austin for any other purpose, though it is asserted his escape from the Ohio prison was winked at by officials, knowing that it would please Lincoln. It is not doubtful either that Lincoln knew all about Hines, and he knew that from Austin, but it is certain that Lincoln putting value on men like Hines knew that the day could arrive when he could honorably use Hines through Austin.

Lincoln as a man, and as a politician, and as a statesman, cannot well be analyzed and separated. In the first place, he was the master politician of our time. As a statesman he may be said to be very inferior to many Americans of his time, including Douglas of his state. As a judge of men, as a master of current forces, he excelled all men of his time.

He has many inconsistencies of position which open him to logical criticism, and he can be made to look very small if we rely on logic to test a public

character or a political character. After all is said, the answer to such critics is, that he did it. Did what? Saved the Union. He saved it in spite of the greatest combination of machinations which had ever confronted a public man.

He was slow to act. He would wait until all of the opposition forces had spent their ammunition, then he solved his way out, and regardless of what his position had been before, he walked through to success. He has been charged with irrational thinking. Mr. Lincoln had convictions, but he often submerged them to accomplish what was the next best plan. He was in this way a very practical man. Suppose he had mapped a plan to win the war, then have called his Cabinet together and said to them, "All other plans are out," he would have met fierce resistance. He chose the better plan. It was to try out the other plans and, if not successful, to lay the failures to them. That is what he did with Stanton and Chase. They failed; they had lost the war. He then steps in with a plan, based on the knowledge of their failure, and won the war. Lincoln won the war, do not forget that, Mr. Historian. It was Lincoln's plan. He saw the weakness of the opposition and profited by the weakness of the plans of his Cabinet. He was slow to act, but never too late to act. I do not call this genius; rather it belongs to the field of common sense and a sound judgment. Grant was a drunkard; he all but lost the battle of Shiloh; was licked to a frazzle except for the arrival of Buell, discredited and removed by Stanton. "If Grant is a drunkard, tell me the kind of whisky he drinks and I will buy it for my generals." "If Buell is unfaithful, get me a list of the unfaithful and I

will quickly end the war." That spells Lincoln as a politician—a strategist.

If the Union could be saved by men who favored the Union, but also favored slavery, that was the wise course to pursue. There was plenty of time to save the faces of the Abolitionists, and what is more, the world could produce more Abolitionists, but it could not build another republic on this spot, once it was dismembered.

His hair-splitting critics would have you believe that his oath to administer the Constitution was vastly more important than preserving the Union. What good to preserve the Constitution without the Union. By and large Lincoln would fetch in the crippled Constitution from the rain of disaster when the Union was saved.

The Union was not a fetich, it was the soul of America and its breath, the Constitution, was its prayer book. It might have to be set aside while bludgeons were used, and in the end the Constitution belonged to the victor. It was not written altogether for war times but mostly for peace times. This is not sophistry, nor does it excuse the violation of the Constitution. We rely on our army in time of war, on the Constitution and the courts in time of peace.

The South had nothing to offer; it offered nothing for the sake of peace or to save the Union. It offered to trade the Union for slavery. That was poor economy and poorer statesmanship. It had no leadership. It had not a statesman worthy of that name. It was fighting against assessment of the institution of slavery and its growth.

Emergencies which are grave and arise quickly, must at times supercede the law.

What nonsense to talk about the Constitution when the Nation was drowning; better to get the Nation out of the water, than talk about the Constitution. What use to talk about the formula of the Declaration when blood was pouring and states were setting up another government. Why quote decisions on abstract rights when the Union was seventy years bound together? The sovereignty of the states could be settled at a later time. They already knew what they could do with their slaves. That was their business. What limitations could be placed on slavery in new territory was a matter for the Union and not the states. The Constitution did not expressly provide for the extension of slavery. It was written there by the Taney decision. Nevertheless, the people could give up that decision for the safety of the Union. Breckenridge and Davis could not see it, and because they could not, they were willing to dismember the Union—poor statesmanship and poorer sense.

It is immaterial just how many states made up the Union, the others came in, and they surely came in with the understanding that they accepted the Union made by the ratifying states. Why assail Lincoln because these political hair-splitters can bring forth the decisions of the Supreme Court defining powers of the Union when we know that the inherent right of every compact is to sustain itself, first in a peaceful way but finally by resort to arms.

Belligerent power, under the terms of war, the South may have been, but the South was a part of the Union, and unless it, as a unit, had been depressed it would not crawl out. It proposed to treat the Union as a foreign foe and drive it out of Fort

Sumter. Could it do it upon any ground of reason that is sound? The South falling back on the rules of war, ignoring the Union and the compact, said it could. But that is the point, could it ignore the compact? Not by any stretch of the imagination, or else the convention of states that made the Constitution made nothing but a scrap of paper. If so, why wail about its violation by Lincoln in saving the Union?

Looking at Lincoln's course, as a Southerner, it is apparent that he worked Douglass into a position where the South would not accept him, and the South was equally subject to the criticism of stupidity when it did not see the point. Had it espoused the cause of Douglass it would have saved slavery for the time being, and that was something. It could have later put its position beyond the point of danger by proposing some plan of emancipation or it could have rested the slavery question with protection in the states where it was permitted. But showing no wisdom in the matter, it insisted that slavery must be permitted to be extended into territory where the people revolted against it. It thus skated on very thin ice, because it denied the right of the very sovereignty which it so strongly contended for, that the slavery question was a domestic question and could not be interfered with.

Reading the debates at this late date and the best reasons advanced in its behalf, one must marvel at the stupid position which the South attempted to sustain. Why not let the radicals agitate? They could not do away with slavery except by constitutional amendment, and the required number of states could never have been secured to carry such an amendment. It nominated Breckenridge on a plat-



form that no college student would write today, had he been the arbiter of its platform in the Convention.

It may be admitted with safety that the Writ of Habeas Corpus can only be suspended by Congress because it in its nature is the repeal of a constitutional right and therefore legislative, and let us admit that the appropriation of that right by Lincoln subjected him to impeachment. What practical justification did he have?

In the first place John Morgan had invaded Kentucky. Kentucky was a state of the Union and its territory was invaded by a foreign foe—foreign to its civil jurisdiction or the exercise of its court functions, and if Morgan may take and conquer in spite of the courts, shall Lincoln await the assembling of the Congress to repel John Morgan? A day's delay may be too late. Morgan may fortify himself with impregnable positions. Who knows? It was Lincoln's position to know. Hence in the very nature of things Lincoln must act. To act he must suspend court orders and courts or make their power ancillary to the military in order to protect them, and the other varied civil institutions. How is he going to do it? If he substitutes a power that is efficient for one that is inefficient, he must make way for the action of that power. Martial law is the answer, and in substituting it he must act without the consent of the Congress—he may hope for the approval of the Congress, offering as an extenuation the emergency, and surely Congress will look beyond the strict letter of the Constitution with the knowledge that the Constitution is in fact a piece time document. Such may not be the sound reasoning of a court bound to construe the law, but it is entirely within reason and sound philosophy, because law in every instance is

a part protection of the rights of the citizen. Here it required more, but in such cases the Constitution was entirely too Democratic; it did not meet the requirements.

The position of Judge Moore is far more tenable. Let the President act, and when the emergency is past, let him be tried by a power that has the right to determine from the facts, if a crime has been committed, and if so, was it committed in defense of the lives of the people and their liberties. That is sound, and by this rule, Mr. Lincoln would have been willing to be judged and acquitted or convicted accordingly.

The blame that Mr. Lincoln cannot escape, however, is that he did not oversee that crimes were not committed, under such supreme authority, against the peace of the citizen and the dignity of law—the law that governs the rights of men.

He must in Kentucky plead guilty to this indictment, for, knowing the facts and pointing them out there is no answer. His was a slow mind however, and when each case came before him, he acted promptly in behalf of justice, though that action was tardy and insufficient.

If Lincoln must be accused of looking on individual life in a cold and neurotic way, when he looks into the larger field, the suffering of a people, he must be extolled as a humane man and always ready to act to protect the mass as well as the individual. That is proven in Kentucky. He stood by the Governor.

But the writer possesses no illusions about Lincoln. If he is judged by many responsible acts which resulted in cruelties, we must take his career as President in its entire functioning, and in respect of public men freely expressing themselves to no disadvan-

tage of the Union, he was lamentably lame, and in respect of his treatment of confederate prisoners, he was anything but humane and fair to the South. That fact cannot be forgotten or overlooked. Andersonville did not lose as many northern soldiers as like prisons in the North lost of Southern prisoners, and there are many other reasons that form a sound basis of criticism against his conduct in respect of these prisoners.

## CHAPTER XVII

### SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY, LINCOLN'S SPEECH TO THE KENTUCKIANS.

THE writer does not pretend to speak for Southern aristocracy, though he knows it in all its refinements and ills. Lincoln hated it because he was not a part of it, perhaps some may say, but Lincoln was a man who traveled somewhat with the tide, withal he was a great leader, a leader of men, of thinking men. We dislike the opposite usually of what we are. If Lincoln had been raised like Lee he would never have espoused emancipation. Slavery was a social, never an industrial attribute of man's life.

The writer's old slave mother once was asked, do you belong to the Smiths; and her reply was typical of the South: "yes, and the Smiths belongs to me."

Southern women by nature came up in luxury, refinement and idleness. The tendency toward aristocratic ideas had taken unwonted shape toward the end of the first half of the eighteenth century. It was a false ideal, but the Southern woman was the aristocrat par excellence of America. This social condition was brought about by the institution of slavery, so that Lincoln knew these two institutions, one wrong and one false, intertwined together; as he hated the aristocratic idea and was made to feel it, he thus came to hate slavery. Mary Owen flattened him because, from her point of breeding he would

never make a gentleman. It stung him, and he sought a mate with whom he would be mismated, an aristocratic girl from an aristocratic family. But he never could make himself over. His nature was molded already and it was too democratic, too far down on the plane of equality to commune or be satisfied with such a woman as Mary Todd.

This woman's field he sought to enter, was foreign to him. The woman he sought was the representative in many ways of the feudal chatelaine of olden times in England, with added refinements of luxury and culture.

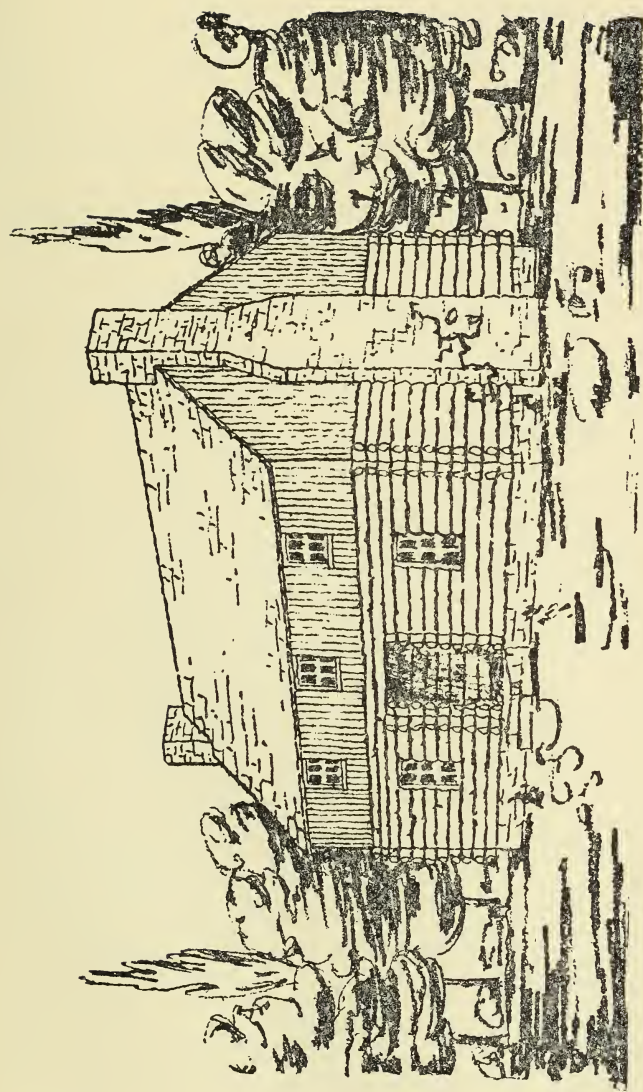
\*The Southern woman despised her sister of the North; the Northern woman hated her Southern cousin. With the quick enthusiasm in such matters, that is an attribute of their sex, and which blinds women even more than men to the calmer suggestions of reason, the women of the country became divided into two bitterly hostile camps, because of the matters which their husbands and brothers discussed in the council of the nation. The main issue had an unwonted appeal to the women themselves; for she of the South saw her wealth and luxury threatened by the Abolitionists, while she of the North made herself a part of the cause of ill-treated humanity, as she deemed it. Had the men been able to settle the controversy the women never would have permitted the glowing embers to become extinguished without being fanned into red flame. Hence the women were responsible for bringing on the fratricidal strife which shook the country. It was the fanaticism of the North against the fury of the South.

The Garrisons and Phillips thus had their fol-

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\*Larus.





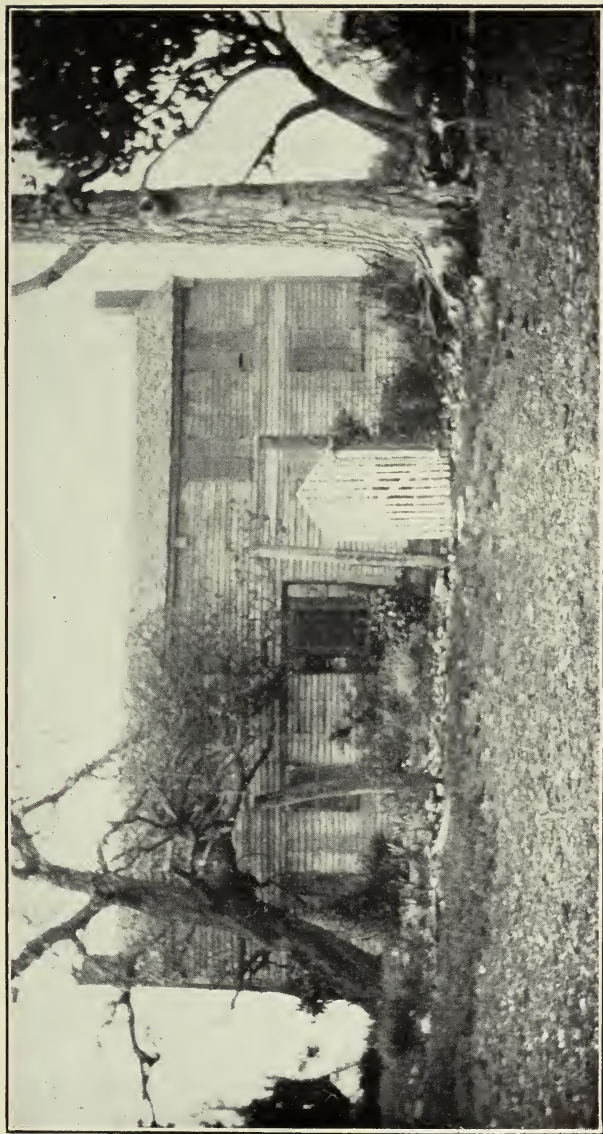
Pen drawing of the House rebuilt by Thomas Lincoln in 1804 on Mill Creek, according to old foundation and description of neighbors; torn down in about 1860.

lowers in women, but for a different reason of conviction. So that we, who lived in the Thomas Lincoln environs, know too well when the President says his father left Kentucky partly on account of slavery, it was merely political ballyhoo spoken without the advice of counsel.

Thomas Lincoln, never in his lifetime had a conviction against slavery. That thought did not belong to the Lincoln family. Abraham Lincoln wanted to give a reason that sounded well to the Garrisons, though it would fail to go down in history. Mr. Abraham Lincoln was always a politician, he only became a statesman after the responsibility of the Presidency came full bloom upon him.

Hardin County was divided into two camps, neither of them enamored of Mr. Lincoln's position. Those who by conviction were Democrats, and those who by the necessity of slavery were forced to be Democrats.

The Mill Creekers were invariably Democrats by choice, and they were real friends of the Union. They were perfectly willing to lose slavery provided the Union could be saved. The aristocrats whom Lincoln hated, preferred the institution of slavery to a naked Democracy without it. And thus, too, was the state of Kentucky divided, and thus did Lincoln transfer his natural allegiance to the Mill Creekers' choice, a Union with slavery; and this position he never abandoned until as a matter of political exigency, to a Union without slavery, mainly because the women of the North, and the heated Garrisons and Phillip's would not accept the former, but demanded the latter, with a candidate who could stand on that platform. And in this change Mr. Lincoln, so far as Kentucky was concerned, perished by the



House where Mary E. Smith was assaulted and where author's brother was assassinated during 1863;  
one mile from Thomas Lincoln farm on Mill Creek.





sword, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." The cat was out of the bag. Slavery would be abolished by Lincoln, who had said, "The Union must be preserved, with or without slavery, but it must be preserved at all hazards." Thus did ninety-nine per cent of the people in Kentucky bid good-bye to him. And to pay off the Kentuckians in coin for their presidential preference Mr. Lincoln in the beginning, sent in Stanton's man Burbridge, to recruit the negroes, not yet freed, and start a reign of terror. It became a serious thing to him as well as to the people, and threatened a resignation of his principal Federal Generals.

\*It would never have occurred or been permitted, except for a lack of understanding, first of the negro as a slave and as a free man; and second as to his new relation to the whites. In the South we knew his bad qualities as well as his good; and, while the women of the South knew that their house servants would protect them with their lives, they also knew that the hordes of field hands, intoxicated by a liberty they did not understand the nature of, which had slept chained within them, and once aroused, would make of the land an offense to heaven.

The North saw not any danger here, and we do believe if the sister of the North talking equality, knowing little of what it meant to her, could have seen the peril in which her Southern sister stood, she would have been the first to rend the North with her cries. Instead, they saw the enrollment of the negro as a soldier a just retribution to men—slave owners without any other consequences.

A veritable simoon of fanaticism swept the North,

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\*Larus.



and those who did see the peril of the South dared not lift their voices against the clamor of the masses. Men like Chase and Stanton, lost to reason or honest conviction, fanned the flame of prejudice to a white heat, with the hope they might hold Lincoln in their grasp; and while this tragedy was being enacted, there stood the women of the South, the real victims of their damnable machinations.

In turn the woman of the South who could not understand the nature of her Northern sister's ignorance and lack of vision, indicted her, accused her of lack of honor, lack of enthusiasm for the protection of the race to which both belonged. She laid it to sectional hatred and fell back on her Cavalier honor in great anger against the more Puritan and cold-blooded character, whose responsibility she fixed forever as that of a type of low-bred womanhood. Finally, all this Mr. Lincoln came to know and saw, but the prairie fire was flying, and now beyond his control; it touched him closely, for without understanding, northern men and northern women came to hate Mary Todd, the mother of his own.

Stanton, alive to this situation, turns the roving slave into a uniform, gives him a gun, and tells him to avenge himself for a century of slavery. He became a savage with unlicensed authority, believing his limit was in the field where revenge might lead him. Knowing the soul of the Southerner was in his womanhood, he thrust himself coldly into bedrooms for rape and murderous purposes. It was true that the grand old cultured slave, refined in all his senses, used every effort to stay the young negroes hand, but he was powerless. Protests went up, but the North swept, with its fanaticism, and urged on by the necessity of meeting reverses with fresh

soldiers, aroused to its uttermost, the sleeping tiger of barbarism to go on and do his damndest, on the theory that everything is fair in love and war.

Southern men in Kentucky, devoted to the Union, knew what a terrible mistake had been made, and they opened every battery they could invent to save their womanhood. Promptly suspended and promptly jailed were the Federal Generals who protested to the War Department, dictated not by Lincoln, but by a bench of as graceless scoundrels as ever robbed a hen roost or scuttled a ship.

But there was one woman in all Kentucky who knew the real heart of the man who was leading the nation, and the same blood flowed in her veins that flowed in his. The God that stood on the ramparts of the national conscience ticked away the heart throbs of her own breast. It was upon the rock of her white soul Kentucky womanhood paused in its hour of peril for hope. This hope was not in vain. All of the blood of the Lincoln women for generations seemed to converge into her heart, and she broke at last with fury into the White House to arouse the President. The brain that gave Abraham Lincoln foresight and understanding beyond the men of all ages, saw that he must rely on Nancy Lincoln to wreck the plans of the butcher Jeffrys, who called himself General Burbridge of the Federal Army. And that immortal son-in-law, the silent d'Artagnan flew back from Washington at greater speed than she had dispatched him to the President, with the arbitrary authority to pass directly to him the truth of the conduct of men high or low in the Federal Army, and what Bill Austin saw, the President saw. Men were released from jail, they had a fair trial. And through violence of speech and a storm of protests,

Lincoln called his cabinet, and told them once for all he was the master of this nation for the hour, and all would take his orders. Murder would end, justice must intervene, truth must have a chance, the hand of lust must be stayed, lest the flower of manhood go with the flower of womanhood. Stanton handed in his resignation, Chase sent word he could have his, but the President said, "No, you will stay and bear the point of the poignard you have sharpened, and beware that you are not the first to feel it."

Can it be that the womanhood of America have no understanding of this fierce fighting woman who was determined to save the womanhood of her race? Can it be there is not yet enough gratitude in the mother's breast to yield a penny of admiration for the hours Nancy Lincoln spent in planning, grieving, that the women of her race might go down in Kentucky to their graves with unscarred souls freed from the black lust of dishonor?

And so the great man's soul was touched by one of his own race, and the nation was saved in part from the horror of all horrors, the further desecration of its womanhood.

The nation has honored its Willards, Anthonys and Stowes, but here is the woman of the age, silently, forcibly and fiercely taking over for the hour the conscience and hand of the President of the United States.

And shall we remember that between two great armies, with none too careful sentinels, passed that invincible Knight of the times, with the sword of a D'Artagnan, the soul of an Athos, the cunning of an Aramis, the strength of a Porthos, always with a task to save those he loved from a terrible fate, and

whose plea was the salvation of the womanhood, to which duty, he had consecrated his life, with a promise to that great Lincoln woman, that nothing less than its sacrifice would atone for his failure. Yesterday there was the brutal assault of barbarism on innocence with military protection; tomorrow came the swift order: Let the will of justice be done and the brute's veins be opened before the next sunrise to atone for his bloody crime.

Let it be remembered, through all this turbulence of thrill and horror, bearing the olive branch, walked the shadow of the lion of the forest, now aroused to his great responsibility. These monstrous pictures which Austin had thrust before him seemed a nightmare to him, but he struck out with the power in his hand unafraid, and the bewildered hostages of hatred and revenge slunk, with tails dragging into the very dust of their foul and filthy beginnings.

This world pays homage to him who comes now quickly to the front page, and disappears again, as though but a dream. Men and women who perform heroic deeds live in history, but the silent watches of the night alone can tell you the story of Nancy Lincoln, from 1861 to 1865.

While these circumstances are a part of Lincoln and Kentucky, they reflect great credit on a woman of his house unknown to fame.

The women of Kentucky were not daunted by the ruin of their homes, by the death of their loved ones, by their own sufferings and perils.

When at last the skeleton army of Lee was driven from its defenses and forced to lay down its arms at Appomattox, it was the women of Kentucky with bitterest grief, who counted their losses, took courage



for the future, knowing that it was to Lincoln and his own they might expect the resurrection of peace with honor.

When the great blow came to Kentucky that Lincoln had been assassinated, the women of Kentucky unlike those in the South, were not blinded by their prejudices and sufferings to the true character of the great man. They did not hold him in detestation, nor did they exult in his death. They arose from the mesalliance of war and cried out in bitterness against the assassin, knowing that in their hearts, Abraham Lincoln was the saviour of their discords and the salvation and hostage of their honor. Lest these unpleasant words have your suspicion, as words of exaggeration, we print the record of the day.

In order to arrive at the basis of the bitter criticism of President Lincoln we start with a statement by himself of his position:

"He hoped Kentucky would stand by the government in the present difficulties; but if she would not do that, let her stand still and take no hostile part against it; and that being so no hostile step should tread her soil."

Speech to the Kentuckians, April 27th, 1861.

He said again, on March 4th, 1861:

"I declare I have no right to interfere with the institution of slavery—those who elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this statement." He then reads his platform declaration supporting this position.

These are both very positive statements, and have led to no end of criticism against the president in view of the record which the writer believes is important. He thinks, notwithstanding this, he can



still see a clear vindication of Lincoln, the official, and Lincoln the man.

### DIARY OF KENTUCKY EVENTS

November 22nd, 1862. "Lincoln meets Kentuckians to discuss gradual abolishment of slavery."

November 27th, 1862. "General Boyle issues order No. 27 for soldiers not to meddle with slaves."

December 9th, 1862. "Colonel John H. McHenry dismissed by order War Department for returning slaves to their masters."

"Sheriff of Fayette County denied right to return slaves to their masters on the order of court." Lexington, Kentucky, December 10th, 1862.

"Colonel Gilbert arrests delegates to Democratic State Convention at Frankfort." February 18th, 1863.

"Captain Hines retaliates by destroying railroad property of the United States Government, valued at \$500,000." February 21st, 1863.

"General Saunders arrests negroes at church and puts them in army service." March 24th, 1863.

"General Burbridge issues order to get all secret mail not sent through United States Post Offices." April 13th, 1863—Order 38.

"Citizens killed by violence of soldiery in Meade County." April 29th, 1863.

May 10th. "Trial of General Buell for refusing to enlist negroes on the order of the War Department."

"Burbridge in Order 56. Spies to be arrested who are unwilling to disclose authority for their actions." May 13th, 1863.

"Burbridge orders Chicago Times and New York World not circulate in Kentucky." June 2nd, 1863.

"Ten women arrested in Pendleton County for

criticising negro enlistment. Sent South." June 10th, 1863.

"War Department orders general enrollment of negroes in Kentucky into army." June 12th, 1863.

"Suspended by order of President Lincoln." October 10th, 1863.

"President Lincoln declared Martial Law in Kentucky." July 5th, 1863.

"Colonel Young issues order that soldiers may take private property by issuing vouchers, to be paid at the end of the war." July 31st, 1863.

"Burbridge declares martial law in Kentucky."

"Federal Court of Louisville sentences Thomas Shacklett of Meade County to ten years imprisonment, \$10,000 fine for criticising government for enlistment of slaves." August 5th, 1863.

"General Boyle orders 6,000 negroes enlisted." August 10, 1863.

"General Thomas Crittenden suspended, to be tried for refusal to command or accept negro soldiers." October 10th, 1863.

"General Buell acquitted for criticising enlistment of negroes." October 16th, 1863.

"Morgan and Captain Hines escape from Camp Chase. Hines writes a note in French to the Warden, thanking him for vigilance." November 28th, 1863.

"Legislature of Kentucky takes steps for payment, or return of property taken by Federal soldiers." December 13th, 1863.

"The negroes who refused to enlist voluntarily at Lexington arrested and confined to military service." January 13th, 1864.

"General Crittenden acquitted for refusing to accept enlisted negro soldiers." February 25th, 1864.

"General Wolford arrested immediately for making statement against the enlistment of negro soldiers." March 10th, 1864.

"President Lincoln orders fair trial and restoration pending the same."

"Governor Bramlette, Dixon and Hodges leave Kentucky to see President Lincoln concerning order for enlistment of negroes not free." March 22nd, 1864.

"General Burbridge issues order No. 34 for the enlistment of negroes." April 18th, 1864.

"General Marshall arrested for criticising order for enlistment of negroes." April 24th, 1864.

"Guerrillas attack and kill soldiers at Muldraughs Hill." June 21st, 1864. (Hines-Austin attack with five assistants.)

"President Lincoln orders suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus." July 5th, 1864.

"Some guerrilla band attacks Federal forces at Elizabethtown." July 11th, 1864.

"Governor Bramlette in a declaration to President Lincoln resents political arrests." July 11th, 1864.

"General Burbridge issues a drastic order to shoot all citizens professing sympathy with Confederates, and resisting enlistment of negroes." July 16th, 1864.

"Negroes enlisted in Louisville by Burbridge order." July 16th, 1864.

"Twenty-four women arrested at Louisville, order by General Sherman, taken to prison and then sent out of state without trial." July 18th, 1864.

"General Paine starts fifty-one days reign of terror, extortion, murder in western Kentucky." July 19th, 1864.

"Two young men shot at Henderson for criticism

of negro enlistment and charges of Confederate sympathy." July 19th, 1864.

"Candidates for office furnish list of names of men who are arrested in order to secure their own election." July 20th, 1864.

"Judge Robinson shot at Eagle Creek by order of Burbridge." July 21st, 1864.

"Second War Department order No. 25 to arrest all negroes and enroll them as soldiers." July 24th, 1864.

"Gibson and Mallory, citizens, killed by soldiers. Released by Burbridge prior." July 26th, 1864.

"Burbridge issues order for arrest of men on Democratic ticket and fifty prominent citizens, including Colonel Laban T. Moore, for criticism of enlistment of negro soldiers." July 29th, 1864.

"General Paine issues order levying \$100,000 taxes on citizens of Paducah." August 1st, 1864.

"Squire Turner, aged seventy-two, shot by a Colonel." August 9th, 1864.

"General Paine turns over many prominent women and their daughters to negro soldiers, to take to military prison and out of the state." August 10th, 1864.

"Negroes arrested in Louisville and forced to enlist." August 16th, 1864.

"General Bloom orders prominent man by name of Cave blindfolded and shot." August 29th, 1864.

"Burbridge orders arrest of Democratic delegates to National Convention to nominate McClellan at Chicago." They were jailed at Louisville. August 30th, 1864.

"Ex-Governor Wickliffe scores government for keeping thirty women in foul and dirty military cells at Louisville." August 29th, 1864.

"Four men shot at Brandenburg without trial." September 4th, 1864.

"General Ewing issues orders for Judges to levy taxes to equip soldiers. Governor Bramlette denounces it and asks Lincoln to revoke, which he does." September 5th, 1864.

"President Lincoln orders investigation of General Paine's arrest of women." September 9th, 1864.

"The Commission reported, brutality, corruption, execution of innocent people, and Major Harling and Colonel Barry for bribery and extortion of money to pay to prostitutes. Commission shows that from \$5.00 to \$400.00 exacted from old men unable to work and paid in order to escape hard physical labor." Report of Governor Bramlette, Message H. J., 1865.

"Burbridge admits outrages on citizens, and says that killings by soldiers without trial must stop." September 13th, 1864.

"General Wolford publishes his defense evidence against Burbridge's orders." September 13th, 1864.

"Burbridge issues order arresting Mrs. Marshall and other women at Louisville." September 21st, 1864.

"Riot at Versailles between citizens and negro soldiers. Negroes stationed at the crossings of all streets." October 7th, 1864.

"Four men ordered by Burbridge shot to death without trial." October 25th, 1864.

"Burbridge orders the black flag hoisted." October 26th, 1864.

"Burbridge issues order for government taking all hogs." October 28th, 1864.

"Governor Bramlette protests to President Lincoln." November 14th, 1864.



"Graham and Hunt shot in Franklin County without trial." November 2nd, 1864.

"Four men shot without trial in Hart County." November 3rd, 1864.

"Orders of Burbridge, two men shot at Midway." November 9th, 1864.

"Governor Bramlette telegraphs Lincoln protesting against the arrest of General Huston because of his support of McClellan. Lincoln orders Huston's release." November 9th, 1864.

"Governor Bramlette protests rapid increase of military murders without process of trial and no evidence. Protests arrest of Governor Jacobs and sending out of state." November 11th, 1864.

"November 11th, in a speech at Lexington, Governor Bramlette denounces General Burbridge and demands his removal from the state."

"November 19th, Burbridge orders eight men shot without trial."

"Burbridge orders six men shot in Green County without trial." November 19th, 1864.

"Governor Bramlette reviews Lincoln's promises that have not been kept. Lincoln sets aside Burbridge's trade orders." January 6th, 1865.

"Soldiers shoot young man in Todd County without trial." January 10th, 1865.

"Governor Bramlette presents to the Legislature Amendment abolishing slavery in accordance with Proclamation." February 7th, 1865.

"General Burbridge is removed to Tennessee, and General Palmer is sent in his place as Military Governor of Kentucky. Courier Journal thanks God and President Lincoln." February 10th, 1865.

"General Palmer relieves Burbridge as Military

Governor and issues his order to that effect." February 22nd, 1865.

"Sue Munday, dashing soldier, surrendered at Cloverport, on the promise he would receive treatment as soldier of war. He was twenty years old. This promise was not kept. He was not allowed to produce witnesses. Ordered shot. Asked leave to write letter to his betrothed before shooting took place. Letter was pathetic." March 12th, 1865.

The long arm of revenge thus reached from Munday's grave to the Cabinet of Lincoln and to Lincoln himself; and we have the realization of the age-old law of Moses—"Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." And "He who lives by the sword must perish by the sword."

"Fight at Wiggintons Woods, citizen killed." March 12th, 1865.

(Austin shoots soldier.)

"Lee surrenders at Appomattox, April 9th. Johnston surrenders, April 13th. Lincoln assassinated, April 14th, 1865."

Heretofore is the tragic recital of the diary of the Kentucky Gazette. It fastens on the imagination a terrible indictment. It is also a recitation of the betrayal of the President by members of his Cabinet and their Generals and Captains in the field.

It has not in complete detail been surpassed in the history of the world by inhuman tools put in the field to destroy life and defy law, that the author's might profit in their filthy ambition. Had Booth or the Kentuckians, who went to Washington to avenge these crimes, found their way to the right places, no human law of fairness could have condemned them. For men in authority, for no crime, to murder men in Kentucky without the semblance of trial, was just

as bad and no worse than for the infuriated sons to send their stillettos into the heart of cabinet members who kept in power men who inspired and committed these atrocious crimes—the murder of their fathers.

If Stanton was responsible for keeping Jarrett in power, and Jarrett sent an ignorant soldier to the boudoir of my own mother to wring her soul and kill her own, and on proof undeniable and uncontroverted, why should not I, by right of the law of the ages, go out under the authority of the good book, “an eye for an eye” and “a tooth for a tooth,” strike his soul from his heart in the twinkling of an eye. And thus did hundreds of men who were innocent, who could not get a trial of any kind, telegraph back to their living and say—“Have you lost your manhood? If not, go out and settle the debt.”

The President lost his life because he waited too long to reverse the action and misconduct of his cabinet and their officers in the field. As good a man as General Davis, had said so, and up to this day the writer lays the death of Abraham Lincoln right at the door of Stanton and Chase, as sure as reasoning is the power of and part of unravelling the cause of every disaster. Lincoln bore the blunt of it, innocent as we think he was, or he would not have in the end followed up these orders of his Secretary by reversing him or suspending orders made by generals under his direct influence.

We must not forget that Lincoln was dealing with a fanatical crowd who were not moved by these outrages. The foregoing diary gives only a small part of what actually did take place. The President, out of the emergencies of his position, knew well what might happen if the world actually knew what did go on between himself and these men in his

cabinet. Then he lacked experience. It took some time for confidence to fade from his breast in the honesty of men. He knew but one character, the Kentuckian, who kept his word, and here in Kentucky great difficulties were presented, with no one quite able to solve them. Therefore, conditions got beyond his power.

I speak for my race, not for all Kentuckians, but knowing the worst of the truth as the world does not know it, and knowing the brutality of some men in war, though memories are dim and reasoning is not clear, we still thank God for Abraham Lincoln. If we could call back Lincoln and Hines and Austin, the writer feels sure they alone could have averted these wrongs by a clear understanding of the law of mind of the people involved. Could Lincoln have early and first hand got the truth, he would have risen with these two iron spirits to the obligation required. Let us remember that, as we look back, the war had its good results; it created conditions that have borne good fruit in a thousand ways.

We, of Kentucky, appraise him now, and can say, —“Long live Abraham Lincoln!”

The reputation of Mr. Lincoln does not suffer in what we are about to say of his chief opponent, Stephen A. Douglas.

On the one hand there was Phillips who would not trade the cause of the Union for a kind of religion in which he thought that he might make the people believe he was a stout and faithful defender. Phillips simply lied. He was merely a crusader. There was the detestable Chase close on his trail with the doctrine of hypocrisy that there was a sublimer origin for undoing the protection to slavery than law. Mr. Lincoln could not go so far, yet



he was on the narrow edge at times, of merely, dissent. At other times he was on solid ground with Clay's doctrine as his mouthpiece and guide.

So long as the Democratic party stood on the rights of the states with the spirit of national unity, it was on safe ground, but when it departed to make the Democratic basis a slave basis, its undoing was in sight. And so, the Republican party, standing on the wooden crutch of fanaticism and slavery denunciation, it was even a poorer substitute as a national political creed for the people. They were driven by the poverty of thought to abandon men and measures that required clear thinking and sound understanding. They abandoned men like Douglas and Crittenden, and chose men like Breckenridge and Lincoln as a last choice, each, of extremities, hazardous to liberty, travelling in opposite directions.

Douglas veering back to safe ground, yet embarrassed by the Jefferson Davis position, proposed finally to land where he should have started from—free soil for slaves, if the people so voted, and if the people renounce slavery ownership, then the institution in that state was without the protection of the Constitution except to return the slaves to the states whence they came.

Douglas pursued Lincoln with persistent and brilliant logic, lacking himself the sound position on which he might have taken a permanent stand. When he quoted Lincoln's New York speech to the effect that neither he nor Jefferson meant to say that the power of emancipation is in the Federal Government, and Douglas asked him if it was upon this ground he wished to found his position, Lincoln was driven to say, that a house divided against it-



self could not stand, in order to hold the fanatical followers of the East and West, pledged to resolve slavery out of the protection of law, regardless of the Constitution.

Douglas was the worthy successor of Clay, Choate and Webster. There was no other sound ground than to allow the territories to control slavery as they with sufficient population came into the Union. It is hardly possible to see the two opposite prevailing idiocies of the times outdistancing Mr. Douglas' final position. There is this to be said for the South, that it was inflamed by scurrilous pamphleteers advising all kinds of treacheries, and this character of campaigning was not only permitted by the government but winked at by most of the men of the North in public office.

Douglas would have reached his deserts in history had he not unfortunately labored under the disagreeable duty of having to differ with his party in the South, and to defend himself against the enemies of the party while refusing to defend the majority opinion. That was his undoing as a national character, and for this reason he has lost his rightful position as a great statesman in an hour when the judgment of fanaticism prevailed rather than the wisdom of thinking men.

It is to be said of him more than of any man of his period, he will grow in stature, as he is studied, and measure up finally as a bulwark and a rock of rescue which secured the nation against fanatics in the North and wild, intemperate, unstatesmanlike politicians of the South.



## PART II



## A FOREWORD TO PART II

The incentive to complete and hand the facts contained in Part One of this story to the public, would not in itself have been sufficient to justify its publication, although few would agree with the author in this conclusion. Part Two, which follows, in his opinion, is very important, though severe, and as a rule, the reader of biography would not be interested in what is said in the second part of the work. In the first place the average individual would say, that the second discussion contains matter unrelated to the field of biography, and as an application of Lincoln principles it is unfair to our present public service, to industrial relations, and the political sequence of such relations. Then we would find those who would say that the writer is entirely too caustic and unfair to the present day Christian organizations, the administration of the law, and the administration of public affairs. We have, therefore, divided the story into two parts.

We have no desire to inflict our opinion on the public, in a work of this character, nor to



connect such opinions with the outstanding immensity of the Lincoln movement in the United States, but he happens to have had such experience as leads him safely to the conviction that severe treatment must be dealt out to those, who have approached these problems with arrogance and with a disbelieve air. Present conditions support and verify his opinions, and his long experience and service in public bodies, in some of which he has by impeachment charges, proven more than he believed himself possible in the beginning, make it very necessary at this time, and by this occasion to disavow such friendly critics, on the ground that they do not know.

If a reader will get and digest his experience in the world war, Mark Henry, he will understand just why he has at least reached the conclusion that Americans must get very busy to save our countrymen by the intellectual sword, from the enemies of liberty, within and not without.

In the next few years, we will have serious agitation from the Communist, against our form of government, and there has already been inflicted, severe and lasting wounds on our Democracy by the Tories who assume a certain disdaining of Democratic principles, while openly professing them. Between the two classes, we are suffering, and will suffer more. That is the drive of dictatorship, al-

ready strongly entrenched in America, supported by social autocrats and business greed.

No real American wants to see either prevail, and the writer is sure, one or the other will prevail, for the clear reason that Democracy is now rapidly progressing backwards — the Democracy of Mr. Lincoln.

The Church, most of all, should be the champion of this position, but an examination of the facts will prove that Christianity as a whole has its hands tied, first by the powerful influence of money, and secondly, by the blind prejudice of all creeds which have been warped in vision by sharp competition and by the natural impact of the times in which we live. There is a vast difference between living by God, walking in the way of His Truth, and in worshipping Him by proxy; and it is this worship by proxy which has driven us away from the real Master — the soul of life.

The writer, too, has no desire to see the narrow views of the proletariat, with its lower levels of citizenship, obtain a foothold in America, on the theory that it is better, this, than monopoly. The only safe way to defeat Communism is to fight it with a reason, and Democracy is the only safe and certain reason to bring to the front.

The certain decadence of the law profession, by, and on account of the laws of self-

preservation, which applies to lawyers, has wrought its downfall as a safeguard.

As we have the Christianity of our fathers and the law profession of our fathers bleeding to death by the sting of this adder of selfish privilege, we must now go to the great open spaces where the common mind of the average man awaits an appeal, to better his condition, and find his proper place in the world.

With this understanding, the reader will find the author's excuse for injecting his views, on these questions, into such a work. This frankness, we think, will appeal to those who disagree with him, and who will say, his views are extreme, and his facts out of proportion to present conditions. Maybe so. We shall see.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LINCOLN ON LABOR AND CAPITAL

**L**ABOR is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves higher consideration. And inasmuch as most things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them. But it so happened in all ages that some have labored and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole products of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government."

The foregoing quotation would be regarded as the rankest kind of socialism today had it not the name of Abraham Lincoln behind it. The facts, however, as they are produced in 1931, demonstrate the wisdom of the man we call, Lincoln of the ages. That he foresaw the coming of bad events must be clear to the average man who reads his first and second inaugural addresses.

Mr. Lincoln understood the Tory theory of government, and he knew that this vigilant and untiring minority was very certain in the future to devise ways and means at Washington to circumvent the equal distribution of the earnings of labor. He fore-

saw that legislation would drive money into the hands of a few men, and he wanted history to record the formula of distribution, as he understood it.

Mr. Lincoln had never lived in New York or London. If he could have transferred his four years in the White House to Forty-second Street and Broadway or Wall Street, from 1926 to 1930, his dream of certain anguish of mind would have been realized.

When we allude to New York, we include the environs of the great city. These environs lie in every state Legislature of most of the populated states in the Union. They include the banking and manufacturing business of America. They include the public utilities, exploited under franchises granted by virtue of rights filched from the people by and through corrupt politicians, bowing to the party yoke whose members, at the time, called themselves statesmen. They were but the paid vassals of the money-mad great of the nation. Legislation granted the monopoly, and money and executives of the Tories did the rest.

Let us take New York as a unit of what we have in the great whole. In New York, they have stricken from the Ten Commandments, "thou shalt not steal," and they have substituted the words, "steal within the law," and the "Law" is made to benefit the business of separating the unwary from their money. "To be or not to be," we learned from the ancient Shakespeare! that, too, has been eliminated with the pre-possessing words—"take all and give nothing." The law is but a piece meal, patch-work-crazy-quilt constructed to aid the lawless—the big and respectable lawless.

The police frame the framers and the framers



frame the innocent. The law profession, the medical profession are both operating a system within the law. The lawyer takes you into his confidence, loses your confidence somewhere between the maelstrom of graft and the courts, to find that your road to success depends, not on justice, but on his standing in the high light society of graft. Men who lost their money under the system, inclined to talk, go to jail on some pretext, and if they get out, their testimony is branded with the taint of the jail-bird. You may suffer there for the highest principles of American Justice and Liberty, as our forebears knew it, but in the end, the system marks you as a criminal.

Go to the hospitals where the last dying breath is moaned, and the last dollar taken from the victim. There you find a poor working girl in a crowded room paying fifty dollars a week; to nurses, ten dollars a day, bleeding her life into the tomb of death, dripping the dollars her hard hands and benumbed brain has earned in a sweat-shop for the masters of the Roll. And then if you look around, you will find the charities begging and driving for money to maintain the worthy cause of caring for the sick-poor, stretched in these miserable places, cold and bloodless—and graft is taking its toll under the forms of law and within the law.

The doctors, to add to the patient's misery have taken an X-ray picture a day at twenty dollars "per take," in order that their dull brains may find some excuse for more and more "observation tests," until at last, when the last drop is drained, the poor victim is told that there is nothing to be done—he or she must die; and in many cases they go, but sometimes God, in his infinite care, pulls the child of his

own through the filth and graft to sunshine, health and happiness.

To stand before a high court and plead the law and the facts, and strike out boldly to sense the Justice of the Court, you would be regarded today as a fool. Who have you seen? Who, for you, has passed up the word—this man is a friend of Peter Donnigan of the Second Ward. Peter may have been a fishmonger on Front Street, until he fell into the elect of politics, but Peter made the Judge, and as Peter is not provided with a job by the Legislature, he has turned interpreter for the Courts at so much per case, payable in advance in cash—no checks.

Go to the Barber Shop and pay for a shave, but fail if you will to check out to the barber an additional fifty per cent, and then to the hat girl an additional twenty, and find how unpleasantly you will be regarded later when you return.

Buy a dinner, and fail to tip the waiter twenty-five per cent of your meal, and watch the reception you get when you return.

Go to the theatre or picture show and find seats from five to ten dollars, to hear nimble-legged Sally throw a fit of wit, or one dollar and a half to see calf-kneed Mary amble through a picture. Step into a gown shop on Fifth Avenue and get a taste of what one hundred and fifty per cent profit is.

Deposit your money in one of the big banks, and in case you need money, you can only borrow against the cash deposit. Borrow ten thousand, but leave twenty-five hundred of that on deposit or else you are not wanted, and your name, if you withdraw, is on the black-list of all of the banks. It's a racket, banking is, purely today. Pay twenty-seven and thirty cents for a quart of milk when the poor

farmer is getting sixteen cents a gallon. That's a racket.

Walk into a shine shop and pay ten cents for a shine, but fail if you will to give the poor hired man ten cents, half of which the house gets.

Go to a department store and work, and sell thirteen hundred dollars' worth of its cheap merchandise, and get twenty-five dollars per week on a forty per cent profit markup; out of a gross profit of forty per cent, the poor girl gets two per cent.

If you need money temporarily go to the middle bank shark, and for fifty dollars, pay thirty-three and a third per cent interest and bonus, with the best collateral in the world. Nobody stops it for the law is with them.

This surely is done within the law, but who runs the law—who drives the machine?

Lincoln said it was the business of government to see that the laborer got the real product of his labor.

We have Senators in Congress and Members in the Congress, but who knows anything about what they are doing? They have also a Legislature, but what does it do but make more laws, that the system may take its toll under the plea of working the shell game strictly within the law.

Go to the million-dollar churches of New York, pay your pew rent at good figures or get out to the halls and by-ways, and there hand over your nickels—take your chance.

New York is the dream place of avarice, the Avatar of greed and the scourge of God's wrath, as in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. Who answers for it? Nobody but the RACKETEER. Read the Press—picture the free rein the gangster has—the big gangster, who owns government not policemen.

Millions have been drained to New York banks from the country banks, until a single bank has more money than Indiana and Kentucky, and ten others have more than the states west of the Missouri River. Built on a system that the great Lincoln foresaw would trouble his countrymen and endanger liberty—this is what you may see here in New York.

Tammany Hall is the best known and best abused of New York Institutions, but of all things of New York, Tammany is its redeeming institution. Tammany Hall is not bloodless. It runs its system, it is asserted like the old time gambler in the West, for every dollar bet on a call it gets a dime. Tammany gets its dime, so say its critics. Justice is there, and you get Justice if you pay at a price the victim can stand. If you are framed, the framing is easily broken with a little cash. All this you may read in the daily press.

But we should not overlook Washington, while we pause to mention Tammany Hall.

Let us see how many of the last President's policies were carried out. None. He flunked with the farmers, in his promises made to the people. He flunked with the working man. He flunked on Muscles Shoals, on his tariff and foreign policy combined. He seems not to know what execution means—he calls Conferences, not of thinking men but of rich men.

The public utilities paid into campaign funds a might, enough to elect him. Men like Ford, who collects in profits, for three in a family, the tidy sum of eighty millions, were out and in the open flaunting the Prohibition issue, stirring up the poor church folk, easily ensnared by their leaders into the belief that we would have a Sodomized Republic bowing to



the King of Booze and Catholicism; and finally they brought them baggage and bag into the fold of the great interests and they were voted as the dumb cattle are driven.

Ten million dollars to run a campaign is not much money if you can use the arm of the government to get it back. Either party will bow the pregnant hinges of the knee of politics to get into power, that they may serve masters that pay well. The man who mounts the soap box of protest in democratic Mississippi is immediately denounced as a Communist and goes to jail just as quickly as his brother in the North who does the same thing. You are not a patriot until you submit to everything that emanates from Washington, D. C. Woodrow Wilson was just as bad in his day and just as autocratic as another woodenhead President we could name—but we will not do that; we will strike at the system.

In the meantime, as Lincoln thought and believed, one hundred and ten millions of our population are losing their business, losing gradually their respect for law, and are ready to entertain any kind of rabid and unsound philosophy, while six millions or more starve and beg in the street. Misery is misery, and everywhere its cry is, "give me a job or give me death." They are not going to die. They are going to live, but they must open wide their eyes to the health of the republic and they must restore it, the one hundred and ten million—they are common men and women of the Republic who comprise no part of Communism or Socialism or the gaudy-mad rich. They are Lincoln's people.

We are tired of making annually millionaires in America, and we are going to stop it. Abraham Lincoln would have stopped it with the simple for-



mula quoted in the beginning of this chapter. Give to labor that which it earns. LONG LIVE ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

The personal application may seem unjust but the basis of it is made up from actual facts published nation-wide in the press and from personal contact of the writer.

He has sought to test out the greater financial interests by personally visiting heads of many big business institutions, that he might point out to them the importance of changing their attitude toward the masses, if such change seemed desirable or was necessary. Founded on their reasoning he has been able to reach the following conclusions.

The universal refusal to aid in establishing a National Memorial to Lincoln and the Lincolns—a live teaching Lincoln school.

The danger today is not from without but from within. There are two contributing forces, one as dangerous as the other, and both working against the principles of Republican government, and neither caring about it, the salvation of present institutions—they are scared about the gold standard only a little bit.

The Communist believes in mass ownership and a dictatorship of workers, monarchistic in itself. The second is the Industrial Communist who believes in the extreme power of capital, and capital control of every form of wealth, massed in the form of corporations, with legislative assistance to gather the net earnings of the great body of the people. This Industrial Communist nominally comes from the corporation, actually owned by the great banking institutions.

Solicitation from these heads for aid to renew

agitation that Lincoln's principles might be appealed to as a safety valve against radical agitation, FOUND NO RESPONSE WHATEVER. The sentiment was negligible. Some of them frankly told the writer they were not interested in Lincoln or Lincoln's principles. The country had advanced too far to give heed to these plain remedies for evils arising. It would take a stronger force than the evaluated doctrines of Mr. Lincoln. Others were not so bold but reached the same nice conclusion. They said their budget would not allow such financial aid; still others believed in laws that would jail for life peaceful agitators for a change of our administration of laws. What we needed was a greater restriction of the Press and Speech, and an Army and Navy commensurate with the danger of disturbing present conditions, when such arose. Others would not discuss their reasons or give any, but their refusal was just as flat. Some advocated an industrial dictatorship.

The writer considers such men enemies of free speech and free government. Their grounds of objection flow from the same autocracy of opinion and power. They are just as unreasonable as the rabid Communist. On the one hand they claimed progress had carried us beyond the principles of government as applied by Jefferson and Lincoln. The Communist, of course, derides all forms of government except a pure dictatorship, the abolition of all property rights, and the reduction of citizenship to a social and economic equality to be determined by leaders selected by their chosen workers from time to time, suffrage being dependent upon support of such a state with such extraordinary powers.

Ten of the largest banking institutions in the

East declined to give aid to the Lincoln School—a national institute, in a nice excuse, framed by selfish but velvet words.

I made these visits to determine actually the state of mind of big business, and I argued that forms of government had always meant everything to Liberty, but they smirkingly found words to deny such reasoning.

To the writer it seemed that they sat back with the power they already had acquired, believing that they could perpetuate that power through control of politics, and through the ignorant mass of voters, whose prejudice might be appealed to on other matters wholly immaterial to any economic change. I have thought wise to inform the American people of these views, given to me in an unguarded moment, not visualizing what actual practical use I might make of them in surrounding Lincoln's name with the vibrant and present dangers to Liberty in America, so I have chosen to add to this book a list of these names in a memorial page dedicated to the cause of research devoted to Lincoln and the Truth.

I did not know Abraham Lincoln, but I have visited with enough of his relatives, and read enough about him to know that he was no snob nor the son or grandson of a snob. But if Abraham had been living his life over again and had become acquainted with a certain Democratic Mayor of New York and a certain President of the United States, he would have decided that snobbery was the prevailing fashion in America's greatest city and in America's capitol in the land of his Democracy.

What we find here in high office is just what the cowboys in the writer's youthful days used to shoot the curls from in order to test both their risibles and

their marksmanship. Lincoln himself, we think, would have enjoyed the same kind of sport because he would find the woods full of them.

I like to write counts in my indictment, so here is one.

In the national capital, a thief can steal your purse and run away with it, but if you are lucky enough to overtake him and identify him, and are able to haul him into court, it is a complete defense if he files as a fact, that you are a Communist; he does not have to prove it, he simply says so and smirkingly insinuates that you have grass-roots in your hair or hayseed in your socks. That is also a good defense in the City of New York against any thieving game you can think of, and it is an absolute defense against pilfering the public treasury, provided there is anything left after the "Bureaucracy" gets through rocking it. Any critic of graft is considered a radical or Communist.

New York wants to have a President, not to imitate Lincoln, but to put the hydraulic brakes on the principles of Jesus Christ. They have already done it in the churches, and now they would like to do it at Washington. What we really need in Washington once again, is a ham and egg president, and a CABINET that has been to a fish fry or a grand moonshine ball in the mountains—something to acquaint them with real life.

A poor girl's mother asks that Mass be said for her daughter on the day of her death, and she is told the lowest Mass that can be sold on the menu, is thirty-five per, payable in advance—that is a new wrinkle on Jesus Christ and Mary the Mother. But the writer was told this was the universal rule when he made the inquiry; well, he came near falling out



of the fifth story of his hotel, because the woman he loves best believes in that clan.

He immediately made arrangements with an insurance company to stack away thirty-five, so that when his good wife passed away she would be sure of prayer that was paid for in advance, and would ring the door bell of the Great One above so that he could admit the proud spirit of the writer's devoted spouse without being annoyed with a bill collector later on in the programme. What chance has a very poor man to gratify his Christian inclinations under such an administration?

We need a president also who can hitch his own horse, even if it is made by Ford—less talk, more Democracy.

Everytime a rumor goes flying around Washington about something, they immediately have a Commission appointed to see if the rumor, first, is a rumor, and second, if there is any fire behind it. Well, if there is fire, then they call in a great man who grew from a smutty nubbin of corn up in New York, has spent his life herding a few slick dimes, and has finally graduated into a ten-cent capitalist—then they send him out Fishing to see if he can find evidence of red, if he naturally sees red, it is much easier to find red. Well, he generally returns and is ready to prove, if it should, in the course of a few Congresses become necessary, that the Communist started the fire and what is more, there are plenty of these torches in every black cat owner's back yard. They have corralled a great issue at Washington, and that is an excuse to raise the ante of the taxpayers—save the Country from the political Communist for the the Capitalistic Communist.

The raising of the taxpayer's ante is an incidental



of patriotism but it is just as important as patriotism itself, only it soaks in a little deeper each year, and finally it will get to be a cancerous running sore that will stop all of the throw-off valves of Mr. Taxpayer, and as and when the valves cease to function I am sorely afraid the taxpayer will lose some of his patriotism, which is a virulent disease, and makes him a second-hand nuisance next to a Communist.

The people have lost their morale and are unmoral as a race—their religion with its fine old superstitions has gone down to a dollar basis—and their dignity, they have consigned it to the dressmaker and tailor. They are travelling fast, spending and being spent. They are running away from their creditors in one case and after money in every other case. They are willing to trade ideals, morals and Christianity for cash in many cases and they spend it when they get it to be “high-lifed” and to live high. Some of their Bishops not only sell their religion and themselves, but they include their church following for paltry sums in presidential elections to monopolistic bidders, if we are to believe the press.

They will give you only pennies to exploit the principles of Lincoln, one of our two greatest Americans. They are headed toward the Bourbons and may enjoy Hell and high water before they reach the end of their terrible fight.

More poverty, more class legislation, more crimes, more judges to try, and more prosecutors to persecute the ignorant and unfortunate; that is the remedy of the fine theorists that monopoly buys to re-write annually their creed—let us not lie about it, for it is upon us—the truth of it.

Autocracy used to stand in the park in front of the Capitol at Washington; today, it rides through

the White House, spurred and fashioned to suit the smirk and pilfering owners who make presidents, and one party is as bad as the other, and who dares deny its commands.

Boldly and calmly it waits to ride over the precipice where it will no longer find in the valley below a common man marking his way by the sweat of his brow, but a servile race of beggars and dole supplicants who once represented a great race of independent, hard-working Americans. What has caused the change?

Ask the great banks; ask the President of the United States; ask their fido economists, and if they will write a sound reason why America is bankrupt in dollars and morals, then we will all bow down and lick the sores of the Lazaruses that remain with us. My answer is, that they have abandoned Abraham Lincoln's principles, lock, stock, barrel, body and breeches, apologizing for the failure of Democracy.

The writer has been in Wall Street for many years. He needs not quote what he is required to know himself. If forms of government, on the Lincoln formula mean nothing to the masses, then why debate about forms of government or denounce Monarchy or Communism? Any kind of government will do, for if, in fact, we abandon a government BY THE PEOPLE, then the quicker we get to the dump heap, the better off we surely will be.

A gentleman, the writer regards highly for his honesty, who was in the know of the present depression, informed him recently (told him months before it blew in, to keep out of the street, it was on its road, cooked and prepared) that his house boss had cleaned up \$70,000,000 in cash and his house \$300,000,000 by virtue of the depression, and pre-

ceding it. It commenced in 1927 to accumulate stocks at an average cost of forty-seven dollars per share and by pools and market making Bull methods put the stock up to one hundred and forty-one dollars, when the last was unloaded; and that the average was better in profit than seventy-five dollars per share. That at this last conversation the house was buying back most of these stocks at an average of twenty-eight dollars per share. That was how they made the \$300,000,000 from the stock sucker buyers. I asked him if he did not consider that, high way tactics; and his response was, that it was entirely legal and within the law, and common business practice.

The average investor is ignorant, and he is advised by his "Better Business Bureau" to go and consult his banker before investing his money; that in practical effect is to have him make the bank his investing agent. The banker puts him in the stock sent to him for distribution by the ORIGINATING head of the syndicate in New York, and at a fictitious market maintained during the unloading process on the "sucker" market. When the stock is all sold out and distributed, the crash comes in, naturally, or by a regularly organized system until it is very low, and his banker advises him to sell. He does sell and pockets his loss. Consequently, every bank has a Securities Department to pull the chestnuts through the fire, so that the bank may not be accused. The bank passes to the Security market the names of its depositors who have money, and the work is done.

Such stocks on the New York Exchange, regardless of their value, are exempt from control by the "Blue Sky" laws of the states, a law usually propa-

gandaed by Trade Journals, and the Banks, or "Better Business Bureaus," owned by the banks, and certain business interests controlled by them, directly or indirectly. The entire machinery is now in fine working condition in America, and it was organized to take the American masses for a ride. \$90,000,000,000 of such securities were sold in less than five years, now worth, and most of it re-purchased, or in the process of re-purchase, for less than \$25,000,000,000. Who got the money? Al Capone or the respectable house who gives out daily advice on sound business principles? Al should be commended by the bankers for his modesty and moderation.

The writer has in mind a common stock, syndicated for thirty-nine dollars per share, sponsored by a big house in the street, that they are now buying back for six and a half. Who lost the thirty-two dollars and fifty cents? The "suckers" of our great land. Poor old Capone, he would not suffer in the comparison as an honest hold-up man.

Who made the panic? Secretary Mellon says it flowed over from the war fifteen years ago. In part he is right. Myron Treaylor, President of a leading bank in Chicago, a high authority, says that the bankers brought it, organized it, and fanned it, so to speak. Indictment from high authority. That it was done by inducing the public to buy stocks at a price of inflated values, knowing what was coming. My friend informed me the process was "within the law," and a matter of pure business, though Al Capone he imagined got "his" without the law. What difference to the victim? Who will stop it? Nobody in Congress, for he fears the big banks.



Give the writer a few months in Congress and a free hand, and he will stop it with teeth in a law that will shut out the sunlight. It cannot be done? Well, he would stop the machinery of the government or it would be done, or he would make it the issue of the century. There is no kidding or joking, to use street parlance; it must be done to save years of future suffering and dishonesty within the law.

If you have not confidence in the banks of your community, where will you place your confidence? These are the institutions that have done the work, and the big banks today that borrow and loan and rediscount to the Federal Reserve could be proven guilty with the goods on them. The banks that were out of the ring, they usually went down, and thousands of them went that way—are, as I write, still going, victims of the system.

If you read these lines, take the first words of this chapter to your banker, but first ask him if he believes in the principles of Lincoln. If he says yes, hand it over for him to read; then ask him if he has a Securities Department, and if he answers yes, get him to explain to you where he gets his securities, and you will get him every time with the goods on. Securities' departments must be divorced from the banks.

"Stop, Look and Listen," is a familiar phrase.

Billions each year are taken away from the people in this way; cowardly and ignorant politicians have permitted it, and the people under God alone, and a brave, honest and unselfish leader only, can stop it. If it is not stopped, wait some opportune hour, and see the blood flow, and the riots that follow it. If you have a heart in your breast or a soul in your head, take courage that honest and good men are



a-plenty in America; and this position I advocate is sustainable without believing for one moment in either Socialism or Communism.

Read of Thomas Jefferson and his great pupil, Abraham Lincoln, then write your formula, changing nothing but the date from 1862 to 1931 as to Lincoln, and you may ignore the dates for Jefferson, who said quite enough each year of his noble life, to guide the nation to safety.

That very question must be left to you, not to Lincoln or Jefferson, or Jackson, for they have passed; not certainly to Hoover or Smith, for if either had the inspiration or ability, they would have forecast the issue, and opened the glorious road to freeing the white race from certain anguish and slavery in the coming years, far more frightful in suffering than the black race ever endured before Lincoln's time.

The campaign of 1928 indicated our mental poverty in America. I offer it as Exhibit One.

One candidate stood for poorer liquor at higher prices (bootlegging) subject to Protestant denominational approval; the other stood for better liquor at lower prices, subject to government approval. The latter on this issue lost out because it was suspected that the Catholic persuasion might have the inside track on distribution. If this indictment is not true, why do the racketeering bootleggers carry on in face of the present law?

Malevolence is often the partner of ignorance, and the best advertised fool in America, as a presidential candidate, may be made to look like real material for statesmanship. However, give him the acid test of defending what ideas he has and his weakness

develops quickly, and his knowledge flies away like the morning dew under the sun rays.

The last Republican candidate, at close range, was the nescient dilettante of a depressing political age, unwitted and unfitted to meet the exigencies heading for eruption.

The Democratic candidate was equally immobile to the intellectual requirements of his countrymen. He came from the ordinary walks of life, but was quickly seized with a hi-hatric disease which produces such diaphanous illusions as to develop self-evaluation to the point of complete eclipse of the real scientific questions that are troubling the conscience of his country.

There are fifteen thousand speakeasies in New York City alone. Let us assume that each speakeasy gives up only five hundred dollars graft per week, which we said for a guess, is divided between the police and prohibition officers; this means an annual sum of three hundred and fifty million per annum for graft. I have been informed by an Administrator that commercial alcohol permits run into about twenty-five per cent of liquor grafts, which source of liquor finds its way into the wholesale business. In New York City and environs, he estimated this meant a sum of at least fifty million per annum. He has openly said this money finds its way into the hands of political bosses who use it for campaign purposes; in plain language, to corrupt the electorate and insure such men in office as will guarantee a continuation of the business.

It has been charged that a politician paid over money to the actual head of a great Protestant denomination collected from some source, and he has openly admitted he got the money, but refused un-

der supposed guarantees of the Constitution to disclose what he did with the money, though that is privately known to have been spent for a presidential candidate. An investigating Committee of Congress, fearful of his church following, have cowered under his refusal to divulge and under the influence of powerful interests and their political go-betweens, so that the arm of Congress has been paralyzed. A courageous man in Congress, indifferent to consequences, could expose all of this rottenness.

It is known that these bootlegging politicians have dominated Illinois politics, and it was publicly stated in the Press of the day that one hundred million of dollars was available for this corruption fund when and as it was necessary.

If we take a pencil and calculate only ten per cent for graft of the sales of "booze" in the United States, three billion per annum, we have three hundred million used for corruption purposes. This money goes into the hands of bankers, sometimes ministers of the gospel, occasionally to heads of religious organizations, public speakers under one philanthropic guise and another, political bosses and political machines and to great financial houses who have other interests to conserve, the press and various influential interests, and performs the function of destroying honest criticism and investigation. This power, in its evil form, has at its command a horde of criminals who will kill any man or woman who gets in its way, or the way of the men who drive the machine; and that machine is the branch of monopoly engaged in this line of business. This is why racketeering goes on.

Unless some able and brave man arises in Congress, controlled by an agricultural community,

there is little chance of a successful campaign against it. Prohibition in itself rightly conducted is to be welcomed, but present conditions develop as they operate its enforcement, a collecting agency for political crooks and criminals, although we may feel the enforcement bureaus do the best they can under conditions as they find them. The higher up powers who make presidents are the real men who determine policies.

Men are appointed to places of enforcement on their OK, and ignorance is solicited for these places rather than independence and intelligence. One needs but to interview any one of the vast army of attorneys employed in this department to discover the truth of this averment. There is not a sound, able lawyer of experience in the entire department. The consequence is, if they are honest—and most of them are—any able advocate on the defense side can take advantage of their ignorance, and this has been done so often that the pages of the Federal reports are full of such instances.

As we have said, no able, courageous man could get a position under the present administration, and it is not likely any such man could get one under the succeeding administration, for the powers that make presidents would not permit it.

Liberty is hamstrung, the people are down. Thirty dollars a barrel beer, and eight dollars per quart whiskey have contributed their share.

Thus, we come now to look upon Lincoln as an unusual man with characteristics which led some men to believe he was unbalanced when acting alone. The fact of his mental operations being different from the average man caused him to be misjudged; his virtues, they either exaggerated, or his intel-



ligence, they underrated, according to the point of view of his critics.

Let us find the REAL Lincoln. "Lincoln," as Owen Cowley said, "was one of our kind of people." Lincoln had all of the typical characteristics of the Mill Creek natives. He had borrowed their ambling, staggering walk; he had their slowness of speech, their accurate judgment, their certainty of opinion, their disinterestedness in other people's business. He hated the Hebraic practices of hypocrisy, inching a foot to get set into a situation, then taking a dozen more feet. He disliked equally the Puritanical fanaticism of his day—he was the plain man under God's guidance.

The natural Mill Creeker loved Liberty; they believed in God and had a sound religion, ignorant and rambling though it might seem, but these men knew and understood that Christianity was a man-made institution, while Religion was a matter between God and man, and man always found himself, whether he was christianized in a church of creeds or was walking alone in the wilds of the forest.

This is a Buddha religion, a communication with God and the Spirit world.

A man could not be religious without being close to God, while he could be a Christian and be far away from God. Men never die; their Spirit lives with God, and like Lincoln, they converse with God.

"Raccoon" Smith, a great Baptist-Unitarian preacher at the Mill Creek Church, had said: "Our fathers, in defense of religion, came to hate the Christianity of the Puritanical Protestantism of the Cromwells, and at the same time they held in contempt the ritualized powers of God, as claimed by the Popes."



"Neither represented Religion nor God; both represented man-made opinion, christianized to suit the evil propensities and purposes of each; both are antagonistic to a free religion or a free country and both must be condemned by those who love God and defend the freedom of men."

Such, in a nut-shell, was the religion of Lincoln, and this is exactly what Mary Todd, his wife, said. ("Mr. Lincoln was religious but not a Christian.")

His father and mother were neighbors to the church, and followers of the old preacher just mentioned, famous first as a Baptist and then, as a Unitarian.

The people in the district knew the difference between religion—which belongs to God—and Christianity—which was holden to men. The latter was the product of the conception of Christianity or Christ, while the former was the child of God. They could have close relations but often they were very far apart.

Lincoln believed in Liberty, not government by Force. These factions for ages had contended for the mastery. Government by Force usually ruled by the army, the King or the Emperor. Government by Liberty was a rule established by the common people. Lincoln hated government by Force, and he hated any Christian form or creed born of it or that leaned on it. Liberty and Religion were inseparable terms to him. Christianity and Force had often been one and the same to him.

Ancestrally speaking, Lincoln came from the "Linkorns," who migrated to England from the tyrannies and unmoral days of the "Mastersingers," in Germany. There, in England, they insurged and insurrected against the Popes and the Kings, invit-

ing defiance to their authority. The family finally came to the free colony of Massachusetts.

When this colony leaped to the fore-front as an aggressive Puritanical organization, the Lincolns fled to the free Dutch country of Pennsylvania, where both religion and democracy were unrestrained. To be a Democrat, was to belong to the great common herd; to worship God in your own free way was universal.

Later, the Lincolns trekked on to Virginia and then to Kentucky, still further away from man-made laws and the hard rules and limitations of civilization. Whatever the law yoke might be, it was irksome and a useless burden.

So that, we have an explanation of the Lincoln character. Abraham Lincoln's religion came from this environment, and he was not unlike the majority of the men and women of this section. His skepticism or atheism, sometimes referred to, was only based on his depreciation of Christianity as practiced by the creed where men placed their own interpretation on religion according to the creed they belonged to. This faith or religion gave him the power to see far and to judge only when all of the forces of opinion had been considered by him. Therefore, he was slow to many in his mental processes. Once advised, however, he saw everything material, enveloped the entire question, and acted promptly. He was brains, advised by the Spirit of "that something superior to the material" self, and he was that much nearer the "perfection of his Father in Heaven."

Philosophers of this day will admit the operation of this phenomenon. He was close to Truth and Life.

Lincoln's surroundings were anti-spiritual. Seward was a narrow, egotistical mentality with limitations, and Stanton was a materialist who could not understand men of a high spiritual nature. Stanton did not know one side of Lincoln, and he misconceived his purposes. Stanton was cruel, narrow and stupid, yet he loved power, hated justice and was tyrannical when exercising the slightest authority.

Chase hated the truth—it got too often in his way, when he wanted to use a lie. He misconceived Religion, and Christianity and Religion were one and the same thing to him. He, therefore, thought Lincoln a fool when he talked of his God. Lincoln could not accept Chase's advice, as he could not accept the advice of another mind, for his mental powers were vastly superior to those he came in contact with, so he contented himself with borrowed facts, which he spread out before himself and on these facts he was 100 per cent certain of his ground.

In a measure, his loneliness was accounted for by his tremendous moving mind; men must be alone to think accurately and well. Thinking men are lonesome.

We once had a Democratic President, so called, since Lincoln's time. He was smart in his pretensions, brilliant in his mental ensemble; he was in the end puerile, as expressed in final example, which his philosophy produced. If a Republican like Lincoln is democratic, it is by his actions he must be tested. If the Democrat is to be judged a great Democrat, it is by the same test we must find him out. And so, we find the sum of the Democratic presidents reflections on the body politic, resulting in an inheritance of diseases as fatal to Liberty as Paganism to the

conscience of mankind. Woodrow Wilson was not a Democrat.

Since the funeral of these policies, so named, this great Democrat has been succeeded by a pupil and a proponent whose policies are equally blighting to liberty and prosperity. He now lays the nation's trouble to WAR which he helped to promote and had not the courage to oppose. He puts it on CROP failures for fear war diseases are not quite sufficient, when crop failures in the past left no such sickness to explain present fatalities. But in this last misery he has been most reluctant to extend a Federal hand or contribute the Nation's aid. He also charged it to economic conditions which have long had his personal and official support. As a matter of fact, if you put his ideas in the solvent and judge him by what is left, you will find him one of those men who profess the cloak of Jacob, while wearing threadbare the garment of Esau.

He gravely imitates the words, not the deeds of his fathers and of Lincoln, while he emulates the philosophies of Industrial Despotism. He talks like a voice from the golden era, while his services seem commanded for the enemies of free government—government by the people.

He would cure economic success at home by spitting in the Soviet's face, let the rebound be what it might. Like his patron saint of war memory, he pours forth an avalanche of syllogisms, while his servants burn out the pillars of the temple that it may fall on the worshippers he has inspired within at the shrine of the people.

By this good time he should know that Truth and God are one, travelling a destiny marked by time, and that at the cross-roads, he is bound to wreck his



caravan of specialized excuses and false remedies; but under all these clever machinations is the Truth mightier than his sword, and behind it, the solidarity of Lincoln's principles and Lincoln's common people. Were this not true, we, who believe in them, would have to find a new Moses to lead us through another Red Sea and on to a Land of Promise.

Lincoln was bitterly criticized because he appointed Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but he had little choice in that matter because it was the question whether he saved the Union or lost it, and Chase being his chief stumbling block, riddance of him was a justifiable act.

The Presidents, since Lincoln's time, have always been in a mood to listen to the interests of their political backers when making appointments to the Supreme Bench and to the District Courts. They are rarely ever in a mood to consider an appointment from one of Lincoln's common people, who would be an unfettered judge of the Court.

The writer's experience in Appellate and Trial Courts, and in the Federal Courts, lead him to believe that if Judges are loyal to right administration of justice, they have no fear of the loyalty of Lincoln's common people, but if they are the "chipmunks" of a system, it is well for the President to call on the people in the name of the few good judges to stand by the Courts so as to cloak all with a halo of righteousness, but such commands would at once excite my suspicion, knowing what I do from experience with the Bench.

Judges who are appointed to the Bench represent special interests most often, unless it might be in exceptional cases where a man would be so outstand-



ingly fitted that to refuse his appointment would affront a great majority of the people. And in some cases, men knowing they cannot secure appointments otherwise, play with the interests until they are appointed and then, when on the Bench, assert their independence. This sometimes happens, but the two classes combined still leave the honest and faithful judges in the minority. The majority may be divided into two classes, those "caught," and those "not caught."

Large interests know the value a special group influence have on such appointments, and they never fail to exert that influence. I once knew a man appointed to the Federal Bench who had openly denounced that President when a candidate, who chose him, and he did everything to defeat his nomination, but the interests forced his appointment, and there he sits as I write.

A keen lawyer has but to read the opinions of the Appellate Courts to discover the clever turns of points which do not exist in the record, in order to enable a Court to decide the case for the interests which put them on the Bench; it is a rare man who can resist such influence.

Thus the Judiciary has been corrupted, and will so remain corrupted, and thus will the people, Lincoln's common people, justly hold them in contempt. And so long as this situation exists it will be necessary for a President to call upon them to have faith in the Courts. The lawyers have tried to purify and cure this situation, but have found it a political and not a professional condition.

The writer has never made a charge in a Legislative body where he served that did not stick with plenty of proof to back it. He brought the im-

peachment charges in the Legislature of Oklahoma in 1913, and every charge was proven. He fairly believes that he could, anywhere in America, prove political caste, exercising its influence, or money, in hundreds of judicial positions where men are pilfered without ever knowing how gently the operation has been pulled off.

There never was a scheming, crooked lawyer with a brief case of the magicians legal curves, that did not pronounce largely for due obedience and admiration for the courts of the land; denunciation of radicals is the first part of this daily used creed.

There never was a usurping cowardly King that has not on every occasion in history denounced the enemies of "my people" so as to inspire faith, while he, under loyalty thus provoked, picked their pockets with ruthless abandon.

There never was a preaching pretentious saint of the gospel that did not sound his Amens in a tremulous voice, or reach the major notes in singing his reverential hymns, while taking undue liberties with the most beautiful woman of his choir, in a smashing romantic drive, in which he was convicted that his unction flowed from the Lord.

There never was a man in the White House who had a philosophy that poured out words of loyalty to the Courts and the Constitution, that was not packing the Courts with servants picked by his political bosses who had secured his election; and such appointees knew at first hand the source of their success, and were willing and did return four fold, in accordance with the implied understanding, legal justice, in keeping with the crystallized demand of the political system.

The call for law and order is a yellow cry that of-

ten comes from a criminal conscience as guilty as hell. When justice prevails in the Courts there will be no need for such a cry.

The human slavery interests pronounced the Dred Scott decision a sacred thing, and they called loudly for the people to stand by the Courts and the Constitution, but Lincoln rightly denounced it and advised the people to ignore it.

Today, it is the same yellow cry which flows from the putrid mouths of men who call on Lincoln's common people to protect the Courts and the Constitution while and when Liberty is raped in the Temples of Justinian, and the special powers of despotism enthrone government by Force, and throttle to its death, Lincoln's government by Liberty. It's the story over again of the Carolina negro. "Well, Sam, why did you remain out there in front?" "I wuz g'wine watch dat white man's do'r while my brother, Henry, went in dat meat house and got what was a'belong'g to him."

When the butcher Jeffrys, law enforcer of England, murdered the law and unsexed Justice, the same appeal was made to protect the Courts. The cry is as old as Nero and as young as the depression of 1931, and when it is heard, the people of Mr. Lincoln may well gird their loins for a spilling of more of their well earned substance.

If Hell has its angels; if God is the King of the dust of its dead remains, then Justice is the partner of these political scoundrels who have paraded their wares in the by-ways of the common people since the day Judas betrayed the Saviour.

Let Dr. Elmer Barnes tell you how far we have bounced on our aristocratic conscience since 1776.

"The principles of '76 are conveniently assembled

in Jefferson's famous paragraph from the Declaration:—

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government.

In short, the fathers stood for revolution; human equality before opportunity and the law; the abolition of special privilege; natural rights; the dominion of the people, and the reduction of the powers of government to the lowest point compatible with social well-being.

How does 1776 fare in 1931? Paine is either forgotten or held in disrepute by respectable persons. Even that great tribune of the people, Roosevelt, called him a dirty little atheist. He would be black-listed seven times over by the D. A. R. if alive today.

Jefferson has come through a little better as the mythical founder of a still extant political party. But many a person is in prison in this country for mouth-ing Jefferson's doctrines, and thousands are being deported for holding similar views.

\* \* \*

What about equality before the law and equality of opportunity? On the one hand we have the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, the greatest juristic bulwark of special privilege ever constructed by human ingenuity.

On the other, we find injunction and contempt



proceedings against labor, in which a prejudiced judge may act as a judge, investigator, prosecutor and jury rolled into one, passing on the validity of his own acts.

These are only examples and overlook entirely the disparity in ordinary justice between the man who can hire Max Steuer or Clarence Darrow and the poor defendant who must accept a green or reluctant lawyer appointed by the court.

Equality of opportunity is a hollow sham in a country where on one end we find 500 men with annual incomes averaging \$2,500,000 and on the other some 7,000,000 men out of work altogether, with more millions of hungry and ill-clad dependents.

Revolution is outlawed. No less than thirty-two States make its advocacy a felony. Even a liberal federal judge has upheld the barring of a reputable magazine from the mails because it uses revolutionary phrases.

Special privilege is rampant in tariffs, utilities, tax favors, injunctions, due process decisions and the like. Popular sovereignty is a mere form when small cliques of men nominate our rulers and engineer the passage of oppressive amendments and laws. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness mean little when a man cannot get a job, buy a glass of beer or speak out fearlessly in the language of the men who once made this country a free land.

It is the privilege of any one to prefer the spirit of 1931 to the spirit of 1776. But let him not imagine that they are one and the same thing or that we have preserved the heritage of the fathers. If the price of liberty is eternal vigilance we have slept at the post of duty."

This is how Mellon and Hoover propose to get



back the millions given to Europe—put a tax on Lincoln's common people.

"As one means of making up the Treasury deficit of nearly a billion dollars Mr. Mellon suggests a gasoline tax. The alleged merit of such a tax rests chiefly on the ease of collection and the certainty of a large revenue from this source. The objections to it are, however, conclusive.

Apply the gasoline tax proposal of Mr. Mellon to this pyramid of cars and we find that the brunt of the tax would fall on the many relatively small incomes—owners of Fords, Chevrolets, etc.—and very lightly on the rich. A gas tax would certainly harm the oil industry, the motor industry and the general trade. Hard pressed consumers paying this tax would have less money with which to buy other things."

(World-Telegram.)

Napoleon did not organize and send Commission after Commission to find what ought to be done in a given situation. He acted.

Again and again we have had to listen to these innumerable "horse plays" and lying fostering excuses while business and good citizenship were given a ride.

There are men in America who have patriotism and brains, let us make the call for a national institute in the name of Lincoln, and cast out the devils—revive the spirit of liberty.

No less a person than Dr. Butler of Columbia points the way and gives a reason.

Dr. Butler: ". . . Immense masses of food material are produced and no market is found for them, while not far away thousands upon thousands of human beings are in want of food. . . These

are all familiar facts. The only possible reason for restating them is that nothing adequate or even earnest is being done in regard to the grave matters to which they relate. . . . If we are effectively to allay discontent and successfully to remove temptation to disorder and revolution, we dare not sit indefinitely in contemplative inaction. The challenge is too peremptory and too ominous. Cool and detached contemplation will not do. Action is essential. Today progressive and enlightened liberalism is everywhere true conservatism. Stubborn resistance to betterment may well be the first step toward catastrophe. . . . Youth is always in the saddle."

As in the refrain of a Greek chorus, youth, in the person of the rich young intellectual, Lamont, answers:—

"This system concentrates two-thirds of the wealth and one-third of the income in the hands of approximately 10 per cent of the people and provides for the other 90 per cent chiefly on the marvellous theory that enough will somehow trickle down from the top. When we ask the master minds why today more than 6,000,000 American children are suffering from malnutrition, or why more than 6,000,000 unemployed adults walk the streets with lean and hungry looks, the answer is that the reason for there not being enough to eat is that there is too much to eat! I submit that such a system is a veritable wonder of wonders. . . ."

The author would hardly dare such a criticism, but here is eminent authority for his position. His experience and close study of the situation teaches him that we are bankrupt of leadership. We either accept worn out partisanship advice or ride along with industrial culprits who stand on a lofty peak of

wealth produced by virtue of stealthy legislation, and these pose as our leaders, and the advice of such malapropos we accept, either because they have been elected to office or have accumulated money.

Then we turn at times to so called economists who are so thoroughly wanting in practical experience that we are in the end lost in the desert of impractical theory and gross ignorance.

Looking over the last fifty years of the growth of intelligent stupidity, we may wonder that fanaticism of one kind and another can so easily submerge the sound common sense of a nation of men and women who had such strong forebears.

Today in America we are a proud creditor nation with billions in the central banks, which no one but the holders of market pooled securities can borrow, and these loans become speculative loans made with money drained from the interior of the country on account of loose legislation, and these loans are largely the product of American labor increment, delivered to an impoverished class of clients in Europe at usurious rates of interest, who, it seems, can never pay.

The small bank has gone, and the loan once made on personal endorsement is a thing of the dead past, under highly specialized influence of the Federal Reserve.

A personal loan today in New York City is a violation of the rules of the system fostered by and under the wing of the ruling power in Washington.

If you would have contempt for a human vulture who would sell the virtue of his sister, you must have the same feeling toward men of this type.

Millions of bushels of foods are stored in the granaries of America without a buying market while

five million of unemployed and starving walk its streets only too glad to get a job.

This system has controlled the government so long and is so well intrenched that the masses are powerless to help themselves, while a despotism of poverty is creeping on them with but few men in public places who dare raise their voices that the people may have a ray of hope for their lost and damned birthright of liberty.

Men who see the awful plight of Lincoln's common people and who dare speak out are shunted out of Universities into the streets on the command of those who run the system; and the soul of America's honor is stamped ruthlessly in the dust by this invisible power that lurks in every big financial house in America, whose business is like that of Capone, extorting money from the men and women who live by their hands and the sweat of their brow. Oil sold for thirty cents a barrel: A Governor closed down production—monopoly had then to pay one dollar.

Present conditions, they well know have resulted from their drastic methods in capturing, by corruption, men of the public service to do their will, so that today no thinking man with a mind for truth and philosophy who has eyes to see with who but understands we are riding from a despotism of Communistic Capitalism to a despotism of Communistic Workers, and those who decry it must sit idly by and watch the deadly poison infect the patriotism of the Land of Lincoln.

A very great part of this story would be lost if the author did not arouse the people to rally around the Lincoln principles.

England, Germany, France, America have neither a plan, and seemingly their stupidity persists in



flaunting the remedies which produced the disease right in our faces.

They brought the war, all equally guilty, now they want some one nation to pay the debt created by their folly. They reason, that more armaments will bring peace, which is maintained at a terrible drain on labor. Taxes mount, expenses mount, production falls away and markets die. Russia has a plan, and berate Communism as we may, Russia is making away with poverty; it does not exist there today, and the American who says it does, has either not been there or lies for some system. Forces are therefore at work that has brains for a guide that makes our situation in America more dangerous for ultimate and certain revolution than ever existed in France before the bloody marches began of the citizen through its streets.

The writer would avoid Communism, but as Communism is backed by brains, we may expect nothing more than its overthrow of Democracy as long as we worship at the shrine of that stupidity which believes in class legislation and ignorant manifestoes.

If the bank extends your note for one year it does not publish state wide that it is a piece of statesmanship, but as I write and since writing the preceding part of this Chapter THE ADMINISTRATION has announced to a waiting world that it has developed a cure for the depression. It has extended Germany's obligations, and the balance of the obligations of the Allied countries to the United States, one year. This is heralded as a great bit of statesmanship.

Let us see if it is.

Germany is spending one hundred and seventy-eight million for an army and a navy—a tax on her



people who cannot meet their obligations. The United States is spending over six hundred million a year for her army and navy, and for what?

A cut in these appropriations by this nation and the allied nations would easily solve the debt questions, and those of us who have scruples about standing for the truth as against its opposite would feel there was an honest attempt to settle the depression involvement if these appropriations were cut to the point where each and all of the nations could meet their obligations.

This may be homely philosophy or truth, whatever you please to call it.

But, in the end, the opportunity to exploit the common people of Mr. Lincoln would pass from the picture, and that is outside the present programme.

Italy and Russia have made propositions to abolish, for the time being, all war propositions, but the United States, France and England will not agree to the curtailment. One is a Fascist government, the other is a Communistic government, so we, who propose this proposition for these three countries cannot be accused of being Communistic; and we get down to the fact that there must be a "nigger in the woodpile." What is it? It is this. If the good League of Nations could or would control all governments as to armament, these three countries would then control the destinies, by the League, of the peoples of every nation. The League could and it would destroy the liberty of the citizens of every oppressed nation by force, unless they agreed to the dictation of the ruling nations of the League. We could safely say goodbye to liberty.

For, in America at least, we have now laws against revolution to oppose oppression by the ruling author-

ity at home. The yoke that is upon us now; that we thought was lifted by the revolutionary spirit of 1776 will remain, for such power is not going to take the chance of losing the chief arm of that domination, expressed in a militarist autocracy, so we will continue to raise taxes and build armament forces, so as to perpetuate what we have.

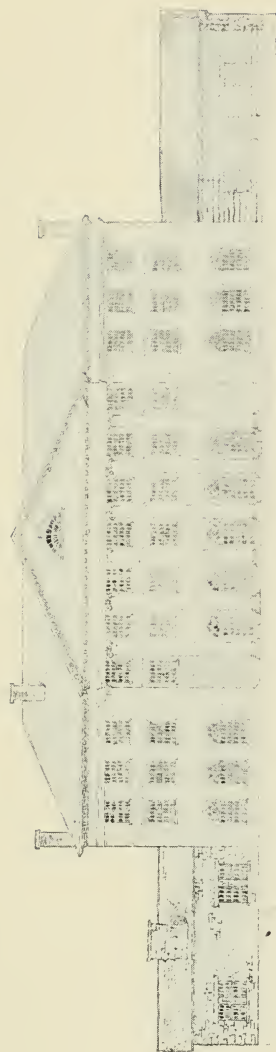
This may sound like Jefferson but it happens to be the doctrine of Abraham Lincoln, who said, "the business of government is to see that labor gets what it earns." But if labor is forced to spend, of its earnings, more than six hundred million a year for armaments in time of peace, it is very certain that Lincoln's doctrine is in the discard.

But there are many things for which we may be thankful with the Chief of our country. When Captain Lincoln was born it was perfectly legal to go to bed with another man's wife provided she had her clothes on, but if the rightful husband should kiss his wife publicly before she took her leave of him he was certain to be jailed. Prudery has somewhat departed, and realism entrenched itself with us. It is now a crime for a man to go to bed with another man's wife with or without clothes, and it is a ground for divorce.

Lincoln's principal crime in the perversity of his youth was his plainness of speech and dress. He was denounced as a barbarian and a rowdy because he wrestled with men and not women. One hundred and twenty-two years after his birth, wrestling with both sexes has become a national sport, for which his countrymen are willing to pay a high price for the principal front seats.

The law licenses the gamble as a man's game, and plenty there are who engage in the pastime. Though

we lose with the years the perversities of youth, we gain the serenity and optimism of age without the annoyance of youth's desire.



Proposed Lodge of Lincoln National Institute.





## CHAPTER XIX

### THE LINCOLN NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

THE writer has proposed a Lincoln National Organization built on independent lines of thought and wholly independent of politics; that is the safety of our Democratic institutions.

Abraham Lincoln passed through a period of our country when financial questions bounded over for his decision that were vastly of greater importance and more difficult of solution than the questions which arise today.

The world war Conference justifies every criticism made in this work, and as I write, we are confronted with the disasters of that Conference.

We bring to the forum of debate, results which we then predicted in a round robin presented to the Big Four, which they ignored, except to say, that Germany brought her misfortunes on herself and must abide by them. These conference critics, including the writer, foretold these happenings, and said that Germany's misfortunes, whatever they might be, were now those of the Allies, and, if they were not differently treated, civilization in Germany would go to pieces, and this chaos brought about by the unstatesmanlike assessment against Germany would involve the financial world.

Time has proven that there was neither wisdom nor statesmanship applied in the Conference findings,

but men there, who could, and did give advice, and were capable of giving it, were cast aside as inter-ferers in the grand scheme of exploitation.

This proves to us, as we have said here, that we have no diplomacy in Europe, save that which we furnish from a political group in America. These men are ignorant of the fundamentals of finance and unacquainted with our international aspirations. They are looking only to the success of their party in America, and their advice comes wholly from Bankers of the world whose business is to exploit every opportunity they have for themselves and their business; yet in America, with dreadful results staring us in the face, we refuse to recognize the perilous situation, which involves us at home.

We need a Lincoln. Where will we get him? Not surely out of either political party. If Lincoln were living today, these politicians would say, we must have the Morgans and the Mellons, who know finance—finance for Morgan and Mellon, not for the American or European masses.

The principles of finance are bound up with business, but political conventions in Europe seem to be the order of the day, and these are called with the counsel of international bankers, who advise the grab game along banking lines based on the ability of each government to levy taxes against the assets of each nation, and distribute the proceeds accordingly, as the plan is laid.

To them, Lincoln would have been another country lawyer; but Lincoln had something they did not have. He was looking through glasses that found only the people, and their happiness, while today, the interests of the people are not taken into the equation. Lincoln would have said, the producing

and working classes come first, not last. Lincoln would have recognized that human beings are assets, not alone dollars, that can be garnered for the selfish interests.

How often do we have to be directed to Lincoln's sayings, one of which is, that, Labor is first, Capital is secondary.

What did Wilson or Clemenceau or George know about such matters, and what did they care about the people! Clemenceau's platform was, "all I can get for France;" George, "extension of the domain of England;" Wilson, "my little paper pact to add fame to my name"—let the dogs have all that is left. That was the true spirit of Versailles, and that is the spirit of today. The result is, that we are driving businessmen on the streets as beggars of the dole, without constructive assistance from the governments—without statesmanship to solve questions in either party.

But as we pause for a Lincoln, let us also look around for a Douglas. If he can be found, the finder will be immediately rewarded with a trip around the world and the Vice Presidency, which latter needs a social interpreter for the monstrous troubles of the socially elect part of the business end of the political side of the servile administration at Washington.

It is too bad that we cannot all respect the King, when our King in America is a fit subject for so much respect. But it must be remembered we are no longer a lot of traditional worshippers of fads, cold storage heroes and ancient symbols.

We care not about a President we know to be nothing but a bird dog for the oil monopoly or the tariff bunco men. There is no great difference

between phlegmatic intellectuality and cold common imbecility, in results, so that we discern no more in actual accomplishment from one than the other. We do not care if he was the best man in Hicksborough, Arkansaw, and is the champion Putter of the Senate, or whether the player is chief "Butler in Andy Mellon's back yard, until thrust by the greatest financier since Hamilton" into the august shoes of Quay or Penrose: we expect results, and not the kind of results we find in 1931, where misery is so near, you cannot get to your bathroom on account of the hungry beggars of the street, thrown out of employment, due to the over production of prosperity certificates of the Hoover regime, the brand of wisdom put out by the bird dogs of monopoly's philosophy.

Every time these gentlemen, consorts of Wall Street in financial wisdom, made a move, the Bears hopped from their inactive seats, the police run down a few women, trailing with the Communists, and the air reverberated with cries of wrath that prosperity persisted in staying around the corner, though called by its amorous lover, he of the throne of the great—great in professions.

Harding had a great disarmament conference, and the mighty Hughes was there to extemporize and orate, and so was Briand, volatile prescriptionist of the French. It sat at Washington, spewed its Juniper juice, drank its bootleg carbonated water, agreed to burn three hundred million dollars of ships built by money appropriated out of the helpless taxpayers' substance by the wise men of the House and Senate. These taxpayers and the gopher hole owners still would exist and be happy on the philosophy of the howling prosperity gents who would not go wrong provided they accepted Hoover and Pro-high-

bi-shun. That assembly passed away honored and sung of its promises, and finally left only those sweet memories not unlike what the country boy could smell when he saw the high birds floating out of the sky.

But this balloon having never returned with its joyous freight of peace, the President called old daddy short legs of Minneapolis, with his marvellous "pact" of paper proposals, the grand-children, so said, of William J. Bryant, or was it Bryan, blessed disciple of the original House of Peace, whose great acclaim was that he had been a Secretary of State under Woodrow the wise, and knew the difference between the Monroe doctrine and a filled out promise of Republican Prosperity.

The grand old hero of many paper battles, daddy Kellogg, went forth, armored and advised, and added one more splendid accomplishment, hog tied and delivered it to the régime of Herbert Hoover, of great engineering fame and of enduring policies of state.

War was to be thereafter dead, in fact it was already dead, dead as a horse that would not smell, in fact deader than hell in a heavenly chorus.

And the grand old man of the "PO-CO-TALES" was rewarded with an Ambassadorship at St. Denis, where they argue in French; and though he has been there a year as I write, the old philosopher has not yet found out whether they are proselyting with Gandhi's principles and points or amending the rules of Baccarat—play for St. Moritz.

The reason is plain to see; the dialectic Norwegian tongue he absorbed in Minne-sotto is quite different; so that when results are obtained through his intellectual carnivorousness Saint Sir Hanni—court trans-



lates it—the debates I refer to—and old daddy telephones it over to Hoover; and what Hoover cannot tell an Ambassador about foreign countries could not be spoken in Chinese; for was he not the man who shoveled out millions of American money to save the bloodless foreigner; more millions than he could save if he was King of the Blue Ribboners for life.

Then, thinking it was not well done enough, we sent over Mellon's bird wise man in the Senate, lately legal watch dog of his back yard, like Reed of Missouri, in name only, and a Mr. Stimson who had worn out a thousand pair of shoes chasing office in New York, which he failed to tree, and who by grace of appointment has held many educational training jobs to find out what it was all about. And these fine diplomats or diplomancers were re-inforced by old Joe Robinson, who had fought many intellectual battles on the field of Golf, putting his tees or failing to mashie in the right place. He, the lion hearted of the swamps of Arkansaw, who, unlike Richard never called for a horse, fisherman per se and Golfer, supernumerary; the f is small and the G is to fit the important subject matter.

Joe is the one time brilliant educator and Superintendent of Public Instruction in Arkansaw, who plowed old Arkansaw's lands with deep furrows, until agriculture came to him as a practical science.

Who learned his law at the bar by asking questions, and learned early that Kent was not an Oklahoma oil magnate but a commentator of Commentaries.

Now what Mellon's handy man could not do, old Joe "sure was thar," in the language of his native hills.

In the meantime, Hoover chuckled, as he and his

bosses put over the Bull Pen tariff proposed by the intellectual Tom Cat of the Schuylkill, otherwise known as Tom Grundy, the man who wants but little here below but wants that little now.

During old Joe's absence, the gosling Democrats, with their brilliant leader settling war and armaments for all time, lost the scent and trail of Democracy, the old Theodosiphus of magnitudinous pulchritude put over his prosperity patent, which is to say, in the language of Arkansaw's elect—"monopoly's shrew put another nail in the coffin of Lincoln's Common People."

Now then, if Hoover can suspend the debts Europe owes us and finally give them a life time moratorium, he will get a few columns about his wisdom in the Mail at London, the Ecat at Paris and the Zoostung at Berlin. He can offer as a fine substitute a tax bill at home to raise the suckers another ante, and we will have more prosperity around the corner; a piece of statesmanship, the like of which never escaped from mortal mind since Moses kicked the salt out of the Dead Sea. All to be recorded for the credit of the G. O. P.

This nation commenced its decadence with the tin can intellectuals of the Wilson administration, and the country in disgust fled to the era of the business poltroonism of Harding's administration. At his death it passed by acclamation, the successorship, on to the pauceous immobility of Coolidge and his country lawyer doodleburg statesmanship, as applied to Nicaragua and the White House quiet and brilliant aphorisms.

Then came a choice between side walks democracy and Arkansaw basket meeting philosophy on one hand, and the genius distributor of flour, cigarettes

and hard candy, plus the chief Indian horse race philosopher of the prairies.

With such a choice to make, it was no trouble for the Bulls and Bears of Wall Street and environs to make the latter pair the favorites in the polling, as the scared Protestants on one hand had to watch the bootleggers of the Coolidge era, with one eye, and keep the other on the Pope of Rome—they could see only Hoover.

The net result was a foregone conclusion. The bubble had so long been filled with the gaseous content of many campaign nostrums it would not hold together, and the consequence was, the flood tide of the stink pots of 1930, the depression so called, compressing the money mad dough of the country into the hollow of Wall Street's hand.

So long as the leadership of Democracy combines the canned freeze of General Motors with refrigerated Copelandism, plus the Arkansaw swamp philosophy, the party of Jefferson may cry aloud its miseries in the wilderness and the market places, and none but fools will halt to hear.

So long as front page boomerangs are advertised as a quick cure for economic disaster like the relinquishment of foreign debts due us, in consonance with the swift kick labor and agriculture gets in the pants, we will stand on the side lines and see both the circus of the "lean-backs" and the Communists go by.

In the meantime, there will be a chance for common sense and Lincoln principles to take stock and start a crusade for liberty and a square deal.

In the to-morrows they will have a presidential election. The Republicans will not confess the ills of their administration, nor will they announce their

shortcomings, but earnestly deny that the cause of suffering is due in any wise to their neglect of sound policies of state, or to existing meddling statutes.

The Democrats will assert that the tariff, which they helped to make, is responsible for all of our ills, and they will point with pride to a superficial prosperity during the war; and another "buck-fuss" issue of make believe differences will be fought out. The poor "suckers" in the trenches will have decided something; they will not know what it is, but it will be something of magnitude, and the cancerous troubles will progressively evolve until some stout hearted philosopher patriot with a human complex comes along to upset the wrongs imposed by politicians on God's world.

Mr. Hoover of four years miserable failure and neglect will pose for the galleries, and his sour sardonic smile will cover the front pages, with a front gate appearance of wisdom, all too galling to thinking men; and Mr. Roosevelt will usher forth with an array of promises, carefully confining himself to issues sparkling with meaningless awe, prepared by the Warwick of excusers, Mr. Garner of Texas, and the American voter will again be on his way to Hell and highwater. Such is the crowning glory that comes from the field of battle where Mr. P. T. Barnum first glorified our chief national virtue.

The glorious campaign is already ripening. It is now proposed from Washington to legislate directly against the movement of the Bears. If the Bears could be or should be eliminated we would then give free reign to the Bulls who could shoot the watered stocks skyward and put their felonious hands down deep into the pockets of the unwary, with no fear of scouts exposing, for their benefit, the weaknesses of

these stocks and exposing the frauds involved in their financial statements. Perhaps both parties will be committed to this outrage on freedom of the Press and free speech. Nobody has proposed to batter the Bulls, for it is assumed the selling of stocks is a virtue, and buying by the Bears never so. Was such hypocrisy ever before so boldly promoted in a free and enlightened country? Ask any sane man in Wall Street. If this is the only route back to prosperity, may the good Lord deliver us from our saviours.

Patriots of Prosperity! Can you not bring forth some cleverer scheme for entering on the preserves of the downtrodden to relieve them of their few paltry savings left over from the late raid of the Bulls, ably supported at Washington by both parties.



## CHAPTER XX

### LINCOLN'S IDEALS—JEFFERSON'S DEMOCRACY

**I**T is quite beyond the writer's intention to discuss the varied relations of Lincoln to the institutions his action affected. However, the stature of Lincoln does not depend on his personality established, but is more certainly measured by eighty years of time than all of the men who have held the office of President since his day. Lincoln either changed our form of government unconsciously, or definitely, with aim and malice aforethought.

If we are to follow him today, and he is of value to us as a guide under existing conditions, it must be in the leadership of ideas he left us.

The writer long ago reached the conclusion that Lincoln definitely aimed to rehabilitate the plan of national unity. He aimed to make a national unity of a lot of non-cohesive states. If this policy was right and workable, then his greatness is established. But this is provided, that another thing does not spring up, to be of permanent form as a menace to our existence as a Republic, with a Republican form of government. If this menace becomes acute, then the greatness or wisdom of Lincoln must diminish. No name is greater than the cause it stands for. It now seems the product of this menace has arrived in the form of a depression brought about by a partnership between politics and money.

Jefferson's Democracy was Lincoln's ideal, but he realized that the Union was not bound securely enough together. Just how much he robbed the sovereignty of the people, and just how much he parted us from real Democracy, we shall find out maybe in the very near future.

Until these questions are answered, the final stature of Abraham Lincoln cannot be fixed in history. He came from the people, he believed in them; they trusted him, and he had the utmost faith in their cause. He answers firmly and completely that he desires every human to be free, and this conviction took him out to drop the chains from the limbs of the blacks. But once convicted of this principle, there is no room to draw the color line politically. Even so, there are problems which indirectly may enslave blacks and whites, compared to which, legal slavery would be preferable. And this problem, eighty years after Lincoln's inauguration, is the acute one now before the American people. Lest you forget this, when you think of Lincoln, compare him with the present chief Executive of the United States, whoever he may be—with great power, greatly abusing it by his inactivity in behalf of the people.

Men have been concerning themselves with theories of government for ages, and but two factions have really contended; the one who believed that all might should be in equality, and the other, that class should be supreme. Industrialism now controls the people's government and agriculture struggles to maintain its life.

The states have gradually lost their power, because forsooth, public men have bartered away this power for self and pelf, and self and pelf have prospered accordingly. The results have all been against

the public welfare, and here we are, bogged in the mire up to our chin.

The national power has grown enormously, and he who wanted to spend his money for place and power looked entirely to Washington. The question now is, to what extent have the people bartered away that power, and is it ever to be regained in this Democracy.

Since Lincoln's time, various glittering generalities have been held out to them, and they have hugged them into their arms to find them a vanishing thing without substance. We have now to go back to Lincoln to find out whether fundamental rights have been converted into dollar marks. Party prejudice and party regularity are responsible for this, whether it is ignorance or greed and mendacious selfishness.

To idealize Lincoln once a year is now a fashion—a vogue. To dispute his principles and hold them in contempt is a practiced reality of the present day American aristocracy, for you cannot hold a Democracy together with governing powers and have a political industrial dictatorship. That is exactly your present day statesmanship, a character of national selfish aspiration Lincoln would have despised.

We see here in Kentucky the reign of terror during the war, and just how under a Democracy the people were left powerless to cope with military thieves and scoundrels basking in the sun of a glorious principle and a good sentiment—"the Union must be saved."

These men borrowed under their brass buttons the savage principles of the ancient tyrants, might is power, and cursed Lincoln, that he was the only limitation between their monstrous lust and the prey—the people's savings.

Judge Moore makes recommendations that seem sound. Whether we agree with him or not, we do have reason to fear the wrongful exercise of military authority, over the civil war powers of the state. And we need go back only to the late war to find substantial proof of the danger of military government. There was a sample of military intolerance of civilian rights.

With such a just and strong man in the White House as Lincoln, we see how often the President had to act to circumvent these bigoted, ignorant, selfish and dishonest military chiefs.

We have only to think what would have happened if Stanton had been president instead of Lincoln. And if war should arise today, the President could, and he would control a national Press, and what redress would the people have? There should be a check somewhere in a dictatorship created by the Common people. As I write, the president is proposing under an unrepealed war statute to exercise war powers.

It is not a question of the form of government either, but it is important that some responsibility be fixed somewhere in a tribunal of influence, beyond military subjugation as final arbiter of conflicting authority and disputes.

Lincoln was a strong man in 1860; he not only could not surround himself with honest and strong men, but he had to play chess with men he knew to be dishonest, and ready with a knife to cut his throat. Lincoln knew this, but the exigencies of his position demanded that he compromise with them, shift them out of power so they could not conflict with his orders; and by strategic and subtle means he played his cards against a wicked world, to great success.

He looked into the lying faces and heard the lying tongues, knowing well that he must, to a certain extent, depend on these men who spoke with lying intentions.

Men with pure clean lives were compelled to lie in jail and wait until some chance advocate should appear to the great man and reverse the cause of their incarceration. For after all, it was Lincoln, who had sprung from the gamest and the cleanest of our American races, never lost to humanity's appeal and never wanting in common sense and sympathy. That could not be said of any of Stanton's satraps.

When we see the devilish deeds of the war clique in Washington and how Lincoln shoved them around, we know the danger of the military system. It took a genius then, and now it may take both a genius and a magician to protect the people from the proposed dictatorship powers.

The writer's experience in two legislative bodies taught him that less than a tenth of the people's representatives that were there by vote of the people could be relied on, and if we were required to find your necessary ability and courage in the other ten per cent, you will understand what a small chance the people have to get a square deal. A less proportion of lawyers are reliable today than in 1860, and there are few who will make the sacrifice for honest service, for the reason it has been proven that Democracies are ungrateful. This is an age of sanguinary impulse founded on cold selfishness. We are weary following corruptionists with commissions and investigations. Preferring impeachment charges once in a state Legislature, the writer was confounded with the character of men who would bribe and threaten when the emergency arose. What



then may we dread in a national war with the militia in power, grown fat by the nursing bottle of public pap always at hand, and a concerted effort to make a God from a real devil. Lincoln had solved the difficulty probably by insisting that caution must be exercised in giving power to Executives, and reserving more power to the people; but who is going to reserve and partition this power? Who is going to look out for the waif in the street? The man in power is sure to look out for himself. The balance of power has not been maintained since Lincoln's day; it may get better, but it is likely, it will grow worse.

Party government is infamous today. It has killed the independence of men who seek to do right. If we cannot improve, the day will arrive when we shall have to accuse Lincoln of letting down the bars. We have a despotism of commissions, and bureaus of ordinaries—they are intrenched of power, they serve corruption, they trade and traffic with criminals, who in turn pillage the man in the street, and who is going to say he shall not pass. That is a despotism.

There is no kinship between a Commission and a Democracy. Private interests are camped at Washington; they flaunt their business with million dollar owned buildings in the face of the Congress and no man dare assail them.

In a Monarchy we would need only to see a King, and in Jefferson's day we would have a quota of states to see, but alas today what is it? More power absorbed and less good use made of that power. Finally may we not lose our liberties, by having no means at hand to protect ourselves. Then we are driven to fight like the Communist for a place on which to plant and occupy our forum. And if in the

end, we can weather the storm, wealth will go into the hands of a few men; who can say that the suffering of the people will not be great.

Good men today will tell you that Democracy in America is a myth; depression, which represents dissolution of business, dissolution of employment, loss of markets, and consequent disasters, has come to stay under our system. Distress takes the place of equality; instead of the music of the choir, we have to listen to the cry of misery in the street, and no man regards it. Out of such situations come red revolutions with their hideousness. Women find their day to weep and strong men go to slaughter while the babes starve. Of this my countrymen you may say, is the philosophy of war, but out of it comes the light of the world whence liberty sprang.

One of the shameful examples of the monopolistic influence in America is the control of the Red Cross and the perversion of that institution to the purposes of greed and selfishness. It is a Tory owned institution and operated as a subservient and dependent organization for all the purposes of the autocrat's bureaucratic desires.

Over there in the Pennsylvania-Kentucky coal fields are ten thousand hungry and starved children; first abused and trampled in the dust by a lot of hired assassins called police, made by the subsidized corrupt political machine of Pennsylvania politics to do the cowardly bidding of monopolistic influences. Then by methods of coercion turned out to poverty that they might lay their heads where they could find a stone.

These gaunt baby faces peered through the black clouds of the blackest night of unchivalric America but not a single ray of the sun had arrived, not a unit

of its warmth would beat on their delicate bodies, gnawed and eaten to the very bone by hunger and fear. A father would go sometimes, and then again the mother, worn and grieved, but youth and innocence still walked with God. The funeral car would come and take away the dead; the little ones would wonder where was the smile of the boasted white bearded Santa Claus, and where was God, and where was Christ.

And finally, appeal was made to the Red Cross of Gold, the Red Cross of the sciolistic Payne and the more sciolistic Hoover, boasted friend of childhood, but no answer came except the slam of the door in the little unfortunate's face, with the servile excuse of garrulous greed—only calamities caused by the act of God do we attend.

Did mortal man ever witness such effrontery? Repairing only the damage done by God. And this implies God must have a checker between his acts and those damaged immortals of the materialistic world. Think of God damaging the world by disaster, bleeding the life blood he gives to his own, and John Barton Payne and Hoover coming along to check up, dole out and make recompense for a wild night spree of the Almighty. Can we find in the pages of history an example of voluntary sacrilegious deposition equal to this hypocrisy. Judas was a man of virtue and Caligula a prince of justice compared to this pair of logic hair splitters. If you called on Payne you would find the sign on his door, "not at home, out repairing the damage done by God;" and if perchance you found the sciolistic charity president not at the White House, you would be told he was out in the world industrially helping old Barton Payne, repair the damage done by God. By the

time they conclude their campaign, God will have quite a lot of charges laid at his door, for which he must sometime answer to the Paynes and Hoovers.

In the meantime, the babes of the woods, the children of men, must wait until God, by some of his avenues, reaches their little bodies through their souls, and nourishes them back to life. And it is always, "maybe God will come."

Lincoln said;

"It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong throughout the world. They are two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity. The other the divine right of Kings. It is the same spirit in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, "you toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it." No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a King who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation, and live by the fruit of their labor or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

And there it is, the babies starving for want of the fruit of the labor of their fathers in order that monopoly's barons may bestride them and live by the fruit of what does not belong to them. And along comes the Red Gold Cross to echo the cry of the children and mock their mothers' miseries who brought them forth into the world, and deny them the spirit and love of God in his Kingdom.

As I write this chapter, the government tells us that there are now five hundred and fifty-four men who pay an income tax on a million of dollars, and that in spite of this fact there are more than six mil-



lion men out of employment. The amount of charity collected and disbursed is equal to the expense of the Federal government when Lincoln was inaugurated President in 1860. That, at the beginning of the World War, our national wealth was one hundred and twenty billion; today it is three hundred and fifty billion. Somebody has taken money away from somebody very fast indeed. If the rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer, there is certain somewhere, to have been an abuse of power.

If government by the people can allow men to earn by private effort in industry or trade, a million per annum to the individual, somebody makes the loss with the corresponding gain, and if we are over-producing, to lower prices, of the necessities of life, and six million men are penniless and hungry, the corrective arteries of government are dead and without force. But let the Bankers call for a suspension of foreign debts to us, then you will see how quickly both national parties respond. That is a test of where we stand.

The age flies by, and the people weep for a safe leader. The crowd stops on the twelfth day of February to pay their homage to a man who, if here, might say, this government of ours born of our heritage and blood shall not pass away. And if he should look at the good lady who personifies liberty enlightening the world, he might point a moral and adorn a tale with things as they are. If God, Lincoln's God, furnishes the dynamo, it is now necessary to back the powers of both. If praying and thinking and exercising the mind will put action into the mainspring that clicks off the years, the years of human destiny, our appeal must carry the common people of Lincoln, that they may not be oppressed



under the benign influence of the immutable and untransferable laws of the spirit and the life.

If we are the divine servants of God, and we are ever at the task of the All High, then when may we exact for our peace and happiness here the immortal power that moves and equalizes the material things of life. Something is wrong. Our religion is wrong or our messenger on High is out of tune with the grand truth of our existence. What was Lincoln's peace with God? Was it a personal peace or did he in his mighty ministrations for the common people appeal for a mind of peace for them? Anyway, there was a response—he solved the trouble.

The writer, speaking from a careful study of Lincoln's environment and breeding, believes that Lincoln was and is a man of destiny.

There is a bit of valorous conjugation of nothings in the estimates of Lincoln, wholly illogical and unakin to the nature of the man; and if we read the stars aright or the world of spirit movement, Lincoln is there fulfilling the high purpose of his destiny, which was here on this earth, a service to his countrymen.

The men who hated him did not understand the power he had to combat in order to guide the ship of state as its commander. In the South and elsewhere there exists the ancient prejudice of the Tory, the Aristocrat who cannot forget his menials and his dogs; his slaves are his dogs and his menials the ordinary whites to which he thinks Lincoln belongs.

They have their ideas of personal conduct; they have their set code of manners, and Lincoln in no respect measured up to these. From this source principally has come the bitter castigation of President Lincoln.

The immortality of man may be purely a concept of mind but we fully believe that Lincoln was of that mental development which would be such a state of mind as enabled him to know his God. There is a difference in the mental development of men's relation to the Supreme Spirit.

That he communed understandingly with this High Spirit, the writer does not doubt, and it softened the bitterness of his surroundings, gave him a true feeling, and enabled him to evangelize the souls of others who came in contact with him.

Death had no terror for him, and he knew as well, that his time was coming swiftly from a direction that he could not and would not evade.

As Christ philosophically took the punishment meted out to him on the Cross, so Abraham Lincoln faced about to meet the punishment in store for the career that he swapped for the preservation of the Union. Unlike thousands of statesmen, who lived for nothing and died for nothing, Abraham Lincoln lived for a great cause and died that his spirit might consecrate its success. We have not conceived it within our purpose or duty to interpret Abraham Lincoln. The world has already done this; humanity has spoken and history doth record its verdict, but of him it could be said, he stood for something, he accomplished something.

We have desired to fix his relation to world events by the logic of his environment as shown in the iron of his nature. We have not sought to excuse him or build him with false foundations. We have tried to distinguish him as a racial type, rare in the history of mankind, by giving a picture of men who were his men, his women, his race, that were of his country and his antecedents. Lincoln stars to us as

a man of magnitude, in his courage, his gentility, his sense of justice and his love of liberty, the kind of liberty that makes men free and strong.

It matters not what others think and say, Lincoln is still Lincoln, the man of the ages, standing above the malice and hatred of the day in which he lived, filled with tragedy, the tragedy of forceful and terrifying situations.

We have endeavored to lift his family from the dark pages of history, consigned there by men and women who knew not Lincoln or his kind; from the page of the vulgar and ordinary. The men you have seen in action here were the men able to solve, fitted to meet great events, and carry tremendous responsibilities.

For at last and in the end, Lincoln's greatness was shown in him by his capacity to judge men and move them along the paths of justice, toward the standards of Liberty, in spite of the recriminations and bickerings of the small, the weak and the selfish.

Lincoln's life will solve and measure out and up; his character will stand, the rock of ages, for men who worship and value liberty as an asset of happiness; who love justice; who fight tyranny in all of its hideous forms, to the end that love shall remain the true altar of man's life.

God raised him up, and he passed when his duty was performed according to the inexorable laws of his being—to dare events and to pass, as was destined to be his course when his work was done. With uplifted eyes to LIFE let us plead our gratitude to God, that this generation shall receive from the same great POWER, a guiding hand equal to Lincoln, and great as the peril requires, when this nation

shall have need of him—and let us also hope that such need is farther away than it now seems.

## EXTRACT

FROM SPEECH OF HON. H. H. SMITH BEFORE  
THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL HIGHWAY COM-  
MISSION OF KENTUCKY, at Elizabethtown,  
Kentucky, January 10th, 1931.

(The Commission located this memorial highway as shown  
by Map, October, 1931)

**I** WISH now while in this presence as an addition to the evidence which shows where this road should be laid out, to call your attention to a situation, that I, as a boy, forty-five years ago, marvelled at, and today after having looked over it again, I marvel that in this land of millionaires and Lincoln worshippers, the old cemetery of the Lincoln family should lie there neglected and forgotten.

Not in the history of the United States can you find description of a more historic spot, from the standpoint of valiant and heroic deeds. There are men there who engaged in hair-raising duels with Indians. There lies King and Howard who matched and fought great duels with Indian Chiefs. King, at the age of seventeen shot and killed Tecumseh, an age when most of the boys are hugging nursing bottles and begging money from their mothers. Here is the most historic church and council house west of the Alleghany Mountains. Here preached the immortal "Raccoon" Smith and the Rev. Gov. John Garrard. The foundation lies in leaves and dust, forgotten by the great Baptist leaders of America.

Just above the spring driven creek, on a sloping hill, lost to ownership, father or claimant, is a Cemetery, where lie the progenitors of the greatest families in America. The Lincoln women are here within the shadow of the old council church that lies in ruins.

It was here they planned the last drive to end Indian ravages in Kentucky, and the battle of the Thames may be said to have been born here. Here Squire and Daniel Boone listened to words of wisdom and expounded their own views.

These brave Lincoln women who raised the Lincoln name on its flight to fame, sweltered in the field, shouldered a rifle when need arose, praised God and kept the hearthstone fires burning, that white civilization might not perish from the earth. There they await the bugle call of the spartan rich and loyal poor to do them the simple honors of well done thou faithful servants.

The debt paying women have forgotten the gratitude America owes for the great sacrifice these women endured, nearly one hundred and forty years ago. Winter after winter, the white lust has covered their bodies over and over again, and melted and run away to the coming sun rays of springtime.

The old chirping robins have held their carnival of joy year after year, and watched the falling leaves cover these graves of the dead for a century. Not a sprig or limb or blade of grass has been lifted, that the millions of America might know the fate of these spartan souls.

The great Baptist Church that prides itself on civilizing Kentucky, has not turned its hand to resurrect the most notable house of worship on its entire list of drama-making institutions. Brethren of



the church here is an indictment against your patriotism and spirit of God that cannot be answered.

In a day and time when those who lie there carried his or her life in hand, with rifle as a twin of the bible, these women certainly made the great sacrifice, a sacrifice that reflected into the civilization of America; and yet how doth the memory of man run, and how easy doth a nation forget.

Must we go out and make a call on the women of this country, or shall both men and women have a part in honoring a woman who had braved an Indian's fire in single combat? Shall we all have a part in performing a duty hoary with age?

If you worship at the shrine of the immortal who stood at Gettysburg, at Shiloh, at Richmond and Appomattox, then why have you turned back the clock of the century that you might not do honor to those Lincoln said were his. Shall you pay your debt balance to Abraham Lincoln that he may dare pay his obligation to his kin and resurrect their names from the dead tomb to history. If that is where you stand, with a century of neglect, then consecrate all that Lincoln is and ever has been, there to be forgotten and despised.

For all that I believe he is, to the heart of man, the world over, I would cash in and draw the balance in his favor, go there and say to his dead—"we owe and we will pay."

Before looking on this scene of shame and neglect, I had but recently visited some of the palaces of learning in this country, built by many of the nation's money bawds who had great desire to leave a monument to their vulgar ostentation, a display of what they had been able to gather from the world of industry by pressing the thumbscrew automaton of the

machines, that more than enough might be on hand to perpetuate the dollar's intellectual bankruptcy and the educator's monumental coarseness.

Indeed, my friends, I did not believe here in America I could, or would ever see such a contrast! Why not, with ideals half decent and mentalities half developed, has not some one of our millionaires said to himself, here can I dedicate my faith in the men and women of my country without seeming display of too much of my wealth, that generations to come might say, here was a man who still believed in the glorious and courageous past of his country; who still loved the heritage in these dead women and men of a pioneer race.

Rather than such a man, I did find, "Better Business Bureaus," tools of the rich, who wanted the question answered,—by what authority do you ask these good rich men for money to celebrate a dead Lincoln, and take from them the money "they stole from both the dead and the living?"

And then I thought of these lanes of the woods I used to travel as a boy, where men were happy and contented with their simple work, and God, the God of our silent moments was with us to comfort us with that marvel of word emotion—"I am with thee always." These days were the days of happiness, but just the same, as I looked up at the sky above, I heard not the sound of a leaf, the swish of the wings of a free bird of the air; a terrible lonesomeness came over me, with the words of him who said, "a house divided against itself cannot stand," then my silent cry went out, of what for the moment was a savage breast, seeking to curse those who had neither charity in their hearts or gratitude in their souls.

What would he, Abraham Lincoln, have said, could he have stood by my side and looked on the desolate scene, and then looked over America to find the house he had saved for the millions strewn with wrecks, resulting from the lust of those who wrapped the flag around them for its commercial value. And who now, rich in this world's goods cared nothing for the house that was salvaged from the passions of men or the man who made its perpetuity an asset and an asylum of liberty.

The crash of that night in Ford's Theatre rang through my ears like a lightning stroke in my face, and I said "there goes the man of the ages doomed to death by deeds of love, patience and untiring work, that others might reap the reward of his well doing."

Where are the mighty majestic men of Wall Street, and of the market ways of commerce, who have collected their toll from humanity, that they will not throw out a life line, and at least save this picture before me, that I and thousands would look upon with sorrow, in and out of season until at last the name of Lincoln would be blotted from the pages of history.

Are we, Mr. Chairman, a nation of ingrates? Are we a cold, selfish dollar-hunting race, without human ideals or levels? Have we ever believed in great and noble things, and in the men of noble characters, or in the women who gave their last drop of blood that we might march on to immortal heights as the race of white supremacy?

I looked again upon the tombs of Nancy Lincoln and her mother, blackened by the hoariness of age and neglect, and there I read the answer, "the indictment is true."

I then turned away, with courage growing, and

resolution certain, that I would wake up the torpid souls of my race, and make this spot bloom with the sweet fragrance of love and loyalty, or else the blistering words of contempt and ridicule would be visited on my countrymen. Until this is done, I may say with Emmett—"Farewell."

## CHAPTER XXI

### APPLICATION OF LINCOLN PRINCIPLES

IN respect of Lincoln's relation to the South, we hold no brief for the South nor for the President's position, except to state the facts as we see them. We are well aware, however, of the Southern character and we may say that when freed from passion, there is no more gentle, just or refined sentiment anywhere in America than in the South, but this may be said with the reservation that there is no more intolerant, arrogant or more unreasonable statesman anywhere than your man of the South when spurred on by interest, which he sees from the single angle of his isolated position.

There is a class in the South today, and it was far in the ascendancy in 1860, that was intolerant of any compromise on the slavery question. One hundred years may refine it but it was built on the theory that there should be an aristocracy, which means always that there is also an under class. If there are not blacks then there must be a class of whites to sustain its relation to that aristocracy as a sub-ordered institution to do the work. There was no spirit of compromise in the South in 1860, until and when defeat stared them in the face; then there was the Chase-Stevens negro idolators of the North to deal with. More or less Lincoln's hands were tied by these radi-



cals, an idiotic statesmanship just a bit less than insanity possessed them.

Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address indicated his knowledge of this situation, so he endeavored to pave the way for some amicable settlement.

He read the resolution of his party to convey his position.

Resolved: "That the maintainance inviolate of the right of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

Then he said:

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal laws and of the Constitution, the union of these states is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. Again, if the United States be not a government proper but an association of states in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it."

Again he said; reverting to the facts as related to this statement of law.

"It is true, then, that any right, plainly written into the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no part can reach to the audacity of doing this."

"Plainly, the central idea of Secession is the essence

of anarchy—a majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinion and sentiments—is the only true sovereign of a free people.”

To interpret this language is not difficult. If slavery is secured in the states where it exists, as he professes, that is not enough; they must have the right to extend it into states where the people by a vote oppose it, regardless of that people's right of sovereignty. This is an abandonment of state sovereignty and self determination. To accept the South's viewpoint; they claimed in one breath the right of sovereignty and in the next they denied it, a very selfish and ridiculous doctrine, though one sustained by the Taney decision, and therefore a vested constitutional right, they said. But we must not forget that it was no less a personage than Jefferson who stood squarely on the Lincoln doctrine, supported by the South when he engaged John Marshall in their controversy about the right of the Supreme Court to nullify laws passed by the Congress. The Democratic party in the South was in no attitude to oppose the Lincoln position, unless it should abandon the entire line of tenets of that historic party's position.

After all, it was a political question, and Judge Taney could have easily said in construing the Constitution, that the right of determining the sovereign rights of the States rested with the people of the state, and that power was never delegated to the National government but reserved to the states, acting on the voice of the majority of each. Hence, Mr. Lincoln took the position that it was not a vested property right inherent in the individual to extend slavery into new territory whenever he got ready to

change his domicile, but it was the political right, unlimited by Federal Constitutional provision to prohibit slavery within its territory.

That is a sound doctrine. But the South was in no frame of mind to accept anything short of violence to the rights of the states formed from new territory, and it was an indefensible position.

You might as well say today, the states must pass laws to carry out the Eighteenth Amendment; it is a matter of compulsion. If this is so, the sovereignty of each state is wiped out, and its legislatures are mere vassals, subject to the order of Congress or executive power of the Federal government. What could be more absurd? New territory, the property of the Federal government could, by no stretch of the imagination become, in any movement, a vested subjugated right of Georgia, for instance.

The South's sole reliance was on the Taney decision under the provision of the Constitution which gave them the right to pursue and take their property, and a prohibition to any state against the passage of laws by it, interfering with such security in property so guaranteed.

Upon this proposition, Mr. Lincoln took a sound position.

If the government was a mere compact, as Calhoun claimed it was, then a contract could not be broken until all, or a majority of the states, agreed to it, and as Congress acted by majority rule, and as the people of the states acted by the rule of the Amendment, they could not withdraw from the Union unless it was done in one of these ways, compact or no compact. To say that each state made a contract with a **WHOLE** that did not exist, that enabled them to withdraw when they liked, would be to state

an absurd rule of law. These states consisted of a unity, the unity could not be broken except by consent of a majority, but no consent was asked, for none would have been granted. Any position the South took was in fact untenable.

What is more, there was no complaint that the institution was not protected where it existed when the compact was made, and no complaint made that the people were not sovereigns at all times. But if they were not in these respective states, then a majority of these states acting as a WHOLE had the right to say on what conditions a state could be admitted. If this is not true and was not always true, we have fallen on evil days, having on our hands as a national unity, a government that could not prescribe any condition on which another contracting party could come into the contract. Such a situation would mean that a contract might be made by one party, as to terms, and the other party would have to submit, although such terms were entirely to its disadvantage and against its interest.

Here again stands Lincoln, wise and sound in his statesmanship.

Let us see where Mr. Lincoln stood at the time he made the Gettysburg speech. He said:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of this war; we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their



lives that that nation might live. It is altogether proper and fitting that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

This speech immortalizes the sentiment of government by the people; it also re-creates the spirit of liberty limited only by a government of the people.

Stepping onto the same battlefield today, let us take stock and make answer, both to Lincoln and to the people he had in mind—the common people of this country, and ask ourselves if we have been true to the Trust, a Trust confided to us in a sacred moment, in the invited presence of the same God. Is there equality of government in this world of new events within the sound of Lincoln's voice and understanding, that his dedication has been fulfilled? Are the rights of those he had in mind being conserved, and do they participate in the benefits and advantages of a civilization sprung from the salvation of



the nation and the enlarged powers of the national government? Can we stand there under the immortal influence of the Spirit of his God, and answer truthfully the question, to the living and the dead, that there should not be and is not financial want or hunger in our land—the land of Lincoln and those of his dead and his living. I will not make answer, in the presence of him who labored to make whole and secure a government of the people, or in the presence of his God.

But I do and I can, with uncovered head, standing before the same sky, appeal for Lincoln to come back and see; and to Lincoln, his equal living, who may, with the power of immortality within him, answer to Lincoln and to God.

As for myself, I find my voice going out into the wilderness of thought and emotion seeking for a lost lamb that will not return, and for Lincoln again to come with us, that in his name we may preserve the proud spirit of equality for all men, and the fair and equal distribution of burdens of government, of cares of life, of opportunities open to all, denied to none, of law that senses and springs from justice, that liberty may stand again, free to all, the bloom of the morning, graceful and sweet to him whose nostrils now smell not, and whose ears seem to hear the chains of a civilization fettering his free step.

And to that God to whom he appealed in faith, we may in fervent prayer, ask Him to take away the suffering of those, in the land Lincoln preserved for us, and strike from the limbs of those who are industrially and financially shackled, the chains that bind, to the end that the wounds may be healed and the heart made light and happy again. O! land, of the once free, O! God with the infinite power, give us

liberty, give us opportunity; give us another Lincoln! Lincoln! what mastery lies in that name. Ten million blacks must turn their eyes from the evil of our times because it rings in their ears and bleeds their hearts with music, the sweetest cadence that ever led mortal to immortality and to God.

And today, one billion white men rise from its sound with the lustre of hope and youth upon their smiles as if God eternal had sent his Messiah to lead their poor wrecked souls from the depth of darkness into the sunlight that kisses away the tears of sorrow.

Immortalized for his simplicity, revered for his truth, loved for his justice, honored for his devotion to liberty, Lincoln will measure up to the sages of history, the idol of the weak, the master mind to the world's strong and great.

A brief resume of where we are travelling in the dark, and a pointed example of political frauds as they are palmed off on the people may be in point in determining if we have altogether abandoned the Lincoln simplicity.

Jefferson made a Republic from chips and whetstones, flotsam and jetsam; he annexed the entire western empire to make it a solid and defensible whole, yet the people today have little knowledge of Lincoln's principles or of Jefferson's, and even less real respect for Jefferson's memory than any national leader. Hence they roll over into the mire of depressions and suffer, and they should. They much prefer to make heroes of aviators who have summersaulted in the air, or of a grizzled young thing who has just won a national golf prize.

Lincoln put a new roof on the Republic, that the leaks might cease to rot it: and that the house we live in might be kept in order, but the people look on Lin-

coln as a name customary to honor; their formal tribute to him each year is graceless and begrudging. The pleasure-loving "lazari" in America condemn him because he did not present a sure cure for government oppression and an everlasting receipt for prosperity. Consequently, our Republic which was one in fact in Jefferson and Lincoln's day, has become an industrial despotism by its decadence, with only a few features of Democracy left.

We have mental professions and impeachments from the White House, thoroughly disgusting in their crass deception and underlying viciousness. We have counter pronouncements from the most contumacious politicians, pretending and professing, until mole hills become mountains in the public mind. That is the front page sight that greets us in aid of a poor digestion. Nostrums there are aplenty, but they are the nostrums of the tinhorn, and read like a primary school child interpreting Revelations. Better philosophy has emanated from our national cultural school, the speakeasy, and political doctors their equals are there, but none deserving to blacken the boots of Jefferson or Lincoln.

A case in point is the authorship of the Federal Reserve Act. Not one of these pretenders engaged at any time in its construction or passage, told the whole truth about it, for if they had done so, it would have detracted from egotistic "I" and arrogant "We;" this statement applies to all, from the President of the United States down to the Committee members of Congress. In support of this statement, owing to the importance of the legislation, the author's connection with it, and to illustrate the point made, he has exposed the truth about it in the appendix of this volume. This truth means only

that the American people should rush away from worship or adulation or public praise of any man; we have not only entirely disgusted the cultured men and women of our own country, but taught the universal world of intelligence to hold us in thorough contempt. For we are a nation of braggarts. Boasting, pretending and make believing.

For our relief, Socialism is proposed as a remedy, a midway doctrine between a pure Democracy and Communism. Presented many times in the old world, tried out as a dream of a perfect state and found wanting. It actually proposes that the state exercise the dual powers of a Monarchy and a Democracy, a panacea for headaches and poverty. It would hold the state to the responsibility of exercising control of all public and semi-public utilities, and leave Democracy, or the people to wriggle in and out, with a few individual occupations. It looks well as a critic but as a performer it would be and has been a failure. In the word it thrives well on the slogan, that capital is a dastard, and poverty its twin. It cannot be a way out. There are other and sounder fundamentals.

Communism is more respectable, because its brutality stands in the forefront, where all can see it plainly. Communism is a disciplined economic concrete form of despotism that abolishes liberty entirely; that makes the dollar the basis of life, by state management of income and distribution. The King, Bootlegger, Bootblack, Baker, Doctor, Artist, all divide the crumbs of prosperity rolling from the same tough dough. He who will not work is made to work, and he who is willing to work is made to divide, and equality of opportunity is audited in the counting house of addition and subtraction.



As a pure philosophy of economics, of dollars earned and saved, as a machine organized to control production and distribution, it is a success. It will perhaps prove the soundest economic policy of the ages, solving the problem of waste. If we live to forget the national aspiration for liberty and freedom, then we may safely embrace Communism. If we will degrade the brain of man or the genius of youth and parcel it out in the intellectual gutters of the nation, we may safely embrace Communism.

If we may change the ambitious nature of the individual and plant in front of him a stone wall, saying to him, when you reach here, this is the end, then we may safely embrace Communism. It has its good features in spite of the babbling brainless faddists of cheap aristocracy in America, who have industriously attempted to spread fear of the immediate infection of the disease. It abolishes the rich; it clamps down to a common level the arrogance of creeds and puts them on a pay-as-you-go-plan. It simplifies the plan of distribution of the products of man's labor and emasculates all the back alley trusts, that rob and pilfer the poor.

It was born in the cellar, not in the garrett where genius is nurtured; it never saw the sun until revolution broke aslant on the map of the world; it was christened under the shadow of hunger, and its mother was poverty, long denied the spiritual influence of God Almighty. It was decreed to Hell by creeds and religions made by Monarchy, that owned all, bled all, and the body until it was a dry stink, in order that CLASS might wave its bloody flag in the face of misfortune and misery, so that there was left in the land, on one side, the importuning poor, and on the other, the damned rich.



It is a stout Patriarch of human suffering and knows a pain without medical advice. It has iron in its liver and no digestive disorders, for it can live on shouts of man-made and man-pronounced hallelujahs, and with pleasure, trample creeds under its feet. It has no gods and heroes; that divinity, it has leveled to the standing of men in overalls. But at last it levels aspiration, rules by a class, and restores in a working jacket, that which our fathers despised—MONARCHY.

In America, it is ordered by the Mellons and the slinking monkeys of finance, who want our police and militia to close its mouth and keep it from our old backyards, so that, as it concerns us and our liberties, it will in the end depend upon the good sense of Americans whether they reject it or accept it. On their judgment we gamble. Marvellous is the word that must be applied to these Doctors of economics and political wrongs who accuse it and offer nothing instead.

The head of the greatest University in New York tells us that Prohibition has ruined the nation economically, but that a League of Nations, which will keep rottenborough organizations and run-down monarchies in power, would save the economic distress in America and elsewhere. This is Butlerizing the master wrongs with vaseline.

Our very brainy (?) president, says that great expenditures on public works will tend to bring back employment at high wages, so consequently, on with the money distributing brigade. If the government as an agency, has collected this money wrongfully, that philosophy gives a part of the people a chance to get back by work what has been wrongfully taken from all of the people. But wages fall and Commerce

dies. Arrogance and ignorance, however, still live.

Another brilliant banker advocates to the merchant that he keep his employment list well up at high wages in order to bring prosperity. Marvellous economic wisdom, this. Fundamentally, consumption resources must be working in order to have the buying power in the nation somewhere, and this is sound, but based on another condition, and one of precedent, that the selling forces must be functioning, and this fact presupposes a market of normal production, consequently normal consumption, consequently normal employment and a normal wage price. After all, it is back to a market, that may consume a normal production; then you, automatically, have a purchasing power, which is an assurance of prosperity.

If we can go out in the markets of the world and make a good trade for exchange of products; and incur good will in the trade, and treat our buyers fairly, we may expect a recurrence of good trading, otherwise not. If we erect vicious tariff walls to satisfy a group that want to rob the folks at home because of their contribution to political success of a named party or group, prosperity will be destroyed, because markets will be destroyed. Thus we pillage the entire nation to satisfy a group of political and industrial pilferers. These pilferers get away with this kind of sabotage because they are able to thrust out a religious, or un-economic issue, like Prohibition; none of which could be entertained if we had an enlightened nation of voters.

The Republicans in the last campaign obscured the cancerous disease of depression in order to raise campaign money in presenting the moral or church issue—"shall a Catholic rule America?" The De-

mocrats, equally dumb and unscrupulous, presented Prohibition as a great back breaker of America's prosperity. Nothing could be quite so stupid. The people decided in favor of superstition as against a "belly" issue, like Prohibition, because it, at least, had higher ideals in it, though deceptive in truth and unyielding in returns.

There is only one way to run a mining camp, a logging trail, a farm, a merchandise business, or a bank, and as long as we have a Democracy, where individual effort is free, this rule of action will not be different, and so it may be applied with equal force to operation of the government. Any man with an ounce of brains can master the tariff principle in thirty days or any other economic principle to be applied in practice, but in America we have come upon a plan of appointing a commission to study the situation. We are a government of "study-iers." Simply and frankly we "had better" tell the people the truth—that truth is, that we have law and political administration via the commission, which is an excuse for doing nothing. It is our modern well organized way of lying to the people, deferring hope, while the pillage is carried on. That is what Mr. Lincoln would tell you. "We need brains to win the war—my Generals." The administration has hired commissions from time to time to lie to the American people, while the pillage goes on. No more disgraceful report of a commission was ever evolved than the Wickersham Commission. Any high school lad without experience or any New York City Speakeasy proprietor could have excelled it in one week's study for practical and efficient information, and as a basis of working plans.

We are continually destroying individual rights

by new laws, and appointing new judges to enforce these foolish statutes, conceiving for each Congress a plan to prevent jury trials, and thus more and more assault the functions of liberty by placing power in an autocrat's hands. We can trust crooked lawyers but we cannot trust the homespun people, collected from the vicinage to pass on the facts. This diversion from the application of Lincoln principles is permissible because of the stranded condition of our population, due to abandonment of thinking, and therefore they are more easily made the dupes of shyster financiers and doctors of spending.

When the writer first conceived the Federal Reserve Act and passed it on to Senator Owen and Congressman Carter, he had advocated an issuance by the government of money at a two per cent rate of interest. He has since concluded that no country can long prosper unless it abandons entirely the charge of interest on money. This may seem strange, but it is sound philosophy.

We have legislated in America for money and against men since we quit the principles of Lincoln. Legislation must now begin on the theory that man-production and high wages create a consuming market for industry.

Three hundred and eighty thousand men of one hundred and twenty million now pay ninety-seven percent of income taxes. That situation is the net result of ignorance of financial and economic problems. It is, to speak more specifically, the result of an ignorant voting population, an ignorant membership in Congress, and the manipulation of as graceless a lot of financial rascals as ever rifled a ship of gold.

The country has been run by economists whose



theories looked defensible on paper, but when put into actual working places, failed to deliver the goods. Mr. Mellon, for instance, believes the province of government is to raise money by taxation, because the average man has to pay it; when as a matter of fact, the first duty as Lincoln said, was that statesmen should see that government protected labor in securing what it earned.

If you borrow money, you secure it with property, and money has no value unless it is backed by value. Men who own values, and who constitute the bone of the government make good the word of the government, which issues and makes money for a mere medium or yardstick of exchange. It would, therefore, be infinitely better for the government to issue money directly against values as and when needed, and withdrawn and cancelled when the use for it by the individual had disappeared.

If men who work have a surplus of earned money they create a market for the products of industry. If they earn enough to buy bread, they are only a market for bread. That is the theory of high wages. The question then of markets is more of mechanics, but the basis of world-wide prosperity is the wage earned.

This is why Russia has no idle, as the balance of the world suffers; it has fixed the universal wage level, and left a balance for buying after eating, though it has fixed the amount of eating. But the economic fact is that all men have a certain equality. That, however, is no reason for adopting their system of government.

Interest rates and interest paying on bonds and mortgages is just what is ruining most all countries, and the time must approach when money will be in



fact controlled by the government and moved for the people under a law pledging certain values until it is to be returned.

If gold is to be sustained as a standard we must expect to sit in slavery to the order of the owners of it. Chain us, we might as well tell them, and as we work, take the returns. That is the gold standard or any single standard. International rules by economic agreement should settle our balances of trade. Here internationalism should supersede nationalism. Today, the man is business who owed a thousand dollars, now owe \$3,000. The farmer who owned \$10,000 of wheat now owns \$4,000, because the owners of gold have said so.

In Russia they have mass PROTECTION as well as mass production. We do not need either to be prosperous in America. We can make farming an adjunct to industry and make industry an adjunct to farming, and it can be done by intelligent planning on the basis of individually educated effort. But before this era transpires, we must put unscrupulous dumb-bells out of Congress and make way for honest intelligence.

Legislation does not cure anything but it can protect the doctors while they work on the patient, and it can make penalties for getting into the patient's pocket.

We brought our troubles with the tariff. We cultivated monopoly with it, and monopoly soon became a bold and petted son of America. It was the advertised shin plaster that covered the sores of the Republican party, and it was the chief Intern at the Democratic Hospital where it might minister the last rites to an impoverished Democratic party of opposition—so that if the kicking Jackass ever got

dangerous it had him well in hand. It was thus able to put its hand in everybody's pocket, without fear of impeachment, having always a lot of ready-made harmless issues. It, therefore, bought and paid for directly and indirectly, circuitously and by political favors the nominations of both dominant parties, so that it might in the general elections select between two bargains. It was thus able to organize all of the avenues of wealth and cause it to flow into one source.

We have had a party government without principle or statesmanship; our laws have served one end, the privileged at the expense of the masses. Our educational system, our club life, our military system, our creed—religion, have each and all been under its dictation for so long that we have classes today in vulgar and unrefined snobbery that would shame the days of Louis the Liar. This industrial despotism has given us country editors, county surveyors, sometimes called engineers, to fill the responsibilities of a statesman; and as a result we have put in the presidential chair a graduated decadence of ignorance and lack of service, growing worse each year from Grant down to the ready-made hour of the victim of the disaster in front of us—unparalleled of stupidity, and lacking foresight, the equal of which, mankind has rarely witnessed.

The nation is influenced today by propaganda. The war with Germany was a propaganda war, built on falsehood which established for us miseries that will live longer than the suckling babe born tomorrow. Howling fools and unthinking ignorance brought it on. We had not a single ground of interference. It was simply a Contractor's war, an Imperialist's war, a Monopolist's war, made by the rich,

fought by the poor. We were bulldozed, bought and paid for by England, that we might in the end endorse the bond. So here we have arrived today, a bankrupt in morals and money after a drunken brawl of fifteen years. We have nothing to show for it, except a sorry contemptible policy that submerges millions in the dust of poverty. It has cost us fifty billions in money, one hundred billions in property, and it will cost us one hundred billions more before the end is in sight.

For one industry, farm values have decreased from \$78,000,000,000 to \$58,000,000,000 in ten years, while the obligation to industrial despotism has increased from \$3,000,000,000 to \$11,000,000,000. The farmers are riding down the road to tenants at will and sufferance. Those that are not now paupers, in twenty years will be there—on the paupers bench. Is there a remedy? Not a single one, but many that may cure.

The people need long time cheap money at no more than three per cent with their real estate as security to get them out of the hands of the Shylocks. They need to bring the tariff down to a common level, and above that point, to make reciprocal agreements with favored foreign nations. They may shorten or not the work hour, that is immaterial. The farms can be restored by brains only, not by political Jackass Boards. International trade balances must by law be settled as domestic balances are settled.

The people can control the banks under rigid laws made by the people, not by the banks and the President. Strip the President of appointive power and break the evil of the bureaucrat. Stop speculation, by controlling Interstate Commerce in securities,

leaving only underwriters a free hand under limitations; that will stop the bleeding process carried on in Wall Street. Prohibit foreign loans without consent of a Commission selected by the Congress. Regulate and dictate to Public Utilities, and fix the rates on properly appraised values. Cut our national appropriations in half, kick the World Court nonsense, the League of Nations' panorama into the backyard. Gird our loins for discipline of ourselves in spending, lay off of the ways of snobbery, become again just what we are, and deliver ourselves through our own communion to God; attend to business, and stay at home—not isolation, but keep our d— long noses out of old world affairs.

A very close reading of the history of the war and the operation of the power assumed by President Lincoln teaches us one very sure thing, that the Constitution, with all of its limitations, means nothing in times of war, hence I have referred to the Constitution as a peace time document, leaving us at the mercy of an army and a President, when we shall so declare war with another. The President, as head of the Army, can execute any order which he chooses to make as President. He can squelch the Press if he does not agree with it. He can suspend the civil authorities and declare martial law, and the men he appoints to office or in the army will try the offender, who has scant chance of getting justice in that trial under present regulations, which ought in reason to be a fair trial.

No lawyer who understands the principles underlying justice doubts the supreme danger of this power. Excitement runs high in times of war and it runs into fanaticism and cruelty, and it runs with the army and the President. The President is a dictator,



and no one doubts that the President was a dictator finally in 1863.

The query to all Americans is this:—is it wise or is it safe? Dare we place in any man's hands that much power? President Wilson himself abused that power; Lincoln abused it, and there is no answer of defense for that abuse except to say it was necessary to win. The man who today knows what we reaped, and will yet reap, from the World War, can appreciate the danger to the liberty of the citizen and to Democracy. Democracy does not protect us as Jefferson so intended, as the fathers so intended.

Politicians may differ, but their difference is only a difference of words; in the execution of these principles which they propose to espouse, they would be equally tyrannical and unjust to the citizen.

It is the most serious question before us in America. We can discuss the power of Communism, but it is not one whit different from the same power we use when the time comes to use it, here under our form of government.

I have always believed, and I think it would not be difficult to prove, that grounds of impeachment could be brought against one-half of the Presidents who have occupied that office since Lincoln, and successfully sustained, but the sentiment of the people is entirely against it. When the nation elects a President with a doddering mind for elocution sputtering like this, what may we not expect from such statesmanship.

"This degree of independence gives assurance that with the passage of the temporary dislocations and shocks, we can and will make a large measure of recovery, irrespective of the rest of the world."

And, may it please the Court, in the same speech



comes the substitution of elocution for common sense.

"Our economic condition and suffering results from world wide depression. The fall of the German Mark would have frightful economic consequences all over the world."

If our economic independence gives us such gobs of assurance that prosperity will return, how can other consequences in Germany affect our wonderful independence? That is a common sense question.

The Honorable Secretary of State of the said President rushes across the water to stabilize the Mark by a suspension of debts due us as a nation from Germany.

The reason is convicting and plain to see. This is a government of Wall Street selection and here we find it—wait until we get ours.

Twenty billions are loaned in Europe, floated by American Bankers, principally with money of American Saving Banks, the money of ordinary American working people; five billions or near thereat loaned to financial and industrial institutions in Germany. The bankers have already received their heavy commissions, and it would impair their clients money loaned to Germany if the Communist should repudiate American debts, take possession of German business, and the German government, telling us politely to whistle or go to hell.

In another study (Handbook on American Underwritings of Foreign Securities) prepared by the Department of Commerce late in 1930, the total of foreign capital issues publicly offered in the United States during 1914-1929 aggregated, exclusive of refunding operations, \$11,834,154,676. If allowance is made for the above \$1,144,722,000, which

is included in America's direct investments, the balance of \$10,689,432,676, plus our direct investments, gives a total of \$18,167,167,676 at the end of 1929, or \$19,167,167,676 at the end of 1930.

So the boss in Wall Street hurries to Washington and barrages the government servants on to the scene of action there, to force France to relinquish debt collecting of due amounts under the Owen Young settlement, from Germany.

The money suspension is to permit prosperity in Wall Street, not in America, and the protection of the masters roll coming into jeopardy; this is the cause of the action.

When this money was collected from the American people and loaned to our blessed Allies, there was no understanding with them that there would be a suspension, or that such money loaned depended on Germany paying the other nations.

What is now proposed, is that taxes shall be collected from the same American suckers, at least from all who are on the sucker list with funds to pay, to meet the deficit of their creditors, so that as we relieve Germany, to head off Communism, we saddle the loan so remitted on the shoulders of these same loyal fools at home. In sound business we collect from the stockholders by way of additional assessment, or more money, to replace funds voluntarily released, or for money mislaid or misappropriated, for purely political reasons.

Why not stop the loans in the first instance abroad and loan the money at home?

Thus we see the call of the strong voice of Wall Street, far different from the call of the vast agricultural forces of our own America. If patriotism means anything, it means, as Roosevelt said: "Amer-

ica first, last and all the time," then we can give attention to the miseries of the foreigners which he sought himself. Words, words, and more words, and much elocution instead of common sense and common ordinary human action to preserve ourselves. Either we will recover from our depression or we will lean on the balance of the world, and if we are to lean on them let us start with the tariff, and divide with them on a trade basis.

It is the writer's misfortune to have tested in actual conflict the reputations of many eminent men, who believed as they looked in the mirror, here is the making of a vastly superior mentality to old Abe Lincoln himself. But neither time nor old acid could approve such highly illusive opinions.

The present occupant we think is one of these men—we mean the leaseholder of the White House. He is one of those accidental strictures of American politics which imposes obligations on the patriotism and pride of intellectual Americans without giving them a good chance to be heard. Nominated by the varied ingenuities of the industrialist's machinery, as either a possibility, or a complacent time server, he has not a chance to be anything but a servant ready made to order, to the order of his party, and is as much a misfit as a store suit of clothes on a hump-back man.

I sat in a meeting once where appeared two men, both supposed to be great, and I made up my mind that I would see there a test by all the rules of the game.

One was William J. Bryan and the other Senator Joe Bailey of Texas. Having had intimate personal relation with both men I had decided opinions, but

my conferees had not such fixed opinions, with about a four-fifth leaning to Bryan.

The master was the man who had the real brain, and that is always the case when duty calls you to the class. Bailey overwhelmed Bryan with profound and correct reasons, as a professor would a child pupil, and well did Mr. Bryan know it.

The Republicans believed that John C. Spooner of Wisconsin was more than a legal match for Bailey, but when the occasion arose for them to meet in the forum of a debate as to the powers of the Federal judiciary, Bailey killed Spooner's egotism as you would crush a fresh egg in your hand. Spooner, disgraced in his own mind, resigned from the Senate and passed out of the world unsung and unnoticed. When a leader comes into your crowd and opens his mouth, the atmosphere is supercharged at once with his superior ability. And so when a man faces the problems of the Presidency, he may be a Henry of Navarre, distributing wisdom according to engineering rules or crispy crackers; but he is licked without the real stuff out of which Presidents are made. Mr. Hoover simply is not there. He has nothing of the decision of Andrew Jackson, none of his courage to risk disaster to himself, and he has absorbed all of the temperamental weaknesses of Woodrow Wilson. As a human being with a grasp or an understanding, he can never have it, nor can any living mind dress it up and pass it to him. More than this. He is surrounded with cissy girls who parade through the world as men of brains, and as self imposed immortals they would have been alright at the court of the FOURTEENTH LOUIS as a jester or a lackey, but in a house where thinking is first, grasp is second,



and action third, they rattle like a mustard seed in the brain pan of a certain Vice President.

Such is the power of problems when they approach in irregular order, as they do to the President, that the man who picks up his bat must have real brains, and a master discipline which he knows how to use, with courage and broad strength of will to finish the job. By no stretch of the imagination can the unfortunate Hoover ever qualify. There is not a man in his cabinet above the quality of a regimental quartermaster, and none will be there, for the President must borrow the lens of a Gladstone or a Jackson to see one, and he must make room for such a sight by hoisting that intestinal ego which is so splendidly his.

The Stimsons and Hurleys, for statesmanship, might mingle their mathematics with bird-dog-ology for a century, without knowing the difference between a mile post and a good stand. Truly, it is most unfortunate for the American people. "Come and wrestle with me," said Abe Lincoln. When the wrestling was over, Abe was easily king of wrestling alley. Hoover does not know the game—any trouble game.

A Kentuckian on his way back from the west with plenty aboard wandered into a Salvation army camp, and during the exhortation to join the Lord's cause, he was the only one in the room who failed to stand up, when the exhorter finally went to him and said, "brother, you are on the road to Hell."

"Guess again," said the convivial Kentuckian. The exhorter called on the audience to pray for the sinner, which they did. "My brother, where are you bound for to night, Heaven or Hell, do you know?" "Oh," said the old Kentuckian, "you got to guess again." "You are on your road to Hell," yelled out



the exhorter. "Nope, by gosh, I got my ticket for Kentucky." "Well," said the exhorting lieutenant, "do you want to go to Hell?" "Sure, I'd like the trip but I got to go to Kentucky 'fust' to see my old mother."

In the camp of the near great at Washington, D. C. the administration today, economically speaking, does not know whether it is on the road to Iowa or the other place, which the Kentuckian had not seen, and regardless of the route or results, it has not the courage to make a decision.

Mr. Wilson had that courage, but Mr. Wilson had not a conception of what common every day men and women had to fight in order to keep in the straight and narrow path of life, and keep bread in the oven. Lincoln's common people compose eighty per cent of our American population, and you can fool a part of the people all of the time, and all of them a part of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time. That game of fooling has been over played for fifty years, with a great banker like Mellon, a great Secretary like Hugues, a great Commerce genius like Hoover, neither of whom knew anything about the science of practical economics, or the economic ratios of world wide commercial relations. They may have pursued the idea that a "biled" shirt and a peacock dress-up are social astringents that will bring down the intestinal pains of commercial disorder, but the good Lord organized the world on a far different basis. When you get beyond the shadows and see the race of life with the naked eye, you will know that neither Mr. Hoover nor all of his co-gablers of the hustings or the "mike" are mile "hosses." The race is too long for them—they cannot go the distance, and the sooner

the good old folks from Lake Michigan to Huey Long find this out, then the depression and financial compression will reach its end.

The haphazarders, hamstringers and boozing poltroons are making social life at the capital an economic hell in the average American household; and that comedy must ring down the curtain or the guillotine band will await us with a serenade just around the corner. So it happened in France, once on a time; so it happened in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and so it has now projected its death rattle into the lungs of Germany; and by the grace of all the Hoovers in Iowa, it is sure to come to us—lest we arouse and mend our ways.

It will not be averted by the Mellons or the Adonis like Morrrows; it will take great minds and strong wills to hold it beyond the firesides of our dear old joys and sorrows of the past.

Then what is the Constitution for, and what protection is it to those who are helpless to protect themselves. The Tories would have liked very much to have tried Jefferson, but there were too many powerful stratas of the Common people in his day. Now, the power is in the hands of a few men. A man recently died and left to his son more than half a billion dollars. On how well he uses that power depends the safety of the people. We must not forget that the people love money, and for the love of it they will go a long way to compromise principles, life or law. They will, and they do murder for money. There is more money today in a small circle than ever before in America, and that money is very close to the command of power. There are more poor people than ever before, and they are much further away from the command of

power. It is a question which all patriotic men should think about.

It can only be curbed or controlled by law and a free people back of the law. If we are lacking in either, we are at the mercy of the powerful. This power has been gained by stealth, moving over the rights of men and trampling liberty in the dust. No longer do we actually have free speech, and the free right of assembly. The excuse is false for the suppression of these liberties. It does not exist. One calls free speech today Radicalism, another calls it Communism, and another Socialism. Voltaire well said, that he did not care for what a man said, but he stood for his right to say it. These evils I can see coming on the people rapidly, and as they approach they are a menace to liberty. Lincoln said, rather than submit to debauching the Declaration, he would risk assassination.

There must be a re-distribution and a re-valuation of the powers of government as well as a re-distribution of wealth. Let it be done lawfully, and not in rioting and war. This does not mean that we must be unjust to capital, for capital is the preserved fruits of labor. These statements are loudly disputed, but the disputants come from the breed of monopolists, and net figures tell the story, that labor is not receiving its reward.

Fascism has the right to do and does do anything it wants to do in America, but everytime a Communist whispers down a back alley, a policeman raises his club. Fascism represents Mussolini's idea of the suppression of liberty of the many; Communism represents liberty only for working men, and the class that controls America are not working men, they are of the few.

Democracy stands in the distance feeble and unenlightened. In the last campaign its party issue was cheaper whiskey, and it polled sixteen million votes; the issue of its successful opposition was a monopoly of liquor in the hands of the ruling political party, profits to be honestly divided between the Racketeer and their political machine. Did Jefferson ever dream of such sordid ignorance, or brazen dishonesty?

These issues were provided for the two parties by monopoly. Some similar issue will again be provided for them, and the ignorant will slack up on progress—the unthinking, God help them.

Congress has been robbed of the power to make tariffs, that has been handed over to a single individual who represents despotism—a man.

Recently we have agitated to change the control of liquor, but liquor control will stay where it is, because it furnishes the money to run traffic in it and all of its incidentals, one of which is politics. Prohibition has taught the politicians that fact value. A Commission has been appointed by the President to investigate liquor. It reported, just what the President influenced its members to report, not the truth, but everything else but the truth. It was a political report.

The Prohibition Commissioner has recently appointed a new “gang” of investigating officials to find out how the traffic can be improved, not controlled.

A man who can enforce the law could not get an appointment to a three thousand dollar job if he was a man who had done anything. That was tried. A man with the very highest recommendations, earning himself, ten times the salary he would get in this



position, failed because he had a reputation for doing things of this kind. He was not appointed.

The play, is with the corruption in the handling of liquor. It bleeds millions for monopoly, and it is not going to be changed as long as the politicians can fool the ignorant churchmen of the land. The writer appeared many times in the Federal Court on matters of this kind, but found, that was the wrong place to go for relief of his clients. Relief lay in the hands of political go-betweens and all power was there. Profit was fixed on a commission basis. In a single state it amounted to more than twenty millions for corruption. Who got the money? You may answer that question, when you ask, why we do not stop racketeering?

Name the last two men appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and develop the sources of their backing, and you will find that the people had nothing to do with their selection. They were backed by politicians. When it came to confirming them, who helped; the liquor monopoly and the churchman got into action, and the churchman got behind Senators, and demanded that they get into line. They were confirmed by Democratic votes and Republican votes, but they were votes who step to the command of some branch of the monopoly trust. In the campaign closed, liquor, as we said, was an issue. The churches were taken in;—their leaders were influenced and acquired; that is a known fact in a limited circle—about which fact you may hear no whispers if you go to Wall Street.

In New York City two Commissions are at work unearthing corruption in and under a Democratic administration, but it is all "horse-play" and politics. The thing will go on, because there is more



than one hundred million dollars to be divided each year, and who doubts that monopoly has an interest in this money—a branch of monopoly's organization. Why does Mr. Capone consort and flirt with American morals? Because he delivers cash, monopoly's part of the proceeds to the right channels, and that means liberty and cash for that great General. Nobody but a fool doubts this fact, the sublime ignorance of Americans and the power of monopoly to control public sentiment makes Capone an institution.

When Russia suddenly seized power with its Army, the Czar was tricked by the petard he had created. The Allies were astounded. Look out in America with your Boy Scouts and Army and Navy, that the same thing cannot be done for Mr. Monopolist. Are we afraid of Communism? Not one of us. That is the bogie man for ignorance, stupidity, and the credulous, provided by the tools and tin-horns of monopoly.

Communism may some day rear its head in dangerous form but not while America is completely absorbed in playing with the monopolist toy; not while it believes it can resurrect Democracy when it pleases; not until all of the grease is soaked out of the bacon, then Communism will be a philosophy of the desperate, not of wise and thinking counsel.

Communism took charge in Russia because ninety per cent of its people had been starved for four hundred years by Monopoly—the Czar's monopoly; a hungry crowd does not reason about liberty or the rights of men—it strikes boldly for the hash house. Communism said it would lead the way, and it did. It took all the aristocrats owned, and trusteeed it with the State. It did not then, and does not as a

theory, concern itself about liberty. In this respect it is honest, and therein differs from government by Monopoly. If you would like a guarantee of three meals and lose liberty then embrace Communism.

This pussyfooting reactionary claue in America will profess any kind of an ism so long as action is in terms of monopoly; the government aids the big bankers, and trusts them to aid the people.

Men are hired today on the basis of how much they can take away from the public, and many bonuses and salaries are fixed to exceed a million dollars each year as a result of this policy. Why? Mr. Lincoln makes that answer in saying, labor? must get its own.

Is there difference between highway larceny, legalized by Monopoly, and porch-climbing in America? The former is worth-while, and is licensed; the other is made a crime, and is unprofitable. God Almighty no doubt prefers the latter person as a working sinner, if He must deal with sinners.

If Mr. Lincoln opened the way by destroying state sovereignty, then Mr. Lincoln's statues that we erect will some day be thrown into the streets and broken to pieces.

Did power, surrendered to Washington prove our undoing, if so, Mr. Lincoln may some day answer for his part in the game. But the era of corruption is everywhere in the states; we must blame an unmoral people. The Legislatures are the tools of interests. The Judges are unwilling to decide issues today on the basis of law or justice but on the issue of politics and gang control, and the gangster does not have to be a lieutenant of Capone—the influence is always operating.

Commercial organizations, Boards of Trade have

their annuals, and prate about what to do for the country, fooling themselves and the ignorant masses. They intend to do nothing but protect monopoly, and proof of this is, that with the worst suffering in a century, in America, they have no remedy to offer. Let us tell the truth about it. They know the truth of this statement, and every economist of intelligence knows that there is no honest effort to settle these questions. We have now marshalled a dole commission to feed the unemployed.

Lincoln did ignore the Constitution, let us say, but who shall say that Congress cannot now by proper trial and penalty make it very dangerous to defy the Constitution in time of war or peace?

What good will come out of this situation? The good that comes out of the blood of the lamb washing away the sins of ignorance. You pay what you fail to provide for the reaping, and you reap what you sow. Nothing more need be said, except that we may dream of a day of lucid thinking when America will come back to the principles of our fathers, and the word Democracy shall mean something more than nine letters of the alphabet. Shall this day arrive before terror is burned into the hearts of all men, or the tremor of shame comes to womanhood, or children moan their lot in the public place. Time, not men will answer this question.

If Legislatures and Parliaments could be abolished and a pure Monarchy substituted for any kind of a Parliamentary form of government, there is no doubt that great economies could be introduced, but experience has taught the world that wherever power is granted, it is not only used to the extent of the grant but greater powers assumed than were granted. This results in tyrannies and finally in the destruction of

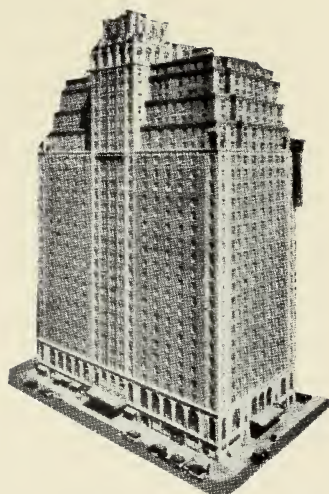
the liberty of the people. Men love power and ostentation, and both result in class distinctions politically.

The present Italian government is a modern example. No man dares utter his sentiments or administer his life without censorship of the ruling power. We have a class in America, and they are numerous, who believe in class society and class government. It is made use of by favoring class industries and electing Presidents who favor the class which finances the elections. Congress has fostered this class sentiment to the great detriment of the equal distribution of wealth and, in this way, depriving labor in every branch of activity of that which it earned.

We have reversed the Lincoln theory completely, and established a theory and class who believe in the superior right of capital. If Parliaments and Legislatures are a nuisance and a detriment to happiness and prosperity, they are a necessary balance of power in any well-administered government. The very fact that they have abused their power in co-ordination with the Executive, is proof that wherever there is loss of power even with delegation from the people of that power, it is always to the detriment of Lincoln's theory of a government for the people, of the people and by the people.

Present bad conditions in America are due entirely to loss of power on the part of the people. We are fortunate only in having a few noble Senators who still adhere to the Lincoln theory of government.

If we surrendered the power of the people to a class Communism where property rights would be extinguished, and the aspiration of the people to save, was submerged in the state, we would parallel monarchy, only in a different direction, by placing



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power in the hands of class organizations, whose inclination would be to destroy individual enterprise and genius. No man is going to do for another as well as he will do for himself. This is against the laws of nature.

On the other hand, there is no theory of government which will insure individual gain quite so well as a Democracy with limitations on the mob spirit, so made by law. There is, therefore, but one way to go, to return to prosperity and happiness. We must return to Democracy—the Democracy as revised by Jefferson and interpreted by Lincoln. The sooner men of wealth, acquired by lawful means, yet acquired in violation of all sound morals, turn to the laws of equal balance, that soon prosperity will return, and extremes in government like Communism be avoided.

Legislation for privilege has brought about these opportunities to amass immense fortunes, with a consequent failure to provide checks and enforce them. We then get back to those reforms that must take away, by taxation large fortunes, and curb privileges that never should have been granted. We must talk to patriotism and not to selfishness in order to accomplish this feat, in times of peace.

Political treaties and anti-war agreements amount to nothing, and are a waste of time, for nations that are ill-favored by forms of government of their own making will lay their misfortunes at the door of other nations, and wars are, and will be planned on one excuse and another, in spite of paper made treaties. Therefore, entangling alliances with none, endorsed by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, should be a better principle for our guidance today than at any time in the history of the world. Com-

mercial and economic treaties may be made to our great advantage, but so long as both parties stand for a high tariff, this cannot be done.

### SAVAGERY OF THE NORTH

We have seen that Lincoln himself made the mistakes which led to his destruction, but it is not for the writer to point out further the inharmonious action of the President which brought it about, nor to grieve over the sad days allotted to the people of the South. For many years, after the close of the war, he had been made to feel the sorrow, pain and suffering of the old South, of the men and women who were the victims of a false and selfish statesmanship; nevertheless, we cannot part with this story without saying that the burning, murdering, outraging of men, women and children in Kentucky and the South during the last years of the war, and the intolerant spirit exhibited toward justice or Christianity by the Northern armies, evidences one fact, that the savage instincts of men may be cultivated by brutal acts until the sight of blood and suffering is their pleasure. The acts of these soldiers here in Kentucky, as well as in the South, demonstrated beyond doubt, that in the American character there is yet savagery and brutality equal at least to our fathers and our fathers' fathers, with no hope of bleeding it from us by the ordinary processes of civilizing influences.

The doctrine that we are fighting always for the principle of self-preservation, and must be prepared, is one of the canards not unlike those written into the Munchausen stories. You had but to visit any part of this section twenty years after the war to

meet with evidences of destruction, and the consequent poverty that followed in its train. You may well shudder at the expressions you will hear in the Congress at most any session, and the utter lack of human understanding of national controversies. Men prefer to serve hell, for that which begets war is the instinct of the devil—phases of man's make-up and his incorrigible spirit to riot and run amuck. There is no thinking of war only as a matter of cowardice, but it is the field where the coward is the equal of the brave man, and mass ignorance is equal to specialized intelligence. It is the machine of war that is conceived in hell, born of depraved bastardy, and cultured in the atmosphere of arrogance and falsehood.

In this enlightened age we stand to test civilization by the acts of the living in time of peace, and by that sure test on the question of maintaining peace, we have every reason to be ashamed of our public men and of our nationwide intelligence, if we shall judge by congressional attitudes and the negligible amount of brains we have sent over the water to discuss peace.

If men are born to be butchered by war, and women are to bear children for the murderer's morgue, and children are to come into the world to suffer for the sins of their damned ignorant and malevolent fathers, then the Almighty's purpose of life is a lie and God is a demon of the darkness. On the contrary, if we are the righteous sons of a great Father, in harmony with everlasting life, imbued with the spirit of the kingdom of his peace, and keeping step in consonance with these great Christianizing movements, there is but one philosophy to embrace, intelligent peace proposed and maintained by intelligent

men. Then those who seek, write, talk and provide for war, and demonstrate the power of the state for war, are the criminals of the nation who are destitute of human love for their brothers or for God.

The logic of this reasoning is that we must first get rid of these blatant and powerful noises, these strutting, thimble brained weaklings, who mount the front pages of the Press and the Forum with a flamboyant flaunting of their stupid slobber about a great national destiny selected by God; it is only to lead the world to hell and darkness by way of war, by encouraging the mailed fist in peace times.

Materialism has run mad—it has supplanted the creative spirit of life, for it has set up as a God, and would damn all, who refuse to worship it. Its mental despotism rakes the halls of learning, that criminal minds may be inspired for the making of this fact, that war is ever upon us, and blood letting and blood pouring is ever a grim specter at our very door. If suppression of free speech should ever be justified, its doors should be closed to these human monsters and open to the advocate who refuses to sanction the war illusion; and the jails should be ajar for the man who sits in palaces of luxury and sees no way to maintain his industrial thievery at home without involving all men in war.

Law should mean something in a country half free, but such decisions as we have read from our highest court on this very question should excite the apprehension of the lovers of liberty and of a free Christianity everywhere. Some man should rise in Congress and look into the impeachment grounds in order to determine for once, whether men, calling themselves public servants, can so outrage reason, liberty, and the Constitution. Men should be re-



strained from cultivating the brutal instincts of character. Our constant word battle on peace subjects is but an affirmative way to excite us to war, and the disgraceful brains, if brains such may be called, sent by us to world conferences, is another route and means to drive us into war and war preparations. No man of vision or courage has been sent to Europe on this subject for fifteen years, and none will be sent.

It is for the Congress to take the entire subject out of the President's hands and enter into such treaties only as insure no entangling alliances. The unbridled and irresponsible campaign for peace in America presupposes war. Commercial Peace Pacts will insure peace, Political Agreements, never.

We are not a lot of carnivorous beasts in America but we are showing to the world at large, that we do not fear war, but threaten war when our vague policies, industriously circulated in Europe, most puerile and unsound, are not sustained and accepted.

Let real patriots open their batteries, and shut the mouths of these pack hounds, or tear down the churches, with an open declaration to God and mankind. that Christ was a historical fake and an imposter, and his Christianity a supreme monumental lie preached on earth to men, that a few graceless dogs may purloin the pockets of the laborer who gets his hire—for it is certain, going to war robs Christ and despoils labor.

From the Supreme Court of the United States down to the humblest town organization, we have, on this subject, debauched justice and intelligence by the lowest type of intellectual flub dubbery that could flow only from conceit and egotistic poverty of brains.

We have found in America a determined effort to build a military party in every branch of public life and in the various avenues of business and social life. A military satrap is always made a front page military hero.

During the World War the writer, when a candidate for Congress, denounced this organized effort which drove us unwillingly into the World War. You have but to read that speech today, take a look over your country, and say to yourself how true a picture he drew of the results of that war.

Hundreds of men who heard him make that speech, were arrested, tried for disloyalty, and sentenced to years in a Federal penitentiary, for expressing the same sentiments, after war was declared. The writer made great effort to secure their release as political prisoners under the Wilson regime, but the autocratic Wilson had no ear of sympathy for any man who stood on his constitutional rights. Appeal was then made to Harding, and the greater number of them were either paroled or pardoned by him. And Mr. Harding suffers in reputation today compared to Wilson.

In the Mark Henry story, you will see how a man suffered the greatest persecution by the President, and was compelled to take a hand in his own defense to such an extent as to go deep into the World Commissioners' affairs, finding pay dirt at every step, and who brought back to America, and was furnished sufficient information, that he was able to embarrass Wilson in his efforts to propaganda the American people for his League of Nations; so that in the end Wilson was afraid to match an issue, and abandoned the arrest of Henry after a court statement by him in Nashville, Tennessee, in March, 1919. The

writer is happy to say Henry challenged him from one end of America to another and finally had the pleasure of seeing him quit the field dishonored and unsung, but what if Mark Henry had been a Lansing, the League of Nations would be imposed upon America.

The decision of the Supreme Court, recently rendered, is an effort to destroy free religion or conscientious conviction in this country. It bases citizenship on a religious test. The man who says, "I am opposed to this war," is a traitor, and unfit to remain or become an American citizen; that is the import of that militarist decision of our highest court. It endangers liberty of religion and liberty of speech on man's war convictions when and as soon as we shall have another war.

What we are trying to drive into the spirit of America is that Mr. Lincoln's common people are asleep on duty, and are gradually losing their rights by permitting the President, the Congress and the Supreme Court of the United States to strip them of all power, so that at the proper time they can be delivered body and soul to the Monopolists who may use the right to declare war when it shall seem profitable to them—that was the case in 1917.

Leaders of men and rulers have subjugated mankind by war, and the Caesars, Napoleons, Fredericks and Nero's would not have existed had it not have been for the power obtained by conquest over foreign foes and foes at home. Let us understand that our form of government has been rifted from the Lincoln harbor by judicial decision. Let us come now to realize the danger that confronts us when we read on the screen, of these propagandist organizations who follow these methods of filling the front pages with war

news, and war conferences and war preparations. It is a literal war on you, Mr. Common Man, of the faith of Abraham Lincoln.

THE PROPHETIC SPEECH—WETUMKA,  
OKLAHOMA, May 2nd, 1916

“My fellow citizens, your Congressman, and many Democratic state leaders have unburdened themselves with the solo that I am a vindictive person and that I am unjustly criticising the Wilson Administration. That I ought not to receive support of Democrats and I am disloyal to my country. Such is the cry of ignorance and stupidity, and not of intelligence or patriotism.

The Wilson Administration is leading us directly to war, for England and France, because it is permitting them to propaganda this country with falsehoods as base and as unholy as ever came from the lying cavern of criminal assault. History will prove what I say today. It has but one purpose, to arouse the American passion to the point of war.

If you would go to war today you would go for nothing. You would spend billions of dollars, shed treasures of blood in order to satiate the desire of contractors and fools who are driven by words, like dumb cattle to their slaughter.

The President of the United States is a better Englishman than an American, and a better aristocrat or autocrat than he is a Democrat.

The commercial jealousy between Germany on the one side and England, Russia and France on the other, is the basis of this war. We owe them nothing, and yet we are to entangle ourselves in their affairs, spend billions of dollars, and lose millions of

our sons simply because we have little sense to determine our rights.

If we go in there, we will incur the enmity of every nation allied together, and certainly the nations of the Central alliance; for what, may I ask.

To serve the monarch loving Czar of Russia and his aristocratic subjects. The blessed King George of England and his factories. The descendants of the Louises of France. What have we in common with them? Not an ounce of obligation to either or all of them. Not more than we owe to the Emperor of Germany, and that is so small a fraction of justice you could run it through the eye of a needle and never turn a hair.

Debts to us in the end will be our lot, which will never be paid. Our affairs will be disturbed for years, and finally run into one panic after another, with suffering and unemployment everywhere in our own land. We will make millionaires from the favored pets of this administration, but in the end the common people will suffer, and they will pay. It will then be too late to appeal to reason, to God, to the courage of good men or to your vaunted Christianity.

If I am to be crucified for uttering these sentiments, let it be done, for better men than I have been crucified for less, but I will be carried on the martyr roll, and the nation will know that another man besides Henry Clay threw away an office in order to be right and square with the people. When I quit this campaign, I am going to fight with all my power.

The liar and tale-bearer may tread this land and falsify, but I am going to drive straight with the truth as I see it, and I see nothing but great disaster, debts, demoralization in America, and a trampling



of constitutional safeguards. I have already been warned myself, as evidence of what these intemperate thieves and money hunters will do. I say it will cost us twenty-five billions of dollars, and we will land in the end where all creditor nations land in war, in the contempt of all of our loyal associates when peace times and settlement day comes.

I denounce the hypocritical asseverations of Woodrow Wilson as a lie and a sham: that he has or is keeping us out of war, for I know it is in his power to stop this propaganda in America, but if you would follow him, go headlong to the devil, and mix in the old world's quarrels, remember what I say, that you will rue the day you made the step; but as for me, candidate or not, I stand here on the platform of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, entangling alliances with none, and no mess of pottage which you may offer will tempt me to abandon this flag."

It is impossible in this volume to discuss the intriguing of great interests in America to break faith with the people, and it serves only a slight purpose to denounce the demagogues in Congress who have voted to keep this nation on a war basis, and who have been virtually lying about their peace sentiments. By the act of a people you can judge them. England has kept her promises about peace, we in America have not, and we are commencing to see the terrible effects of seventy per cent of our taxes voted to war purposes, past, present and future.

Hear Dr. France, former United States Senator from Maryland.

"It is impossible, in my brief time, to retrace the continuous repudiation of the vital principles of our American system, during these recent years of stress. It is enough to state that during the war, largely un-

der the domination of foreign influences, we abandoned Democracy and established a virtual autocracy.

"In violation of the very fundamental principles of sovereignty of the people, alien-hearted leaders and those alienated by them from fidelity to the constitution enacted the Espionage Act, a tyrannical measure, which was a flagrant violation of our bill of rights.

"Perhaps no single act, in our history, ever struck a more deadly blow against our institutions. It subverted our system. It ended free discussion, intimidated the sovereign people, stripped them from their sovereignty and transferred the sovereignty from the people and the States to the government at Washington.

"The Federal government, made immune from criticism, that embarked upon ill considered policies of radical socialism and there was created a swollen and inefficient socialistic bureaucracy.

"The leaders established dictatorship, meddled with industry, muddled with price fixing, tampered with the normal operation of natural economic law, and flagrantly violated supreme Federal Law.

"The inevitable result of this departure from the established principles of our government was a loss by this republic of a measure of confidence and respect at home and diminished prestige before the nations of the world.

"This period of unconstitutional action is the source of our domestic strife and is responsible for the prolongation of the world's disorganization."

Let Ex-Premier Lloyd George tell you with what hypocrisy, France, the United States and Italy have persisted in violating the letter and the spirit of agree-

ments to further the ends of Peace. Men who are now fighting war measures in Congress, are censured, citizenship has been denied to educated men who conscientiously oppose war, by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Lloyd George:—

“They all renounced war, but they forgot to renounce preparation for war. (Applause.) Just like a man who takes the pledge and then proceeds immediately to fill his cellar with the choicest wines and the most potent spirits which he can purchase in the market.

It is only twelve years ago since peace was made. Ten millions of young men were slaughtered, many millions more mutilated. I think the chairman said it cost sixty or seventy thousand millions of pounds. In this country, with the heaviest taxation in the world—one reason is because we pay our debts—our income tax is heaviest, our super tax is heaviest, our death duties the heaviest, our duties, I believe, on beer and tobacco and spirits the heaviest in the world; we raise the gigantic sum of over £500,000,000 from these sources, something which is beyond the dreams of even the nightmare of taxpayers and tax gatherers before the war.

Where do those £500,000,000 go? I will tell you. Every cent goes to liquidate the cost of past wars and to pay £100,000,000 to prepare for future wars. And her armaments are going on. Half the cost of unemployment is due to war. The nations of the world are now spending over £800,000,000. We are tottering on the brink of bankruptcy because of the war. There you are—the debts of war, the devastation of war, recently in our minds, all forgotten, and nations preparing for more wars of a more terrible

and a more devastating character than anything they have ever experienced.

Let us be quite frank. The only lessons of the war to which practical effect has been given today are the military lessons of the war. Military defects are studied, and steps are immediately taken to remedy them for the next war. The weapons of war are studied, stronger weapons, more powerful, have been devised and invented and manufactured. The bombers were not efficient in the last war and not terrible enough, so their numbers multiplied, their destructive effect is intensified. Poisons, more deadly than anything ever devised before are now being considered or manufactured. What for? The next war. In the last war you had a horrible time; the next is inconceivable, and yet the world is going on steadily, horribly, stupidly marching toward war, that catastrophe, singing the songs of peace and preparing for war."

## EPILOGUE

What I have written is written. As the cycles of time roll around my head, and I look back over the past I find that this is the first time these hardy pioneers of Mill Creek have been meted out even a part of the justice due to them.

They harnessed the wilderness, and there of their egotism, to make a place in the Sun, they died by the Sun.

Lincoln would have returned to the simple life of his fathers and left behind him all of the glories of the presidency. That was the intellectual progress of genius. Men are the geniuses of the world; women look upon life with personal ends. The madness of genius comes from knowledge, and the self willed materialist man lags with the woman behind the stars. Lincoln was the last of our race of Presidents who belonged to the genius class; he made his stand on knowledge—knowledge of men, of the world and of matter. But he was the last, and there will be no more. This is why Lincoln has lived, will live; why Napoleon died, and will remain dead. Lincoln had no theories—he killed them with facts.

The author commenced life at twenty; he has ended now the period of his illusions. He has lost his self conscious pessimism, and has nothing to regret.

The warning which he has written here by the side of the great name of Lincoln will go unheeded,



for this is an age of self willed materialism. His goal is higher than this, and he now lives in the hope that when he perishes in the flesh, he will find it. This may be his last illusion.

He can see that religion is dying, Christianity is reduced to a political machine, as sordid as the dirty politicians who consort with its leaders; and with religion, is dying, its twin, Democracy, that Democracy which denies a place in the world for the genius. On that fatal road we have arrived where we no longer count noses, we count men and money. This is the true basis of aristocracy.

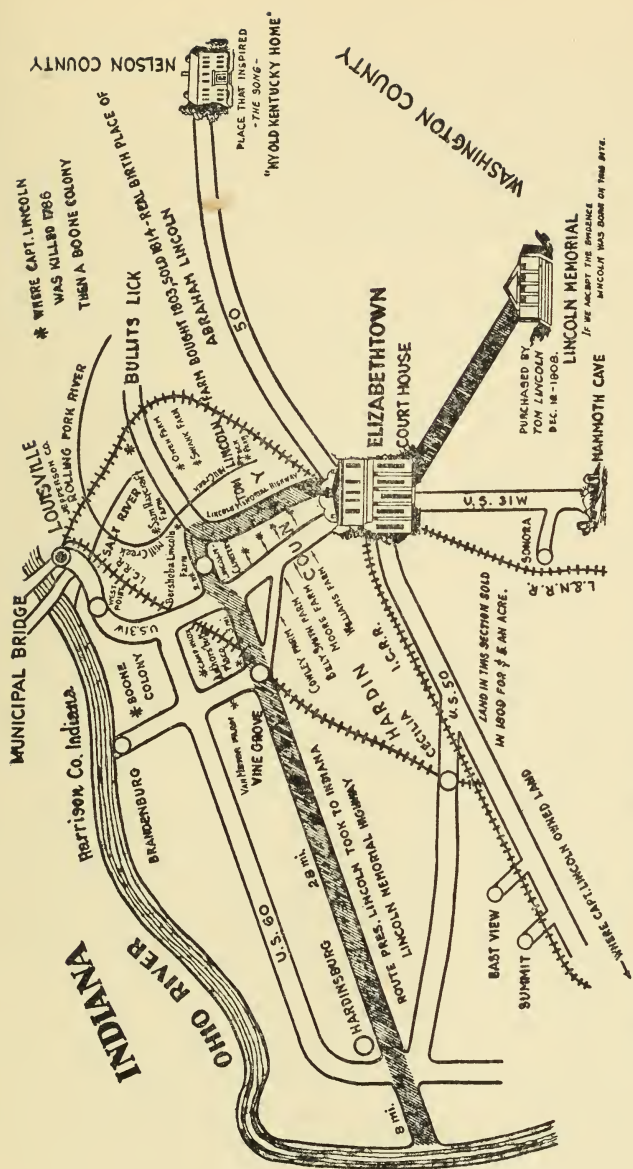
We are a nation of merchandisers, selling influence and place, location and advantage, that we may get away from Democracy's herd. This merchandise is the basis of our piratical morality, constructing the law for the protection of class thievery, and severely penalizing the petty thief, that our cloak of self imposed ermine may be clean.

And so I do not say good bye; we will keep the grand illusion, for, across the gold that glitters in the sky, at the base of the great plain of human hearts, we may find the heart of pure gold, where genius will be King, and Democracy forever will be unknown.

But as we go, as we rub our fingers through the silvered years on our head, may we hope that those who remain will reverence liberty, as they worship wealth and forget God.

I have written with malice toward none, and if my language seemed strong at times, let it be understood that conditions are much worse than the average man knows, and language to meet the requirements is not yet created; and I have thought that we might gather from the great character of Lincoln both in-

spiration, and a charter to regain all that we have lost. I have experienced fifty years of intimate relation to great men and great events as a student of moving forces, and have always been able to predict correctly events and results arising from these forces. I have risked the persecution of a President who deserved worse of his countrymen than he received, that I might express my convictions for the benefit of my own love of country and its flag, as taught me by my fathers. This record is written; it is a record of devotion to principle; what has proven to be the right principle, which had so often been proven before in the history of the world. I know that violence is coming; it is bound to come as a result of the transgression of definite rules of justice. Some men cannot always suffer and others prosper. We must put a strong man, a brave man in the White House to save liberty; he must be a Lincoln or a Jackson, and we must move alertly from our apathy, to save American institutions from the fools that have beset us, will again trouble us, and bring ruin to our children.



Map of district where witnesses resided and relative locations of Lincoln families.

## APPENDIX

### TITLE TO THE RESPECTIVE FARMS OWNED OR LEASED BY THOMAS LINCOLN SUSTAIN THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSIONS

The following record facts sustain the author's contention as to Lincoln's residence on Mill Creek, directly and indirectly, and establish the facts:—

- (1) That Thomas Lincoln never owned the Knob Creek Farm, but occupied it as a Tenant, and this occupancy was long after the President's birth.
- (2) That John Thomas, father of Elinor Peck, was Lincoln's advisor in these trades as handed down through his grandson, Thurman Thomas, to the writer. He was called as a witness in the litigation.
- (3) That Thomas Lincoln never seriously treated the Nolin Creek or "log cabin farm," as his permanent residence (where it is contended the President was born), because it had a small cabin, of about 10 x 12 on it, of the most temporary character, and he permitted it to be sold for \$87.74 (300 acres).
- (4) That during all of this time he owned the Mill Creek Farm, without calling for deed until April 1814. This farm, he purchased in September 1803, and sold it to Thomas Melton, October 27th, 1814, holding it as his homestead all of this time. To this farm he had a good title. It also shows that the Williamses were his adjoining neighbors.
- (5) That acknowledgement to most all of these documents were taken before Samuel Haycraft, Deputy and Clerk of the Court, whose knowledge of Lincoln's whereabouts was most excellent. That is to say, if Tom Lin-

coln had moved off of his Mill Creek Farm within the fifty-nine days after his purchase contract shows he bought the Nolin tract in the winter, and the President in this time was born in the cabin, Haycraft would have known it, but John Nall reported to Mrs. Maffit in 1860, that Haycraft told him he could not have been born on Nolin Creek, that he might have been born in Elizabethtown.

- (6) The record also indicates that he moved off of the Knob Creek Farm in the Fall, and was probably in Elizabethtown just before December when he went down and visited with his mother and sisters and took the direct road west as indicated on the map.

DEED TO THE MILL CREEK FARM  
FROM JOHN F. STATER

Sept. 2nd, 1803

This indenture made this second day of September, one thousand eight hundred and three, between Dr. John F. Stater, of Green County and State of Kentucky, of the one part, and Thomas Lincoln of Hardin County, state aforesaid of the other part, WITNESSETH: that for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and eighteen pounds in hand paid, the receipt of which before signing and sealing of these presents, he the said Dr. John F. Stater doth hereby acknowledge, have bargained and sold by these presents, doth grant bargain and sell unto the said Thomas Lincoln a certain tract and parcel of land containing 238 acres, part of the one thousand six hundred acre survey patented to William May, bought by said Stater of Joseph Fenwick and bounded as follows to wit:—Beginning at a hickory corner to Robert Huston survey, part of said 1600 acre survey, thence south thirty degrees, west one hundred and eighty poles to a stake corner to Huston, thence North forty-five degrees West one hundred and fifty-five poles to a black oak corner to the original survey North twenty-four degrees West one hundred and forty



poles to a white oak in Shepherd's line corner to the original; thence North thirty-one degrees West fifty poles to a dog wood white oak and gum corner to THOMAS WILLIAMS (grandfather of Bill Williams whose testimony appears herein) in the original line, thence with Williams line South sixty-seven East two hundred and fifty poles to a white oak and hickory South 31 degrees West twenty poles to the beginning.

To have and to hold the above mentioned two hundred and thirty-eight acres of land with all its appurtenances, barns, stable, ways, houses, water and conveniences, to the above mentioned Thomas Lincoln, his heirs, executors and administrators forever against him, the said Dr. John F. Stater, as well for his heirs as for himself, doth further covenant and agree to and with the said Thomas Lincoln and his heirs that he will warrant and forever defend the above mentioned two hundred and thirty-eight acres of land with all of its appurtenances to the said Thomas Lincoln, his heirs, executors and administrators forever to their proper use and behalf against him the said Dr. John F. Stater and his heirs, executors, etc., forever, but not against the claim or claims of any person or persons whatever but —be it plainly understood, should said land be taken by any prior or legal claim, then the above bound Dr. John F. Stater, his heirs, executors, are to pay to the said Thomas Lincoln, his heirs, executors, etc., the above mentioned sum of one hundred and eighteen pounds.

In witness, of the above bound, Dr. John F. Stater doth hereunto set his hand and affix his seal the day and date above written.

John F. Stater (Seal).

#### MARGINAL NOTE:

Delivered to Thomas Lincoln, April 23, 1814  
Hardin County; Sct. SS.

I hereby certify that on the second day of September last this indenture.....from John F. Stater to be his act and deed and the same was admitted to record on this 26th day of November 1803.

Benjamin Helm, H. C. C.

Deed Book B, 253, Hardin County Court.

DEED OF THIS FARM FROM THOMAS LINCOLN  
AND NANCY TO THOMAS MELTON

October 27th, 1814. (Five years, eight months and nine days after the President's birth.) (Thomas Lincoln spent Christmas with his mother in 1816 before going to Indiana, according to the traditional story of Nancy Lincoln.)

This indenture made this, the twenty-seventh day of October Eighteen Hundred and Fourteen in the year of our Lord, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, of the County of Hardin and the state of Kentucky, of the one part, and Thomas Melton of the county and state aforesaid, of the other part, Witnesseth:

That the said Thomas Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, have this day granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents doth grant bargain and sell, alien and convey unto the said Thos. Melton a certain parcel or tract of land containing two hundred acres of land for and in consideration of one hundred pounds to the said Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, and in hand paid by the said Melton, the receipt whereof is acknowledged, which land was patented in the name of William May and is conveyed from John Tom Stater to Thomas Lincoln of deed bearing the date of the 2nd of September, 1803, lying, and being in Hardin County on the waters of Mill Creek and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a hickory corner to Robert Huston's survey, part of a sixteen hundred acre survey, thence South 30 degrees West 183 poles to a stake corner to Huston, thence North 45 degrees West 155 poles to a black oak, corner of the original survey, North 24 degrees West 140 poles to a white oak in Shepherd's line, corner to the original survey, thence 31 degrees West 60 poles to a dog wood white oak and gum corner to Thomas Williams in the original line, thence with Williams line South 67 degrees East 250 poles to a white oak and hickory, South 31 degrees west 22 poles to the beginning, which courses contain 238 acres, and the said Melton is at liberty to take 200 acres out of the said 238 acres where he thinks proper and the said Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, does forever warrant defend the said two hundred acres of land from themselves and their executors, administrators and assigns forever, to the said Melton, but

not from the claim or claims of any other person. But if the said land should be lost by any better or prior claim, then the said Lincoln is to pay Melton the sum of one hundred pounds. In witness whereof, the said Thomas Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, hath hereunto set their hands and affixed their seals the day and date before written. Interlined before signing.

Thomas Lincoln (seal).

Nancy X. Hanks (mark).

Hardin County Sct.

I, Samuel Haycraft, Jr., Deputy Clerk of the County Court for the County aforesaid, do hereby certify that on the day of the date hereof, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, personally appeared before me and acknowledged the within indenture or deed of bargain and sale to Thomas Melton as and for their voluntary act and deed, she the said Nancy at the same time examined by me separate and voluntary relinquished her right and dower which she has or may have in and to the land hereby conveyed and that she was willing that the same should be recorded and that I have truly recorded the same this 27th day of October, 1814.

Samuel Haycraft, Jr., D.C., H.C.C.

Deed Book E, 193 Hardin County Court.

NOTE: Thomas Melton herein described was the father of Jack Melton whose widow, Nancy Melton, was interviewed by the writer in 1883 through Benjamin Irwin, her son-in-law, in which she described the house rebuilt by Thomas Lincoln after purchase from Stater.

This farm had all ordinary improvements on it including a very good five room log house, two below, and three above, when President Lincoln was born. The house described by Nancy Melton, William Rodgers and by witnesses born later, indicate beyond doubt, that this house remained intact until about the civil war ((1860) when it was torn down and then rebuilt. This, Catherine Peck, and Bill Williams were both certain of.

## CONTRACT FOR NOLIN LAND—DEC. 12th, 1808

Based on Articles of Agreement between Richard Mather and David Vance, executed, May 1st, 1805, assigned by Vance to Ike Bush, Nov. 2nd, 1805, Thomas Lincoln purchased the same on the day and date following:

For value received I assign the within article to Thomas Lincoln witness my hand and seal the 12th day of December, 1808.

Test. Sam Haycraft

Isaac Bush.

## Equity Bundle 24 Hardin Circuit Court

This was an exhibit in the answer of Thomas Lincoln, to suit of Mather vs. Lincoln et al, filed, Sept. 1st, 1813—the answer of Lincoln being filed Sept. 18th, 1813.

In the suit in the Hardin Circuit Court by Stout vs. Thomas Lincoln, filed Sept. 15th, 1815, Thomas Lincoln is shown to be a "tenant" and served as such (Knob Creek Farm).

The Judgment decree, and receipt from the sale proceeds of the Nolin farm (the log cabin farm), is as follows:

## Receipts, Exhibit 8.

Received of Benj. Wright Commissioner \$87.74 the amount of my debt cost and interest obtained against David Vance. Received by me this, the 19th day of December, 1816. (John Welsh was the purchaser.)

Richard Mather.

## ORIGIN OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE ACT

As the writer has suggested in this volume at page 422 that he considered it an important item to prove his position there taken, he would place in the appendix of this work facts showing the origin of the Federal Reserve Act, its authorship having been claimed by at least a half dozen public men.

Mr. Owen, Senator from Oklahoma, the writer is informed, introduced the Bill in the Senate and it was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which he was the Chairman. Senator Carter Glass was

Chairman of a similar Committee in the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives of Oklahoma, Session 1913, House Journal, shows that The Committee on Banking reported favorably Resolution of Smith of Pottawatomie on January 18th, 1913.

— RESOLUTION 41 —

“RESOLVED: That we, the members of the House of Representatives herewith express our unqualified disapproval of the Central Banking scheme as expressed in the Aldrich Currency Bill now pending before Congress, as an attempt to centralize the money of the nation and secure further control over commerce and the products of the people of the United States.

That we instruct our Senators and Members of Congress to use every effort in their power to secure the ultimate defeat of the said measure and now proposed by the National Bankers of the United States as an unlawful attempt to secure in the hands of the money TRUST greater powers over the liberties as well as the prosperity of the Common people and the producers of wealth in the United States.

That we favor some measure destroying the centralization of power as now possessed by the money trust over the business of the people.

That a copy of this Resolution be sent by the Clerk to the Senators and Members of Congress from Oklahoma.”

On January 22nd, 1913, the Journal shows—

“The election of a United States Senator being the order, Mr. Smith of Pottawatomie was recognized and on behalf of the House of Representatives nominated Hon. R. L. Owen.”

The enacting clause of the proposed substitute Bill is as follows:

“Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled:



An Act to provide for the establishment of Sub-Treasury Banks in districts herein defined, and to create an elastic currency to provide for effective distribution of credits and supervision of banking in the United States, and for other purposes designated in this Act."

The Bill then provides for twelve districts and five members to be appointed in the United States at large by the President. It contains twenty-six sections setting out a practical plan for carrying on the business of the organization.

Congressman Ferris on February 1st, 1913, presented the same Memorial, which was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House.

The Bill, therefore, was before the respective Committees of the Senate and the House, and inasmuch as the adopted Bill contains much of the identical substitute Bill's language, it is the same bill. The Aldrich Bill had been before Congress for two years, and no substitute Bill had been offered until this Bill was offered by way of the Memorial from the Legislature of Oklahoma.

The title of the Act, as passed, reads as follows:—

"An Act to provide for the establishment of Federal Reserve Banks, to furnish an elastic currency, to afford means of rediscounting commercial paper, to establish a more effective supervision of banking in the United States and for other purposes."

The Act contains thirty sections, as against twenty-six in the original Bill.

The Act was approved December 23, 1913, nearly one year after the Memorial Bill reached the Committees of the House and Senate on Banking and Currency.

Both the Memorial Bill and Enacted Bill provide for five members outside of the Comptroller and Secretary of the Treasury. The Memorial Bill provided for twelve Districts and the Enacted Bill provides for not less than eight and as many as twelve.

The entire substance of the original Act is carried over into the Enacting Bill, although in different language on

the whole. The similarity of the Enacting clause will indicate the similarity of the language used.

The copy of the letter to Hon. Chas. Carter is as follows:—

Oklahoma City, Okla.  
January 25th, 1913.

Hon. Chas. Carter,  
House Building,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—I am sending you a copy of the Memorial reported by the House Committee on Banking, which, I suppose, will be furnished you by the Clerk, but in case he fails to do it, you will have this copy. Kindly introduce it and refer to your Committee on Banking and Currency.

Yours truly,

LM/HHS

H. H. SMITH.

A like letter was sent to Hon. Scott Ferris.

The copy of the letter to the Hon. R. L. Owen, whose name the Bill bears, and which was according to his direction, is as follows:—

Oklahoma City, Okla.  
January 26th, 1913.

Hon. Robt. L. Owen,  
Senate Building,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir:

I herewith send you a copy of the Resolution against the Aldrich Currency plan, reported on the eighteenth by the Committee on Banking, of the House of Representatives of Oklahoma.

I also enclose a rough draft of a Bill which I think is the remedy and this the opportune time to propose it as substitute legislation for this bill.

I have not the time to give it very intensive study, but it, in the main, contains the system which I have advocated

for several years though it is much more conservative than I would pass were it in my power. However, I realize that the banking interests would fight to a finish any such bill as I would like to see enacted by the Congress. Such a bill as I have proposed attached to the Resolution, will, I think, have a chance of passage.

I use the words "Sub-Treasury," which might be offensive, because this was the name given similar legislation by the old Populist platform, and for this reason it might be well to use another; let us say, National Reserve, or Federal Reserve.

This Bill is sound in its main points and should enable you to gain considerable fame as its author; and I believe you can force it through Congress provided you first get Mr. Wilson committed to it.

Very truly yours,

LM/HHS

H. H. SMITH.

NOTE: The Congressional record may not show clearly how it got into the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, but it does show clearly how it went to the House Committee on Banking and Currency via both Congressman Ferris and Congressman Carter, of Oklahoma.

## BIRTH DATES OF WITNESSES AND DEATHS

NAMES	BORN	DIED
<b>MAFFITT BURIAL GROUNDS</b>		
Dr. William Smith	June 10th, 1793	Sept. 27th, 1864
Jane Gray, his wife	Nov. 2nd, 1798	April 7th, 1851
Thomas B. Peck	Oct. 9th, 1794	Sept. 15th, 1869
Margaret McMahan, his wife	March 10th, 1798	Oct. 11th, 1880
John Peck	Dec. 23, 1770	April 16th, 1856
Elinor Thomas, his wife	Oct. 7th, 1773	Nov. 30th, 1853
John Melton	June 25th, 1806	Oct. 8th, 1877
(son of Thomas Melton)		
Nancy Williams, his wife	Dec. 12th, 1804	Nov. 6th, 1883
(daughter Tom Williams)		
Henry B. Peck	Jan. 29th, 1815	Feb. 17th, 1875
Catherine Smith, his wife	Dec. 12th, 1827	March 23rd, 1909
Jack P. Peck	March 17th, 1800	March 29th, 1890
Malinda Smith	May 7th, 1824	Aug. 7th, 1846
James Smith	1761	May 16th, 1842
Sally Gentry Smith	1762	Jan. 13th, 1841
John Smith (Frankfort)	1735	May, 1842
Widow Maffitt	1814	July 11th, 1902

### MT. ZION CEMETERY

Rueben Peck	Feb. 19th, 1811	April 14th, 1894
John P. Moore	Nov. 4th, 1817	Sept. 6th, 1896
Polly Watts	May 23rd, 1802	Sept. 23rd, 1880
Silas Smith	1818	1900
Solomon Irwin	1809	1894
John Smith	July 10th, 1789	St. Louis, 1862

### OWENS' CEMETERY

John Nall	July 22nd, 1772	Oct. 7th, 1865
Henry Wolf	1794	Jan. 29th, 1860
John O. Stovall	July 28th, 1813	March 6th, 1890
Susan Owens, his wife	1811	1844
William Owens, Sr.	1777	Feb. 26th, 1856
Col. John Cowley	Oct. 2nd, 1802	Nov. 1st, 1884
William Owen Cowley	Dec. 9th, 1821	Aug. 24th, 1892
Mary Ann, his wife	May 23rd, 1819	Aug. 16th, 1881
William Owens, Jr.	Feb. 22nd, 1809	Aug. 26th, 1867
Elizabeth (Betsy) Owens	Aug. 13th, 1807	Nov. 26th, 1887

# BIRTH DATES

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NAMES	BORN	DIED
<b>HOWELL'S CEMETERY</b>		
Nancy Smith Pauley	1798	1870
Martha Howell	1823	1906
James Howell	1820	1902
William P. Nall	Sept. 22nd, 1798	Dec. 3rd, 1884
Elizabeth Brumfield, his wife	Dec. 8th, 1804	Jan. 8th, 1874
(daughter Nancy Lincoln)		
<b>OTTER CREEK</b>		
Pamelia Cowherd	May 12th, 1805	Feb. 20th, 1901
Frederick Tull	1809	1886
James Cunningham	1832	1898
William Rodgers	1812	1895
<b>ELIZABETHTOWN</b>		
Stephen Mc Murtry	1816	1897
Sam Haycraft, Sr.	Oct. 11th, 1752	1823
Sam Haycraft, Jr.	1796	1876
<b>BRANDENBURG</b>		
Franklin Ditto	1810	1892



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